ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

PLAYBOY

JANUARY 1968 $1.25

FIFTEENTH HOLIDAY ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

IN THIS FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY HOLIDAY ISSUE

PLAYBOY CELEBRATES A DECADE AND A HALF OF PUBLISHING WITH: U. S. SUPREME COURT JUSTICE WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS, CHARLES PERCY, JOHN LINDSAY, HARVEY COX, KENNETH TYNAN, EDWARD P. MORGAN, TED SORENSEN AND OTHERS ON WHAT THEY ENVISION IN "THE DECENT SOCIETY" • "PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW" • A FINAL TESTAMENT ON HUMAN JUSTICE BY MARTIN LUTHER KING, PLUS BUDD SCHULBERG AND ARTHUR SCHLESINGER ON ROBERT KENNEDY, THE MAN AND THE STATESMAN • AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH ACTOR LEE MARVIN • KOOKIE PREDICTIONS FOR THE YEAR AHEAD AS PLAYBOY POLLS THE PROPHETS • ELEVEN PAGES OF COLOR ON THE CINEMA SEX STARS OF THE SIXTIES • A NEVER-BEFORE-PUBLISHED RIBALD TALE BY EDWARDIAN BIOGRAPHER LYTTON STRACHEY • HUMORIST ART BUCHWALD ON HOW PLAYBOY HAS CHANGED AMERICA • A PORTFOLIO OF EROTIC JAPANESE WOODCUTS REPRESENTING THE TWELVE MONTHS OF THE YEAR, WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY HENRY MILLER • THAT PUCKISH PERENNIAL P. G. WODEHOUSE ON THE LOST ART OF DOMESTIC SERVICE • AN OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD FUTURISTIC COSTUME BASH AND HOW TO BLAST OFF WITH YOUR OWN • A SWINGING LOOK-IN AT THE NEW TV SERIES "PLAYBOY AFTER DARK" • LE ROY NEIMAN AT THE RUSSIAN BALLETS • FICTION BY SEAN O'FAOLAIN, FREDERIK POHL, ROBERT COOVER, FRANCIS CLIFFORD • LAST-MINUTE CHRISTMAS GIFTS • FIFTEEN YEARS OF AWARD-WINNING PLAYBOY ART • HOLIDAY FOOD AND DRINK, FASHIONS AND CARTOONS TO LAUNCH THE NEW YEAR IN THIS GALA COLLECTOR'S-ITEM ISSUE

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PLAYBILL FIFTEEN years ago, when PLAYBOY first hit the stands, it contained a grand total of 42 pages. In this, our Fifteenth Anniversary Issue, one feature alone—*The Decent Society*—occupies more than half that space. And well it should: for its 11 contributors have done no less than create a blueprint for change throughout every important aspect of American life. Each man was asked to set forth specific programs for social progress that can and should be undertaken today in order to assure that the America of ten or fifteen years hence will be—if not a "Great Society"—at least significantly more humane. Only somewhat less taxing than their assignments were our editors' fruitful efforts to persuade this group of extraordinarily busy public figures and writers to wrest themselves away from their myriad ongoing projects long enough to contemplate the state and prospects of the Union. During the Republican National Convention in August, for example, we were in almost constant communication with the staffs of Mayor John V. Lindsay and Senator Charles Percy about their contributions to our symposium. And both Mayor Lindsay and the eminent CCNY psychologist Dr. Kenneth Clark were racing our deadline during the frantic weeks of New York City's autumnal school crisis.

Also participating in this ambitious project: Theodore Sorensen, J. F. K.'s biographer and chief speechwriter, who since his White House years has joined a major New York law firm and become the editor at large of the *Saturday Review*; Peter Matthiessen, who is working on his fifth novel and is the author of four of the finest nature books ever produced; Edward P. Morgan, the iconoclastic ex-ABC news commentator, then hard at work on his second season with the outspokenly experimental Public Broadcast Laboratory, a Ford Foundation–backed venture in live noncommercial network television; and Jerome Wiesner, President Kennedy's science advisor and presently provost of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Among our other authors, Kenneth Tynan, Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas and the Reverend Harvey Cox are all familiar to regular PLAYBOY readers as previous contributors to the magazine—as are Percy, Lindsay and Yale chaplain William Sloane Coffin as subjects of three of our best-received *Playboy Interviews*.

Implicit and explicit in the themes of several contributors to our *Decent Society* symposium is the explosive issue of law and order, the breakdown of which was tragically underscored last year by the assassination of two of America's most outspoken champions of human liberty—Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and Senator Robert F. Kennedy. In memoriam, we pay tribute to them in *Martyrs of Hope*. Dr. King, in his final published statement, *A Testament of Hope*, completed just prior to his murder, implores white America to rectify the evils of racial inequality and economic segregation and points the way to "the promised land" of equal justice. Senator Kennedy was known well by both historian Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and novelist Budd Schulberg, who recall here, respectively, *R. F. K., the Statesman* and *R. F. K., the Man*.

The Fifteenth Anniversary Issue seemed an appropriate occasion for a lighthearted look at how PLAYBOY has changed America in the past decade and a half. With this in mind, nationally syndicated humorist (and contributor) Art Buchwald amusingly recalls *How Playboy Changed America*. Buchwald recently returned from the Soviet Union, where, he says, "one of the things all the intellectuals wanted to know about was PLAYBOY. The Soviet magazine *Abroad*, which publishes once a week, complained their budget was such that they couldn't subscribe to the magazine." (We sent them a gratis subscription for Christmas.) Artist LeRoy Neiman—whose work first appeared in these pages way back in September 1954—also traveled to Russia, where he spent six weeks sketching the Bolshoi Ballet in Moscow and the Kirov in Leningrad. The colorful results mark his 35th *Man at His Leisure* feature. Neiman is presently commuting between his home base of New York and Atlanta, where he's working with children of all races in an art program for poverty-area youth. His future plans include painting a mural for the Monmouth Park, New Jersey, race track and a one-man show later this year at New York's Hammer Galleries. Predating even Neiman at PLAYBOY is Art Director Arthur Paul, who was Hefner's sole employee for the first issue. Since then, the magazine's artwork has garnered 452 honors from professional art associations. In *Fifteen Years of Award-Winning Art*, Paul displays some of the finest examples of contemporary magazine illustration—all of which form a permanent art exhibit on the walls of the Playboy Building.

Our holiday fiction bag abounds with treasures old and new. The old: *Ermyntrude and Esmeralda* was written in 1913 by Lytton Strachey, one of the most famous biographers of eminent Victorians in English literature. This never-before-published manuscript, which we feel is destined to become a ribald classic, had been seen only by Strachey's intimate friends until English publisher Anthony Blond tracked it down. Among the new, Robert Coover's *Incident in the Streets of the City* is a bizarre black-humor tragicomedy of big-city alienation. One of the outstanding new American writers, Coover won the prestigious William Faulkner Award for the best first novel of 1966 with *The Origin of the*

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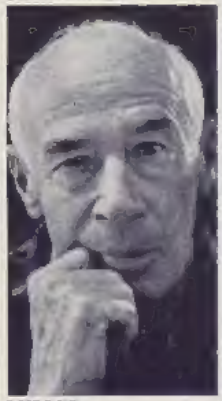
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NEIMAN

Brunists and last year authored *The Universal Baseball Association, J. Henry Waugh, Prop.*

A new story from the pen of an elder literary statesman, Sean O'Faolain's *The Talking Trees* is a poignant and sensitive tale about an Irish slum boy who stumbles onto his first realization of feminine beauty. O'Faolain—one of the last of the Irish writers who, with James Joyce, made literary history in the Thirties—is among the most eloquent interpreters of modern Irish life. Though his writings on the country and its people are often unflattering, his roots there are deep. Regarding his native land, he once wrote: "It is a gregarious place but not too distracting; and it has one great virtue—it drives one howling with boredom out of it from time to time; and it lures one back, gently, insistently, until it drives one mad again." In *The Schematic Man*, protean science-fictioneer Frederik Pohl poses the dilemma of a man who thinks he's going mad when he programs himself, bit by bit, into a computer. The editor of *Galaxy* and *If*, Pohl has written over 60 books ("I don't know exactly how many; I used to keep the titles on my office wall, but when it was repainted I lost the list") and has a new sci-fi novel, *The Age of the Pussyfoot*, coming out early this year. Rounding out our fiction fare is Part II of Francis Clifford's suspenseful novel, *Another Way of Dying*.

More to toast on this 15th anniversary: "Sex Stars of the Sixties," the 20th and final chapter of *The History of Sex in Cinema*, by Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert; a behind-the-scenes visit to the set of Hefner's new television show, *Playboy After Dark*; an exclusive *Playboy Interview* with Lee Marvin, in which the movie heavy turned hero talks about booze, broads and the mystique of manhood; a galaxy of futuristic ideas for hosting a *Zap-In*, i.e., an out-of-this-world costume ball, with food-and-drink recipes to match; *Topical Tropicals*, a flight-bagful of up-to-the-second formalwear for the southward-bound traveler, by Fashion Director Robert L. Green; *Link Up*, an off-the-cuff showing of the latest in shirt-sleeve accouterments; *Nick-of-Time Saint Nick*, a festive array of last-minute largess for Santas-come-lately; plus a baker's-dozen beauties—a nostalgic look at last year's pulchritudinous Playmates and our Golden Gatefold girl for January, San Francisco's Leslie Bianchini.

The Lost Art of Domestic Service, which chronicles the passage into oblivion of the golden age of servants, marks the 19th PLAYBOY by-line for the prolific P. G. Wodehouse. His latest books are *Do Butlers Burgle Banks?* and *Plum Pie*—a collection of short stories, many of which first appeared in our pages. Judith Wax looks back in levity with *That Was the Year That Was*, a tongue-in-cheek remembrance of various news makers who made—or hogged—the headlines in 1968. For an insightful view of the future, read *Playboy Polls the Prophets*, for which we asked six offbeat oracles—from an astrologer to the *I Ching* (the famous Chinese Book of Changes)—what kind of year 1969 promises to be. It will be improved, we think, by *The Twelve Months of Love*, a collection of wood-block prints by Clif Karhu, with an introduction by Henry Miller. Karhu has been making prints for ten years in Japan (where he served as a regimental artist in the U.S. Army) and now presides over an art gallery in Kyoto. Miller, in addition to his reputation as a controversial writer of erotica, is an *aficionado* of Oriental women, and is now married to a Japanese.

Customarily, we start off the new year by announcing the winners of our annual awards in the fields of fiction, nonfiction, humor and the best work by a new writer. For a change of pace, we've saved this noteworthy nod of recognition until now. The editors' award for fiction in 1968 goes to John Cheever for his powerful January tale, *The Yellow Room*. The author's first contribution to PLAYBOY, *Room* will be incorporated into Cheever's next novel. Runner-up in fiction was George Byram's eerie military mutation in time, *The Chronicle of the 656th*. Last month's issue contained our first-prize work of nonfiction: *Wealth Versus Money*, an inventive and irreverent proposal of economic alternatives to the way Americans think about monetary values, by scholar-philosopher Alan Watts. Second-place honors go to *The War on Dissent*, Nat Hentoff's investigative and brilliantly reported analysis of the suppression currently suffered by those who disagree with the establishment. For his June-issue short cut to self-improvement, *How I Became a Renaissance Man in My Spare Time*, Marvin Kitman wrested the humor crown from the head of Jean Shepherd (who has been wearing it for the past three years). Shepherd, however, placed a very close second with his nostalgic July vacation trek, *Ollie Hopnoodle's Haven of Bliss*. Richard Duggin turned in the best work by a new writer with *Gamma Gamma Gamma*, from our June issue, his intense story of brotherly hate among fraternity men—followed closely by *The Young Man Who Read Brilliant Books*, by Stephen Dixon. But enough of backward glances; Janus-like, let's look forward as well as backward and get on with the new. Come join our 15th-anniversary celebration!

PLAYBOY, JANUARY, 1969, VOLUME 16, NUMBER 1. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HMH PUBLISHING CO., INC., IN NATIONAL AND REGIONAL EDITIONS. PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U.S., $8 FOR ONE YEAR.

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vol. 16, no. 1—january, 1969

PLAYBOY

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Love's Months P. 105

Playmate Review P. 185

Hope's Martyrs P. 173

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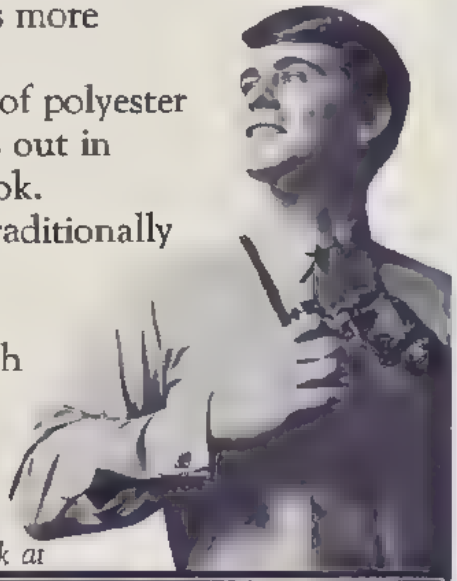

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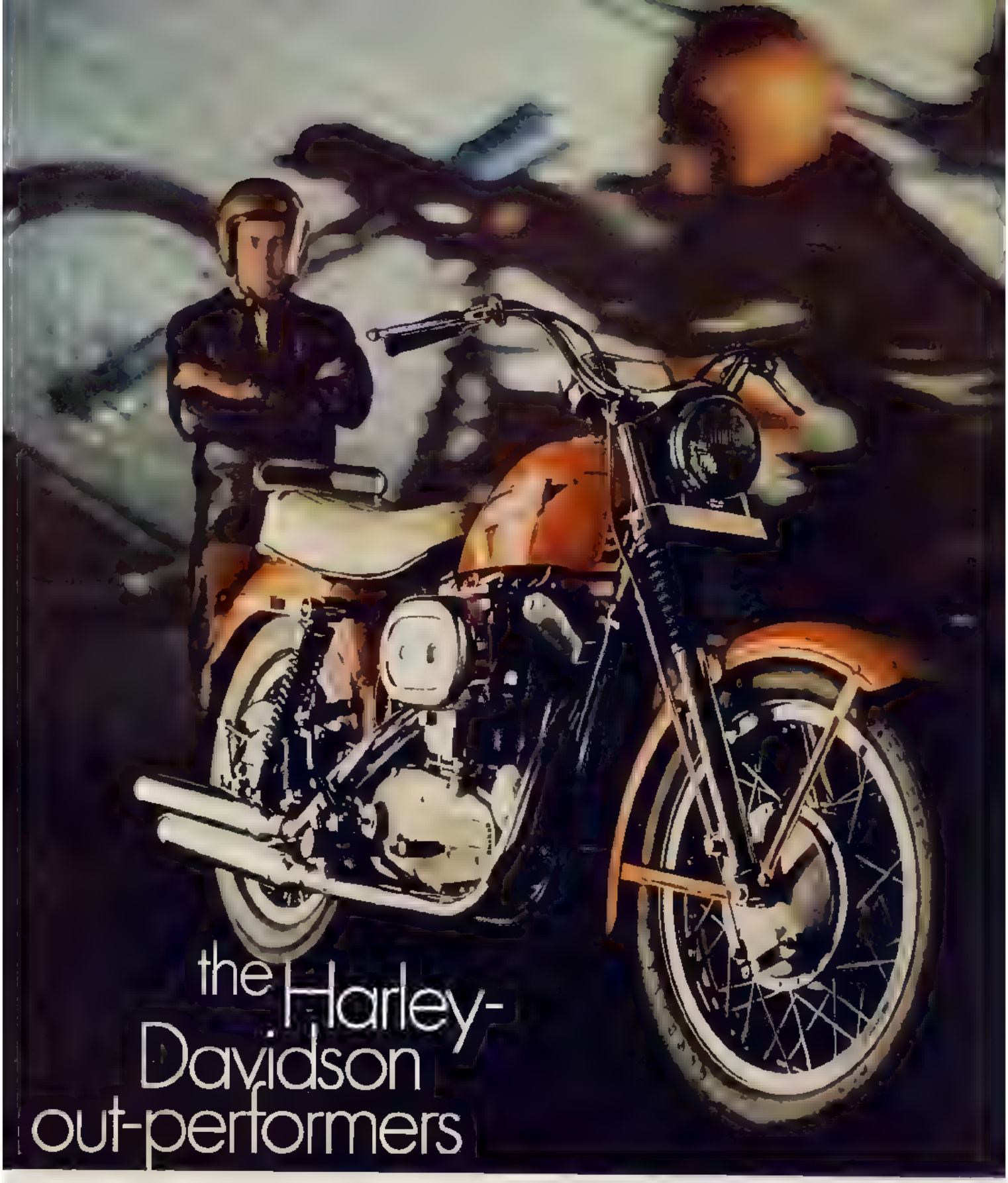

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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TEST SCORES

Your *What's Your Sexual Quotient?* quiz (PLAYBOY, October) has been quite an asset to me. Since taking it, I realize a little more why I act the way I do. The quiz gave me greater understanding of my behavior than did nine months of psychoanalysis.

Kendall Boyd
Chicago, Illinois

It's astonishing how accurate your *Sexual Quotient* quiz was. I have been trying to identify my hang-ups for years so I could possibly solve them; now PLAYBOY has done the identifying for me—a favor for which I am deeply indebted.

Gerald Foley
Tampa, Florida

I just finished taking your *Sexual Quotient* test. After contemplating the results, I saw how true the analysis was. It was terribly revealing. I hope that everyone enjoyed the quiz as much as I did.

A. S. Chappell
El Paso, Texas

Most of us have some neurotic tendencies, but it is one's ability to cope with them—not their absence—that permits us to function normally. It really makes little sense, then, to say that a well-rounded neurotic is better off than a lopsided neurotic, as your test would have us believe. The Aristotelian golden mean was not designed for neurotics. No matter what his neurotic-*tendency* graph may look like, the flexible, self-aware person is the one who can reason his way out of the habitual, neurotic mold that constrains him.

Gerrit C. Binneweg III
New York, New York

You seem to have missed the point of our test. The three segments of the graph did not represent distinct neuroses but depicted three basic life strategies or emotional biases. None of the three can in itself be called neurotic. An extreme investment in any one area is neurotic, however, because it is purchased at the cost of emotional poverty in the two others. The neurotic is an extremist, he has an emotional commitment to one strategy of life and feels uncomfortable when experimenting with alternatives. The well-rounded person can use all three major strategies—whenever each is appropriate.

MUSIC LOVERS

My Music, My Life by Ravi Shankar in the October PLAYBOY gave real insights into the man and his music and was written in a wonderfully warm manner—reflecting Shankar as he actually is. It should be read by everyone interested in Indian music. Personally, I gained several new ideas from it and congratulate you for publishing such a worthwhile piece.

Don Ellis
North Hollywood, California

No mean musician himself, Ellis is a highly respected trumpet player and bandleader.

One can hear the gentle voice of Ravi Shankar in every line of his memoir. The Ravi I love and know so well is all there, in his devotion, integrity, intellect and humility—in other words, in those great and unique qualities that comprise the Indian musician. It shows that his art is his way of life and vice versa, and that his concern and commitment are both for the perfection of his music and for the values it can represent to those searching for the spiritual and ultimate in a world preoccupied with the material and immediate. PLAYBOY should be commended for giving space to so genuine and human a document.

Yehudi Menuhin
London, England

RITE MINDED

Bravo to J. P. Donleavy for his touching fiction *Rite of Love* (PLAYBOY, October). I only wish that I, too, had had an attractive English governess when I was a teenager. Donleavy's story was like a shiny pebble dropped into the still pond that reflects one's own youth.

Jay Grear, Jr.
Cherry Hill, New Jersey

I must express my congratulations to Donleavy for his marvelous work of

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fiction. I have never read a story that depicted true innocence in such a magnificent way.

Matthew Werner
Charleston, West Virginia

CAVEAT EMPTOR

Your interview with Ralph Nader in the October PLAYBOY was outstanding by far the best exposition of the case for consumer protection and consumer sovereignty that I have ever encountered. It should be required reading for economists, marketing men and Government officials.

Andrew C. Gross, Assistant Professor
Cleveland State University
Cleveland, Ohio

The Nader interview was most enlightening. No one can sincerely say that Nader doesn't believe in what he's doing or that he lacks reasons for believing as he does. He doesn't hard-sell his philosophy, but a sense of outrage comes through, nonetheless. Perhaps that's why Nader is so effective; his facts speak for themselves.

Ralph A. Greene
Raleigh, North Carolina

In his careful, sustained and courageous efforts at reform, Nader continues to reshape American society for the better. And he does all this without a beard, without sandals, without drugs and without an arrest.

John Dean Barrett
Groton, Connecticut

Nader was not the first to fight unsafe automobile designs—just the most successful. A much earlier campaign for safer highway travel was attempted by the Ford Motor Company in 1955. Ford tried to get the consumer interested in auto safety by offering several safety oriented features. But these features cost money, and the consumer refused to pay the price. Lack of interest made the idea a flop, and Ford quickly stopped advertising the safety features. Nader castigates Detroit for neglecting the car owner's safety, but the fault lies the other way. Given a choice, the car buyer still prefers a lower-priced automobile over a more expensive one fitted with safety equipment.

Robert C. Stone
West Palm Beach, Florida

If only ten percent of Nader's accusations are factual—and I assume Nader is correct, or some kicked dogs would yelp loudly—then our jails should be full of executives, Senators, Representatives, politicians, lawyers, bureaucrats and petty grafters, instead of chicken thieves, traffic violators and poor people who can't afford lawyers. My compliments to interviewer Eric Norden for asking such intelligent and searching questions, to

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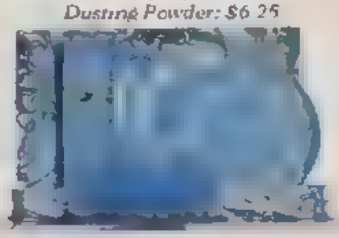

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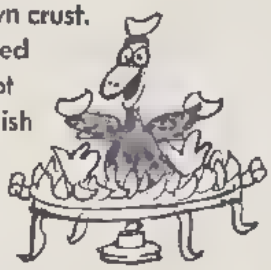
FLAMING DUCK
Grand Marnier

Select a large Long Island duckling to serve 4 people. Salt and pepper, and place one-half an orange and a sprig of parsley in the cavity.

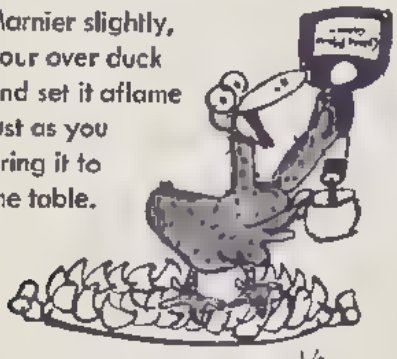
Roast in 325 degree oven for 2 hours. Baste with the pan juices during the cooking.

Place under a medium flame for the last 15 to 20 minutes to get a good brown crust.



Put the cooked duck on a hot platter; garnish with orange sections.

Heat ½ cup of Grand Marnier slightly, pour over duck and set it aflame just as you bring it to the table.



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Nader for giving such straightforward answers—and to PLAYBOY for publishing the result.

S. L. Howie
Raleigh, North Carolina

He deserves the highest marks for both the quality and the quantity of his research, but Nader's logic leaves something to be desired. An overbearing desire for profit—no matter how the consumer suffers—is built into the capitalist system. Rather than fight the effects of the system—such as tinted windshields that can dangerously reduce vision—is it not more sensible to fight the system? Capitalism itself, rather than profit-hungry corporations, may well be the cause of the problems with which Nader struggles.

Henry R. Korman
Longview, Washington

Nader disagrees, and so do we.

A group of engineering students at Michigan Tech has come up with a general plan for an automobile called the "Nader." The car will weigh nearly 8000 pounds, most of this due to the two-inch boiler plate from which the body is to be fabricated. It will have no power windows, since these are a hazard. Since it is possible to lose fingers in a door, doors will also be eliminated. The Nader will be completely surrounded by a 12-inch-high impact-absorbing bumper. Although the suspension will be soft, for comfort's sake, the Nader will corner every bit as well as a Porsche 911S. The Nader's acceleration will be in the same class as the 427 Corvette, while the braking will, of course, be much better. The entire interior will be of foam rubber; this includes seats, dash, steering wheel, control knobs and foot pedals. Also included will be seat belts, shoulder harnesses, asbestos clothing, roll bar and helmets. Lastly, all windows will be made of Saran Wrap, both to eliminate glass splinters and to give with impact.

Wyatt W. Beebe, Chairman
"Nader" Research Committee
Atlantic Mine, Michigan

Though Nader's comments on the problem of highway safety were fascinating, he neglected to mention an important aspect of the matter—the highway itself. For years, engineers have been chiefly interested in laying down miles of roads and have neglected to make the roads safe, because it costs money. Even the interstate freeways, which supposedly incorporate the latest designs, have hazards built into them: steep shoulder slopes that will cause your car to overturn, should you leave the roadway; guardrails without tapered ends that can slice into your car like giant knives; trees and similar hazards too close to the road; unreadable or confusing signs; noncollapsible light poles—the list is endless. Psychological studies indicate that engineers are more interested in things than in people. Perhaps they need sociologists to oversee their work—to remind them that highways are for people.

Bernard W. Webber
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Nader sounds as if he were the first person to probe the sanitary conditions in commercial fisheries. But for many years, ethical fish-processing companies (yes, Virginia, there *are* ethical companies) have cooperated with the U.S. Government through the Department of the Interior's Bureau of Commercial Fisheries. Many commercial processing companies employ rigid sanitary procedures and try to deliver a tasty, nutritious, low-cost, sanitary product. The percentage of freezer boats used by commercial fishermen is on the increase. In a growing number of cases, fish are processed and frozen at sea to ensure peak quality and freshness when they reach the consumer. Finally, the industry is becoming involved in other areas, such as fish irradiation. In short, the fishing industry is taking what steps it can to protect not only itself and future sales but the consumer as well.

Robert J. Burns, Editorial Director
The Fish Boat
New Orleans, Louisiana

Your interview with Ralph Nader was most interesting, but it left me with a problem. I have no food in the house and I'm afraid to drive to the market because my car is a deathtrap. But even if I got there, I wouldn't know what to buy. My aversion to eyeballs and chopped hides rules out hot dogs or bologna. The hamburger is probably stuffed with sulphite and sawdust; the steaks are overrun with antibiotics and red coloring; the roast is cancerous and the fish are oozing botulin. To make matters worse, I live in California, right atop the San Andreas rift. But even though I face either starvation or death by quake, at least I can still read PLAYBOY and enjoy all the pretty girls.

John M. Zarcone
Torrance, California

RARE MC NAIR

I have been an avid Barbara McNair fan since first seeing her on television several months ago. When I purchased the October PLAYBOY, I was pleasantly surprised to find her displayed in *The Reel McNair*. She is certainly one of the most beautiful women in the world.

James P. Kraus, Jr.
Rochester, New York

Many thanks for your photo story on the lovely Barbara McNair. I'm sure your black readers would greatly appreciate seeing more soul sisters in PLAYBOY. After all, we're ten percent of

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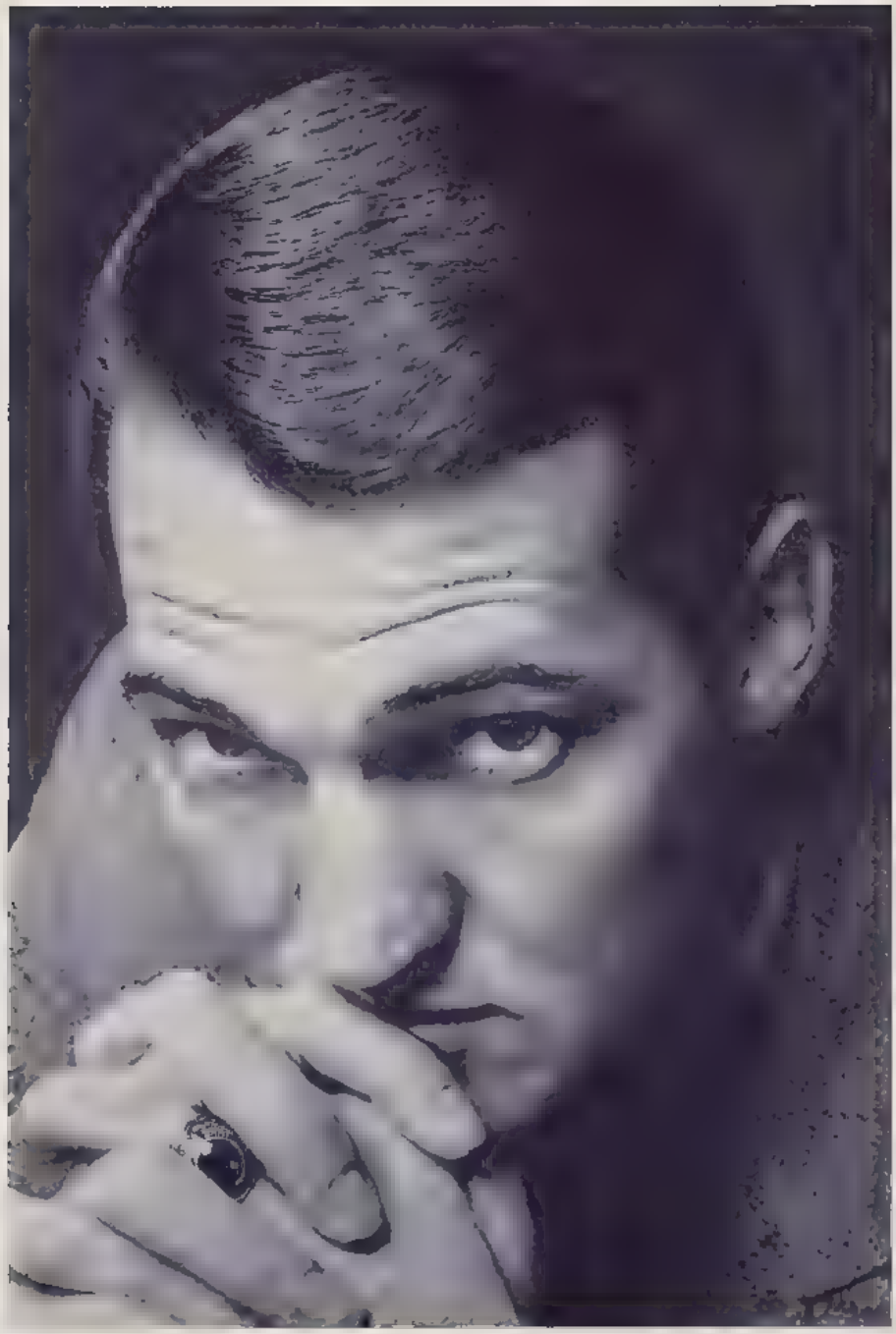

Jerry West, Los Angeles Lakers' All Pro, uses Dep for Men

Jerry West has his hair styled. You got a beef?

Funny how someone with a beef can turn chicken when face to face with Jerry West. He's six and a half solid feet of man. And if you think having his hair styled changes that, you're all wet. Hairstyling does change Jerry's appearance, though. Like it subtly calls attention away from his nose (broken eight times in N.B.A. play). That's the thing about hairstyling — it makes more than just your hair look better. Try it. Also try the products that keep your hair looking just-styled every day — Dep for Men Hairdress Styling Gel and Hair Spray. You only have one head of hair. Might as well make the best of it.

Dep for Men—the hairstyling products

the population—so ten percent representation seems only fair. At any rate, we sure dig beautiful Barbara.

Adhama Kgomabe
Oxon Hill, Maryland

I was very disappointed with PLAYBOY's coverage of Barbara McNair's movie—not enough of Barbara.

Jack Pratt
Portland, Oregon

When is PLAYBOY going to use its influence to release us girls from the double standard? There's Barbara McNair and Raymond St. Jacques in those luscious love scenes and—wouldn't you know?—he's wearing pants!

Maryann Evans
Racine, Wisconsin

DISSENT ASSENT

Nat Hentoff's *The War on Dissent* (PLAYBOY, September) is chilling but it is not exaggerated. I learned this from my own indictment for conspiracy and from knowing many other peace people, black people and young people who have been subjected to increasing police harassment and judicial harshness. The most discouraging note is that a majority of the American people approved of Mayor Daley's police in their undisciplined and brutal attack on youths who had every constitutional right to march to the Convention. Somehow, we must educate more of our citizens about what repression would mean for them, before we find an American Hitler in the Presidency.

Dr. Benjamin Spock
New York, New York

The War on Dissent provides a well engineered walkway along the brink from which we can view the dismal abyss below. Hentoff forcibly calls our attention to the terribly frightening situation facing the American people. They are beginning to realize that they awaken each day with their freedom being snuffed out by the repressive laws of a police state. Unless there is a quick turnaround, we Americans dare no longer call this freedom's land.

General David M. Shoup
U.S.M.C. (Ret.)
Arlington, Virginia

Former commandant of the Marine Corps and holder of the Congressional Medal of Honor, General Shoup has long been a critic of U.S. involvement in Vietnam.

Hentoff's piece is wonderful, though frightening. At one point, he asks, "Are we at the start of a new period of McCarthyism?" At the *start?* We are bang in the middle of it. In the past few years, we have moved faster and farther toward fascism than at any other time in our history, and I see no end in sight. If we do not soon end the war in

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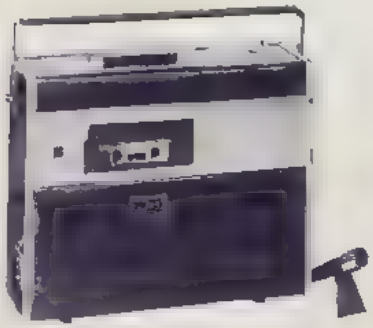

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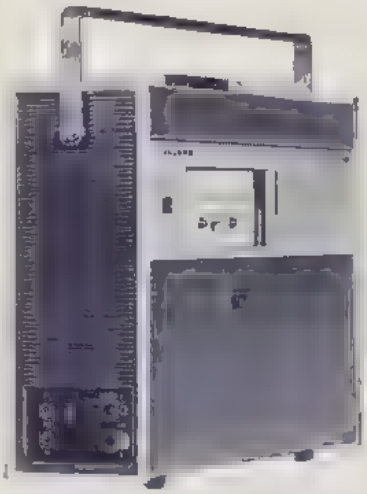

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Vietnam, begin a serious war on poverty and racism and generally drive the fanatic right back into its hole. I think it very possible that within ten years, we will have a full-fledged fascist Government. I do not think we have passed any point of no return, but we are getting dangerously close. I know more than a few intelligent, politically moderate, middle-aged people, with no particular history of political activism, who are quietly and soberly considering what country they may have to immigrate to, if and when the Wallaces and the Daleys and the lovers of lynch law take over this country.

John Holt
Boston, Massachusetts

Educator Holt is author of "How Children Learn" and "How Children Fail."

Dissent is depressing reading for anyone who cherishes our professed devotion to freedom of speech, press and association. As a lifelong defender of other people's rights, I know the record, but I don't see it as darkly as Hentoff does. The evidence he so correctly cites can be balanced in part by instances of tolerance and protection of unpopular dissent. The American Civil Liberties Union—with which Hentoff is associated—has won many a case for dissent. It takes a fight, but it is never hopeless.

Roger Baldwin
Oakland, New Jersey

A longtime director of the American Civil Liberties Union, Baldwin spent five years as A.C.L.U. national chairman.

FASHIONABLE WORDS

I thought the *Fall & Winter Fashion Forecast* (PLAYBOY, October) was terrific—especially the fact that plenty of action came through in the photographs.

Bill Blass
New York, New York

Blass, a major designer of women's clothing, has branched out into menswear.

KUBRICK KUDOS

In his September interview, Stanley Kubrick shows himself commendably well informed about past and current extrapolations and speculations in several scientific fields—just what one would expect of an intelligent artist who has spent the past few years creating *2001* and hobnobbing with Arthur Clarke. Of course, to a science-fiction writer like myself, Kubrick's speculations aren't new. Most of them were made about 35 years ago by that eccentric English genius Olaf Stapledon in his ponderous novels *Star Maker* and *Last and First Men*, and sci-fi writers have been reworking and adding to them ever since—to the point where some new readers find Stapledon disappointing, like the little old lady who proclaimed Shakespeare's plays to be "just a bunch of quotations strung together." But Stapledon reached at most a few tens of

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thousands of minds, while *2001* and PLAYBOY are reaching millions, and that does make a difference. Too bad that along with the computer, the telescope and the microscope, we don't have a Kubrickoscope (Kubriscope?) to reveal what's really going on in that complex creative mind behind the smooth mask of the notable science amateur. But perhaps Stanley's mind is like a speeding electron. The closer you focus in on it to determine its location and velocity, the fuzzier the image gets.

Fritz Leiber
Venice, California

As sci-fi buffs know, Leiber is the imaginative author of such perennially popular works as "Wanderer," "Night of the Wolf" and "Pail of Air."

PLAYBOY's interview with Stanley Kubrick discloses a profoundly brilliant and unusually well-informed intellect. The almost total specialization of modern educated men blinds them to the fascinating implications that accrue from experimentally harvested and totally integrated data. Arthur C. Clarke, Kubrick's collaborator on *2001: A Space Odyssey*, is an important exception to this pattern. The lucidity of his dealings with comprehensive data is poetically clairvoyant. And proof that Clarke is a powerful teacher is manifest in his having so swiftly unleashed the integrity of Kubrick's mind.

I have long been an enthusiast of PLAYBOY's method of interviewing those human beings whose thoughts and actions intimately affect great multitudes of other human beings. PLAYBOY's interviews progress like real-life events, until both the interviewer and the interviewee take off from long runways, gain altitude through familiarity and finally reach cruising speed. There the transcendental takes over, leaving mannerisms behind.

R. Buckminster Fuller
Carbondale, Illinois

KOSHER CANDIDATE

I want to thank you for mentioning me as one of Pat Paulsen's opponents in your October *Playboy After Hours* interview with him. I always enjoy reading PLAYBOY after my shower. I would appreciate it if you would also review my new recording in your next issue. Many of my relatives will be pleased. Tell Mr. Hefner I said hello. We met many years ago, when he was a small boy. I love the way he smokes his pipe.

Mrs. Vetta Bronstein
The Best Party
New York, New York

After dutifully listening to her rendition of "Tiptoe Through the Tulips," we must report that Mrs. Bronstein—a perennial Presidential candidate who runs on the chicken-soup-in-every-pot platform—is no Tiny Tim.

We won the Winter Olympics without leaving the bar!

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

As we trust you've noticed by the time you've gotten this far, you're reading PLAYBOY's Fifteenth Holiday Anniversary Issue. Celebrations such as this generally combine both revelry and retrospection; in keeping with tradition, our Research Department has dug through a full set of PLAYBOYS, December 1953–December 1968 (retail value for collectors: $1300), to unearth some remarkable (well, we think so) statistics. With a bemused sense of accomplishment, we offer a sampling herewith

If all the gatefolds we've printed were placed end to end, they'd form an eye-filling ribbon of paper 146,000 miles long—enough to circle the equator six times, a suitably torrid tourniquet. In the course of those years, we've featured 170 different Playmates, with dimensions taping a grand total of 6534"-4122"-6372", with a collective weight of 21,300 pounds. That's over 10½ tons of good-looking girls. Atop each other's shoulders, they'd stack up to 976 feet, just about twice the height of the 37-story Playboy Building. More appealing statistics to describe the perfection of PLAYBOY's female forms would be the average for the girls in this pillar of pulchritude: 5' 5" tall, 117 pounds, and 36¼" 22" 35½".

To print all the magazines we've produced (421,210,084 of them) required 914,889 gallons of ink (enough to fill 11 Olympic sized swimming pools) and 4500 carloads of paper—which would comprise a freight train 35 miles long. The total weight of this journalistic output is 105,302 tons—somewhat heavier than a good sized ocean liner. And if all the pages we've printed—a total of more than 78 billion—were strung together, they'd stretch 6,778,818 miles, the equivalent of 14 round trips to the moon. If these same pages were spread edge to edge on the ground, they'd cover 621 billion square feet—sufficient to paper the outside of the Empire State Building once a day for the next 20,274 years, or to cover Manhattan Island 24 times (should anyone wish to).

In the course of these same 15 years, PLAYBOY photographers have flown over 1,000,000 miles gathering the 5,256,143 color transparencies now filed in our photo library. The hard-bitten, unsmiling editors have screened over 2,500,000 Party Joke submissions, 711,000 cartoons and 160,000 manuscripts, and have edited some 25,850,000 words for publication—enough to fill 80 feet of bookshelf

During the past 15 years, we've learned through painstaking research, Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner has dogged down—hang on—some 131,400 bottles of Pepsi-Cola: a total of 12,000 gallons, which would come close to filling his spacious and appropriately kidney-shaped swimming pool on the ground floor of the Playboy Mansion. Perhaps this may help explain why PLAYBOY has always been—and will continue to be—the magazine for those who think young.

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Our *Nick-of-Time Saint Nick* (on page 123) proffers a choice selection of grandiose gifts to tote, dispatch or promise for the yuletide. But for those really hard-to-please have-it-alls on your list, we offer once again an additional array of offbeat bagatelles from hither, yon and all intermediate points

This year, Dallas' ever-popular Neiman-Marcus is featuring his-and-hers Perspex aquariums on stands, a gift clearly aimed at certain someones who already have the sun, the moon and the stars—and now want the sea as well. "His" is filled with fresh water and a pair of angelic angel fish. "Hers," however, is a different kettle of salt-water fish. The floor of her aquarium is covered with cultured pearls that are guarded by—would you believe?—a poisonous lion fish with dorsal spines that pack a deadly wallop. Thus, the recipient can't pinkie dive for the treasures at the bottom of the tank. And just for laughs, a colorful clown fish has been thrown in, too. All for just $25,000 and up, depending on the size and number of pearls selected. Another tandem token of your esteem from Neiman-Marcus might be his-and-hers jaguars: two snappy items that also boast a twist. "His" is a savage Jaguar XK-E Grand Touring coupe, while "hers" is a sumptuous Brazilian jaguar knee-length coat trimmed with mink. The price: about $11,534. Or, if you've had it with the his-and-hers bag, we suggest you enroll her in Neiman-Marcus' Jewel-of-the-Month-Club. Every 30 days, your lucky lady will receive an exotic bauble (December, for example, is a pearl, emerald and diamond necklace), thus giving her 12 little somethings to remember you by. The bill for the service will also be something to remember: $273,950, including postage. As an alternative, check out N.-M.'s Indian chess set that's hand-crafted of 20-kt. gold, enamel and rose-cut diamonds. It's priced at a low-low $25,000; but you must supply the chessboard, mate

For freaky fash on plates, try a pair of "coprolite" cuff links—fossilized dinosaur flop mounted on gold-plated fittings—for only $9.95 a pair from J. P. Darby, Esq., in New Hyde Park, New York; but send away soon, for supply may be even more limited than demand. Another archaeological *objet* on Darby's Christmas list this year is a full-blown ostrich egg resting on a Lucite base. For a nest egg of $24.98, you can while away the holidays with a friend, playing a cautious game of catch

For slugabeds, there's a battery-powered foam rubber alarm pillow that rouses the slumberer with soundless—and painless—sonic waves. One zap and the lucky owner will be up and kicking—so we're told. If you've bent an ear, sound out Hobi, Inc., Lake Success, New York—and send along $24.98. Another battery-powered mind blower from Hobi is a Henry VIII-style wood-grained plastic beer mug that automatically emits four conversation-stopping belches whenever a thirsty chugalugger lifts the tankard to his lips. This sophisticated item sells for $9.98. Cheers!

If you happen to know a status-seeking vagabond who loves to yak about his travels, send him packing on a six-week Lindblad Travel tour to scenic Outer Mongolia. Among the never-to-be-forgotten experiences on the itinerary is camping out for ten days in the Gobi desert while cooking entrail dinners over a fire of camel dung (not suitable for cuff links). Later, he can take an

exhilarating cross-country ride on the luxurious Trans-Siberian Railway. All for just $4000, lumment not included. If your peripatetic friend makes waves about riding a ship of the desert, offer him a swinging three-week cruise aboard the S. S. Romantica, which will soon set sail for the Galápagos Islands, 500 miles east of Ecuador. At last nose count, the 2412 rugged individualists who call this archipelago home were vastly outnumbered by teeming masses of three-foot iguanas and scaoos of an unusual species of four-eyed fish. The trip's itinerary includes such fun and games as riding the giant snapping tortoises and petting booby birds. All this and more for a mere $2095.

Urbanites who'd like to take a stab at foiling the weather will dig a sword-spike umbrella available from Here's How Company, New Hyde Park, New York, for $14.98. On sunny days, it's also good for picking up paper in the park. And crybabies will choke up over another item from Here's How: a glass tear vial modeled after the ones carried by sentimental noblemen during the Middle Ages. Price, $4.98, tears not included. For embittered Democrats and Republicans who won't forgive and forget, try wax-caricature candleheads molded in the image of L. B. J., also for $4.98 each. And for grown-up Linuses who feel self-conscious about hugging their security blankets, there's a 12" x 18" foam-filled cushion covered in genuine hamster fur. The price is something to squeak about—only $19.98.

If this offering isn't fur out enough for you, present a would-be snow bunny friend in Miami Beach with a gift that will enable her to schuss beside her swimming pool—on the pelts from 250 white minkskins mounted by Georges Kaplan, the famed New York furrier, on a 9' x 7' motorized treadmill. Should the giftee grow weary of making downhill runs, she can always wear the slope as a giant stole. About $6000, ski insurance extra. For indoor sports, the odds are that a drinking buddy who loves to gamble will go for a Comp-U-Bar Slot-Tronic one-armed bandit that pays off winners by pouring their choice of 1000 different concoctions. (You may wish to rig it so that three cherries rewards the player with a manhattan.) Order yours from K&M Electronics in Baltimore, Maryland, for just $21,800—ingredients not included.

A militaristic Walter Mitty itching for a fight can get his vicarious kicks by listening to an LP titled *The Mighty U.S. Armed Forces Sound Effects in Action*. With the volume turned up, he'll flip over the war whoops of our fighting men in actual combat, cheer as our bombers blast the bad guys and sing along to the sound of a nuclear explosion. All for $4.95 from The Radio Shack, New York City. And *Mission: Impossible* fans will get a bang out of receiving a handsomely wrapped Self-Destruct Box, the contents of which promptly go up in smoke when the package is opened. A once-in-a-lifetime gift for just $80 (not including plaster casts) from Art Klepps, Morning Glory Lodge, Cranberry Lake, New Jersey. No C. O. D.s, please. (Klepps, when he isn't making his Self-Destruct Boxes, is Chief Boo Hoo of the Neo-American Church.)

For that special someone who wants to break an apartment lease, there's an 11-foot-tall German-made orchestration unit that works off of perforated player-piano-type rolls. Switch it on, snap on a pair of ear muffs, jump behind a sandbagged bunker and listen to your favorite tunes as they're performed automatically on the following instruments: a mandolin, a piano, a cymbal with double beaters, a phalanx of flutes, a rank of violin-violoncello pipes, clarinet and saxophone horns, a snare drum with loud and soft tonation, a triangle, a wood block, a bass drum with tympani beaters and, last but not least, a warbling Swanee whistle. The whole shebang sells for $6995, plus postage, from Hathaway & Bowers in Santa Fe Springs, California. As the line in the old song goes, "Who could ask for anything more?"

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In a setting reminiscent of *The Last Hurrah*, the Democratic Party of Illinois met shortly after the National Convention to perform the time-honored ritual of licking its wounds while pretending it didn't have any. Apart from the obligatory patriotic bunting, the hall was festooned with large placards proclaiming WE LOVE MAYOR DALEY and—except for a suspiciously young-looking contingent sitting restlessly in the gallery—the place was jammed with the party faithful.

After dinner, the first speaker preceded his speech with the old joke about the high-ranking State Department official who visited an underdeveloped country in Africa and was invited to make a speech to the throng of people waiting at the airport. The diplomat launched into a lavish appraisal of the U. S. aid program to that and other underdeveloped countries and noted, as he spoke, how responsive the audience was. With each comment about past American generosity, the crowd yelled "Shawanga!" And with each promise of more generosity, the yelling of "Shawanga!" doubled in volume. Finally, the diplomat concluded his talk, to deafening shouts of "Shawanga!" and left in a limousine with the head of state for a visit to his ranch. As they walked in the fields, they came upon a large pile of manure, whereupon the head of state pulled the diplomat away and cautioned, "Don't step in the Shawanga."

The Democratic politician, after completing his joke, then went on to the heart of his speech, which was an unabashed paean to Chicago's mayor. The politician's first bit of praise related to the mayor's great capacity for compassion—which, to the speaker's initial pleasure, was interrupted in midsentence by a great sound from the gallery. His pleasure turned to consternation, however, as he became aware of the youngsters way up there shouting in perfect unison, "Shawanga! Shawanga!"

Even Mayor Daley laughed.

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For those who doubt that television is growing up, we direct your attention to a recent Sinatra special billed in *The Indianapolis News* as "Francis Albert Sinatra Does His Thing . . . with Diahann Carroll."

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Fifth-grade members of a Wauwatosa, Wisconsin, church school voted for their favorite hero—from a list that included President Johnson, Jesus and Albert Schweitzer. When the votes were in, the contest proved to be a draw between Jesus and a dark-horse write-in: Bart Starr.

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To Whom It May Concern: A classified ad in the Lawrence Indiana, *Journal* offered the following bargain. "Four poster bed, 101 years old with springs. Perfect for antique lover."

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Early Achiever Department: The Magazine Industry Newsletter, in noting a change of executives at *The New Yorker*, reported that "The new officer is Peter F. Fleischmann, 46 years old, who had been cofounder in 1925 (with the late Harold Ross) of the magazine."

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Our Unabashed Honesty Award this month goes to a Malayan brassiere manufacturer who calls his firm The Lit Mfg. Company.

BOOKS

With another season of gift giving moving swiftly toward its climax, the late shopper still has at his finger tips a plenitude of special books designed to delight almost any disposition. Here are a number of those that have caught our fancy.

The art book of the year is ***Andrew Wyeth*** (Houghton Mifflin), a superlative accomplishment containing 121 17" x 13" color plates (including, of course, *Christina's World*), whose reproduction was closely supervised by the artist himself. Richard Meryman's text, supplemented by a number of preparatory drawings, does much to illuminate Wyeth's personality, attitudes and way of working. This fastidiously designed volume is the very model of what an art book should be. Salvador Dali is celebrated during this round of celebrations with two big books. In ***The World of Salvador Dali*** (Viking), originally issued in somewhat fancier form in 1962, the

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painter's friend Robert Descharnes attempts to get at the wellsprings of Dali's wild imagination by juxtaposing photographs and paintings; he doesn't succeed completely, but it's an ingenious try. ***Dali*** (Abrams), a more imposing book with a candy-box cover, contains some of the best reproductions we've seen of the inimitable Spaniard's inimitable work and, as a bonus attraction, there's a brief biography of the artist-poseur by Max Gerard. The New York Graphic Society offers a pair of stunningly mounted art books. ***The History of World Sculpture***—compiled, with text and commentary, by Germain Bazin, director of the Louvre—ranges from prehistoric stone carvings to the latest sorties into minimal sculpture. All of the more than 1000 illustrations are in color, which, it becomes all too strikingly apparent, is the only way to reproduce sculpture. It is a magnificent work. ***Himalayan Art***, with text and photos by Madanjeet Singh, brings to light a massive lode of frescoes, paintings, drawings, statuary and bas-reliefs from those inaccessible cloud-covered kingdoms. Its scope is revelatory. ***Erotic Art of the East*** (Putnam's), by Philip Rawson, offers nearly 300 illustrations in praise of love in its numerous manifestations and positions. This first volume in the publisher's *World History of Erotic Art* series draws to good effect on such sources as Hindu temple carvings and Islamic miniatures. Moving closer to our own time and place is ***Eros in La Belle Epoque*** (Grove), which gives us a look at some of the *art nouveau* classics—from Cocteau to postcards—that heralded a new post Victorian sexual freedom in the West. From the First International Exhibition of Erotic Art, held in Scandinavia in 1968, the tireless Drs. Phyllis and Eberhard Kronhausen (see *A Portfolio of Erotica* in last month's issue) have taken 567 black-and-white and 54 color photographs and put them into ***Erotic Art*** (Grove). Each of these volumes pays homage to an art that, we are confident, will remain relevant as long as men and women continue to do what comes naturally.

Two top-notch photographers are represented in handsome volumes this season. ***The Best of Beaton*** (Macmillan) offers 200 samples from four decades of the elegant Cecil's work, a reminder of his finesse and an indication of his range. Gordon Parks—poet, novelist, musician and movie director—is best known as a *Life* magazine photographer, and his first collection of many years of work, ***Gordon Parks: A Poet and His Camera*** (Viking), confirms his place as a front-ranking photographic journalist. His pictures—twoscore of them in color—are accompanied by his poems; taken together, they convey sensitivity, intelligence and an ever-striving spirit.

If George Orwell had never written *Animal Farm* or *1984*, his reports and essays would still entitle him to a place as a major literary figure of his time. Why this is so becomes abundantly clear in ***The Collected Essays, Journalism and Letters of George Orwell*** (Harcourt, Brace & World), four hefty volumes, edited by his wife, Sonia, and Ian Angus. Covering the quarter of a century from post–World War One to post World War Two, this chronicle evokes both the sense of a tragic time and the memory of a most humane and gifted man.

A few years ago, Robert Lowell published a set of poems in English, taken from Baudelaire, and called them not translations but *Imitations*. However one cares to apportion the credit between these two estimable poets, the results were remarkable; and now they are available in a deluxe edition, with color and monochrome illustrations by Sidney Nolan. It's been retitled ***The Voyage and Other Versions of Poems by Baudelaire*** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux); by whatever name, no Lowell lover should be without it.

The Evergreen Review Reader (Grove) is a tall, fat collection of ten years' worth of stories, critical pieces, articles and a bit of this and that culled from the nation's swingingest literary magazine. The contributors include Beckett, Sartre, Pasternak, Ionesco, Burroughs, Mailer, Grass, Pinter and just about everybody who's anybody in the hip-lit scene.

For those who are not so much interested in what America is but, rather, why it is, we heartily recommend ***American Album*** (Simon & Schuster). Subtitled "How We Looked and How We Lived in a Vanished America," it is filled with rare photographs collected by the editors of *American Heritage*. The dogged persistence of the pioneers, the thick-waisted, self-satisfied turn-of-the-century burghers, the tragic glimpses of the Indian in flight, the gallused Maine farmer and the rotting ghetto, the awesome panorama of a still-untrammeled countryside—it's all here.

Landmarks of Mapmaking (New York Graphic Society), replete with full-color foldouts, bears picturesque testimony to the inexactitude of science through the ages. Those very early examples of the cartographer's art are often delightful flights of fancy meant more for framing than for following. A handsome volume.

The Complete Encyclopedia of Motorcars 1885–1968 (Dutton) has on its cover the unequivocal claim "Every car ever made" and that, it would appear from a fairly close examination, is a simple statement of fact. Edited by G. N. Georgano, it is an undertaking of Herculean dimensions. From the A.A.A. to the Zwickau, the book provides, in over 600 pages and 2000 photos, a rich mine of automobilia. Clarence P. Hornung's ***Portrait Gallery of Early Automobiles*** (Abrams) is the culmination of a 15-year labor of love. The artist-engineer, who has done the meticulous flat-color drawings of 100 glorious antiques, takes us from the 1853 Dudgeon Steam Wagon, really a road-going locomotive, to the sumptuously elegant 1915 Locomobile Town Coupe. The accompanying notes and comments have been contributed by James J. Bradley, head of the Automotive Historical Collection of the Detroit Public Library. Our only quibble is with the stock, its cream color has a tendency to diminish the colors of the cars themselves. But that is a minor reservation about a major achievement.

Patterning his work consciously on Sigmund Freud's classic *Wit and the Unconscious*, G. Legman has produced an 800-odd page study called ***Rationale of the Dirty Joke*** (Grove). Subtitled "An Analysis of Sexual Humor," it is an estimable work, full of fun and honest thinking about what used to be the unthinkable. The 2000 jokes and tales in this "first series" may be classified as "clean dirty jokes"; that is, they concern premarital sex, adultery and the like. Still to come is Legman's "second series," which will tap such veins of humor as homosexuality, prostitution and castration.

Pageantry of Sport (Hawthorn) is a hefty volume of witty prints and witty prose dealing with the sports of yesteryear and earlier. John Arlott and Arthur Daley have done their editing with gusto and have come up with smashing examples of both the familiar (Izaak Walton on angling) and the improbable (Pope John XXII on football). Also entered are Mark Twain on cockfighting and mule racing, William Hazlitt on boxing, Robert Herrick on stoolball and Samuel Pepys on tennis. Even sports haters should find their stylish commentating irresistible.

Wave conquerors of your acquaintance can ask for nothing more informative than ***Where the Surfers Are*** (Coward McCann), expert Peter Dixon's inventory of beckoning beaches from Australia to Baja California. With the help of more than 180 maps and photographs, Dixon zooms in on the zingiest waves, providing intimate details of their physical proportions and personality quirks, as though they were so many mistresses. Which, we suppose, isn't terribly inappropriate, after all.

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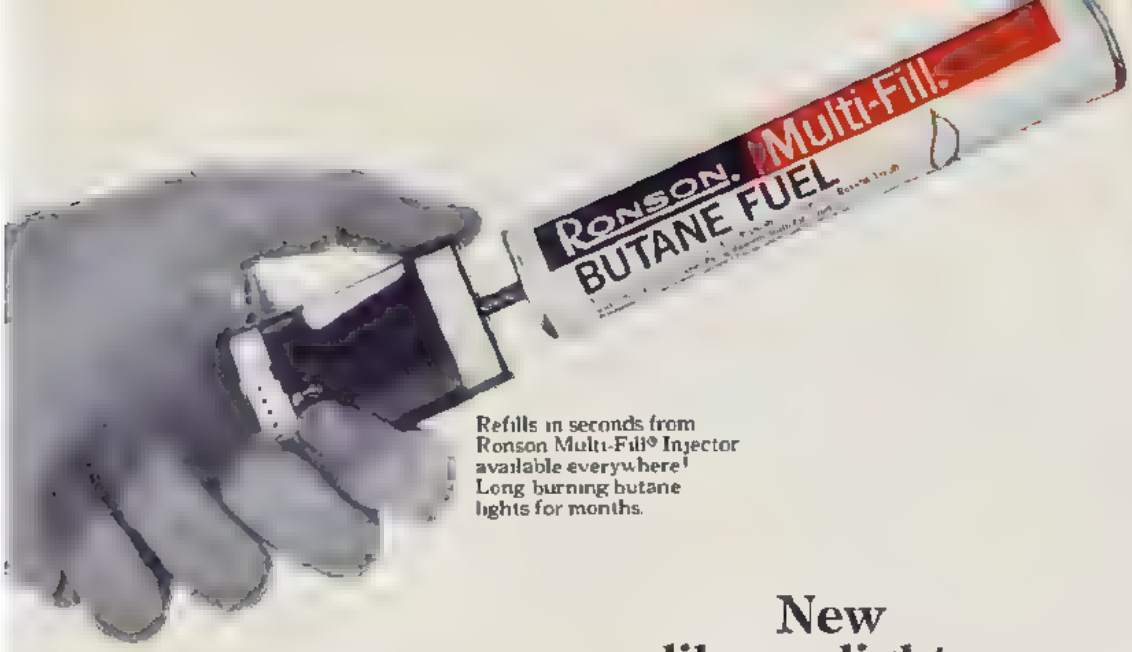
Although coverage of political conventions has "encouraged some of his very best writing," as Norman Mailer observes accurately, he confesses to have arrived in Miami for the 1968 G.O.P. ceremonial somewhat confused. Was the man leading the WASP resurgents a new Nixon or just a more skillful hypocrite? He left still wondering, dissatisfied with himself for not having solved the riddle. Mailer may be excused this minor failure, for in reporting the frantic fabricated goings on at both conventions—***Miami and the Siege of Chicago***



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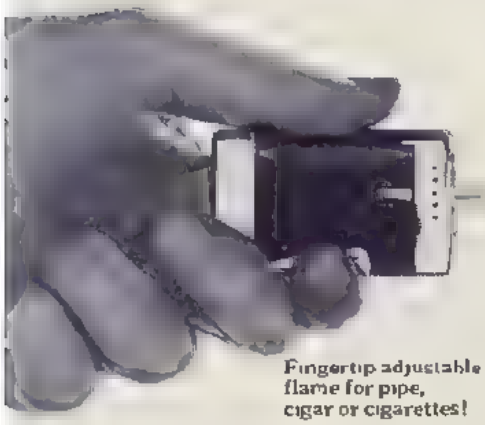

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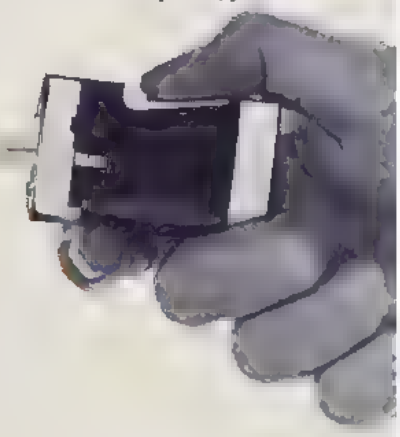

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(World)—he again proves himself to be perhaps the country's best reporter: photographically observant, remarkably sensitive and scathingly honest in exposing his own fears, prejudices and pretensions. Writing in the third person he admits to having ducked the bloodiest battles in Chicago. "He was either being sensible"—avoiding trouble to prevent losing even one day of the 14 days he had left to meet the publishing deadline—"or he was yellow." He suspects the latter: "Had his courage eroded more than his knowledge of fear the last few days? He continued to drink." The events he describes so well contain no scoops for anyone who owns a TV set; the insights come from Mailer's own reactions to the events. In one confrontation with himself, he admits to an appalling conclusion: 'He was getting tired of Negroes and their rights'—of black beauty, black racism, black revolutionaries. "Every black riot was washing him loose with the rest, pushing him to that point where he would have to [either] throw his vote in with revolution . . . or stand by and watch as the best Americans, white and black, would be picked off, expended, busted, burned and finally lost.' Yet, as Mailer finally concedes, there may be hope for America, though hardly deserved. Win or lose, however, his wiry style and needle-sharp interpretations have survived mere timeliness to become journalism as history.

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Peter De Vries began his novelistic career (*No, but I Saw the Movie, The Tunnel of Love, Comfort Me with Apples*) as a claque comedian, belting out one-liners and puns and all manner of wordplay in a kind of suburban Scrabble. But then, with *The Blood of the Lamb*, his work began to acquire new weight. Still bright and airy and verbally playful, he showed the gift for subtle characterization and concern for deeper meaning, and he emerged as that rarity—a completely polished black humorist, a finished diamond unable to ignore the rough. ***The Cat's Pajamas & Witch's Milk*** (Little, Brown), De Vries' two new short novels in one packet, are both funny-ha-ha in tone and funny-absurd in theme. The first chronicles the decline of a college English teacher determined to prove his worth to an old flame: "Women have other ideals but that is ours—to be thought the cat's pajamas." Down he goes into advertising, television and, finally, selling cans of fresh air and NO PEDDLERS ALLOWED signs door to door before he dies a Beckettian death, ironically noting as he expires that his lost love "had never meant anything at all to him. Nothing really, at all." *Witch's Milk* deals with a pretentious woman's courtship, affair and marriage to an ordinary man who "had no faults at all. He was just hopeless." But after suffering through the slow death of a child and a sudden nervous breakdown, she realizes how fortunate she was to have had such a husband to see her "through the disillusionments of marriage." No matter how dank the scene De Vries lights the way with his verbal pyrotechnics. He has one character, for example, playing with the notion of developing a new erotic vocabulary: "Extolling her soft white yummels, he would bury his face in them, sometimes as though trying to achieve death by suffocation. Or he would lip their little pink phelps as his hand strayed independently downward, across her dimpled woburn to her thrombush, into which he sank at last with many a grateful cry in praise of it." (Twiggs Jameson built up a fresh erotic vocabulary, too, in his novel *Billy and Betty*, reviewed here in October; but De Vries does it with more style.) The final effect is to leave the reader in a state of joyful pain, which, not incidentally, De Vries seems to think the secret called life may very well be all about.

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Saul Bellow is the *doyen* of American Jewish writers. As such, he probably feels he is entitled to give a little, take a little. In ***Mosby's Memoirs and Other Stories*** (Viking), he gives Bellow fans three short stories previously unpublished in book form. He also throws in three others included in his *Seize the Day* volume, but the caliber of his work is so distinctive that few readers are likely to feel shortchanged. Of the old stories, *A Father-to-Be*, a rather gimmicky encounter of premarital pangs, is the weakest; *Looking for Mr. Green*, the tale of a social worker's search through the slums of black Chicago for the recipient of a welfare check, is the strongest; and *The Gonzaga Manuscripts* is the least typical. This account of a scholar's foredoomed attempt to track down the lost works of a dead Spanish poet seems more Malamud than Bellow, but there is no mistaking the master's toots and touches. Of the three new stories, *Leaving the Yellow House* is the most affecting; it deals in quietly moving terms with a solitary lady lush in the desert who decides to bequeath her house to herself. The title story is a sort of view from the other side of a Herzog, as a cuckolder describes how he came to horn the cuckoldee. But best of all is *The Old System*, which appeared first in these pages last January. This saga of a brother-and-sister breach as primitive in intensity as a chapter from the Old Testament is a direct hit from the Bellow canon.

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If your appetite was, as we suspect, whetted by those portions of J. P. Donleavy's new novel, ***The Beastly Beatitudes of Balthazar B.*** (Delacorte), previewed in these pages last October and November, you'll want to hasten to your bookseller, who now has the whole of it.

MOVIES

Dramaturgy runs the gamut from Slambang to Pow in ***Bullitt***, a monosyllabic action thriller that features Steve McQueen as Harper. Correction: Paul Newman was Harper. McQueen is Bullitt, a San Francisco police lieutenant who pounds a somewhat similar piece of California turf. Guarding the state's star witness from killers with a contract from—you guessed it—"the organization" is Bullitt's assignment, which turns out to be a hairy chase complicated by mistaken identities, sudden death and a ruthless politician (that man from U. N. C. L. E., Robert Vaughn) trying to make crime pay at the polls. The mechanical details of *Bullitt* are managed with exceptional skill: No recent movie has done a better job, for example, of reproducing the hurried, antiseptic efficiency of a city hospital emergency wing. As another of his tricks to stimulate the circulation, director Peter Yates launches two automobiles into a supersmashing pursuit sequence guaranteed to produce vertigo or your money back. McQueen dominates the foreground of the picture, or at least occupies it, playing himself—or at least the semidetached McQueen image that is so admired by millions. He seems persuaded more and more of late that acting has gone out of style in favor of cool portrait photography, the publicity stills advertising *Bullitt* convey the entire depth of his performance with dead accuracy. An easy match for McQueen is lovely Jacqueline Bisset as the cop's pacifier, whose thankless part consists of slipping between the sheets whenever intrigue and violence abate. Her opportunities are sadly few.

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Tony Curtis has spent much of his career laboring in inane epics and undistinguished froth, while critics roundly jeered him as just another pretty face—and bad accent—from the Bronx. As ***The Boston Strangler***, however, Tony gives the most sensitive and controlled performance of his life and proves what no one else except himself was willing to believe—that he's a first-rate actor. Employing a putty nose and a Back Bay inflection, Curtis evocatively portrays Albert DeSalvo, the self-confessed strangler, as a somewhat saintly psychopath. And it works. So does director Richard Fleischer's documentary approach to the drama: *Strangler* unfolds at a tight pace and Fleischer's use of split-screen images is inventively effective. But if the movie seems a bit overlong, credit it to a lackluster job turned in by Henry Fonda as head Boston investigator John S. Bottomly and a somewhat prolix screenplay by Edward Anhalt. Based on the best-selling book by Gerold Frank, the movie re-creates Boston's panic—and

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manhunt—when 13 women were strangled and then mangled by a maniacal murderer. (Although many may find the cataloging of atrocities less than tasty, the movie is far milder on these details than was the book.) Much of the film's strength lies in its *Dragnet*-type cameo performances—by George Furth as a prodigiously potent satyr, George Voskovec as real-life psychic Peter Hurkos and William Hickey as a pervert who digs handbags. Unfortunately, such top-line talents as 1968 Academy Award winner George Kennedy and Murray Hamilton are wasted, their lines are conceived in oak. But when Curtis arrives on the scene—even though half the film has already elapsed—the screen becomes electric with tension and the Strangler suddenly becomes tragically and pathetically believable.

•

Movies dealing with theft and embezzlement are not exactly innovative these days, but ***Only When I Larf*** works some spry variations on the big-caper formula. Instead of wasting valuable time poring over master plans, this relaxed and congenial comedy starts right off with a nifty fraud that separates two New York investment tycoons from a $250,000 check. The next whirligig stop is London, where a swindle involving illegal arms shipments to an emergent African nation goes entertainingly to pieces, then on to Beirut and some bright chicanery in the arena of international banking. The scenery is eye-filling, but how nice, for a change, to see backgrounds used as backgrounds. In this flick, it's what's up front that counts; and there we find Richard Attenborough, David Hemmings and leggy Alexandra Stewart as a trio of con artists with the instincts of charlatans from a traveling medicine show. Though only competent crooks, they are great impostors, masquerading as Dixiecrats, executive secretaries, guards, psychiatrists, British-army regulars, Arab traders, archaeologists and whatever it takes to make a victim rest easy until the balloon goes up. Credit director Basil Dearden with maintaining the rather delicate balance between mere spoofery and intelligent respect for the honorable capitalistic tradition of beating the system by hook or by crook. We also noted—saving it for last, because there are a dozen better reasons for enjoying the movie—that *Larf*'s liveliest ideas were lifted from a novel by coproducer Len Deighton, PLAYBOY's Travel Editor as well as a frequent contributor of fiction.

•

Anti-Semitism in czarist Russia is the subject of ***The Fixer***, director John Frankenheimer's respectful version of the Bernard Malamud novel, adapted for the screen by Dalton Trumbo. The movie is large, literate and conscientiously inspirational. But questionable things happen when a company of highly competent English-speaking actors settles down in Hungary to re-create the pre-Revolution climate of eastern Europe. Given the international scope of modern film making, today's audiences have seen authentic Russians, Czechs and Swedes performing dramas so steeped in indigenous truth that Anglicized facsimiles inevitably ring hollow. *The Fixer*'s Alan Bates is a superbly intelligent actor; but his Oxonian manner belies both the Russianness and the Jewishness of Malamud's reluctant hero, Yakov Bok, who escapes from a ghetto haunted by pogroms into the Christian quarter of Kiev. An apolitical man, Yakov becomes a revolutionary and a martyr in spite of himself when he is falsely arrested for the ritual murder of a child, and turned into a scapegoat Jew by the czar's corrupt agents, who need to improvise enemies for a restless, oppressed people. Dirk Bogarde, Hugh Griffith, Georgia Brown, Elizabeth Hartman and Carol White, as some of the goodly number who hurt or help Yakov's cause, fortify the impression that they are a gifted English rep company displaying their virtuosity. Telescoped on film, without benefit of Malamud's evocative prose, the events of the novel tend to produce unrelieved gloom. Yakov's inner thoughts and fearful fantasies are illustrated rather literally—which indicates the kind of epic seriousness Frankenheimer had in mind. But the dialog—cluttered with aphorisms ("To be anti-Semitic, you've first got to be anti-Christian") serves his questionable cause, as do the insistent background themes by composer Maurice Jarre, who has supplied mournful fiddling on the roof for nearly every crisis.

•

The bittersweet humor of ***The Firemen's Ball***, by Czech director Miloš (*Loves of a Blonde*) Forman, rests on the thesis that a bumbling bureaucracy ultimately leaves everyone out in the cold. Less slyly sexy than *Blonde*, Forman's new comedy is nevertheless hilarious and poignant, as well as pointedly cynical about the rewards a society bestows upon its servants. An antiquated former fire chief, who is the honored guest at the ball, faces death by cancer as his colleagues sweat over the presentation of a ceremonial ax "for fifty years of faithful service." Another old gentleman, whose home, hearth and worldly goods are consumed by flames midway through the ceremonies, sits shivering in a snowbank watching his past go up in smoke. What can be done for him? "Move him closer to the fire," suggests a volunteer. Such matters are Forman's underlying concern, yet he avoids bathos, geniality or any effect that might spoil the uninhibited fun of his folk poetry about life in a provincial town. Diffuseness is the solitary flaw of *Firemen's Ball*. With a sharper focus on one central character (the retiring chief, charmingly played by Josef Svet, seems an obvious choice), this might rank among the classics. One or two sequences are matchless—a scandal concerning stolen lottery prizes, complicated when a lusty young couple slides under the tottering display table to make love, or the incredible chaos of a beauty contest so disorganized that the odds favor whichever reluctant nominee can be dragged screaming to the bandstand. Now in the West, away from the homeland that gave a special texture to his work, Forman will be an interesting director to watch. He threatens to revive the golden age of screen comedy all by himself.

•

An East-West confrontation in the arctic wastes revives Cold War jitters during the postintermission half of ***Ice Station Zebra***. It would be nasty to tip off too much of the plot, which brings submarine-borne Anglo-American forces and Russian paratroops racing toward a remote weather station for a taut belly-to-belly showdown. The question is, who will gain possession of a top-secret capsule, miscarried to the polar region by a wayward Soviet missile? But never mind petty details, such as technological double talk or an occasional process shot that reeks of special effects. This cool cliff-hanger, based on a novel by Alistair (*The Guns of Navarone*) MacLean, has thrill, chill and hair-trigger suspense enough to keep its all-male cast in a state of hypertension for well over two hours, and red-blooded viewers, whatever their sex, should find the agony contagious. Rock Hudson, as captain of the nuclear sub Tigerfish, is nominally the star of the piece, though his nice-guy heroics tend to fade on impact with the testy passengers on deck, notably Jim Brown as a gung-ho Marine captain whose credentials are suspect, Ernest Borgnine as a turncoat Russian and television's secret agent Patrick McGoohan stealing scene after scene as a caustic chap from British Intelligence. When McGoohan is off camera, director John Sturges fills the screen with exhilarating visual excitement both above and below sea level—from the claustrophobic environment of a distressed sub under the ice floes to the pure spectral beauty of enemy paratroops dropping soundlessly into the snow.

•

To argue that ***Weekend***, the latest manifestation of cinematic Jean Luc Godard's remarkable will to succeed without really trying, is sloppy, dull and undisciplined is almost irrelevant, for confirmed Godardians merely nod agreement and smile the smug smiles of those who know that a real masterwork may seem inaccessible, at first, to millions of poor dumb bastards. Godard's cataclysmic vision of contemporary society promises much but soon dwindles away in

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bombast, preachments and tiresome repetitions of his political deepthink. As a pundit, Godard is a bore. As a film maker, he is a kind of brilliant anarchist free-associating so recklessly that his own ideas are reduced to shambles. *Weekend*'s images of a mechanized contemporary *Inferno* are briefly memorable when the camera pans (surely the longest traveling shot on record—)along a highway glutted with cars, trunks, kids and carnage. While the dead and dying lie amid heaps of twisted metal, stalled motorists honk their horns, quarrel, flirt, play chess and try to get moving again. The traffic jam is only the kickoff for a weekend devoted to looting, rape, matricide and cannibalism, brought to a climax when a young wife joins a band of revolutionaries who disembowel her husband and serve him up at a cookout. In a morally bankrupt society, he seems to be saying—at the top of his lungs—death means no more than greed, lust and human callousness. And the words he stuffs into the mouths of his characters—who never for a moment come convincingly to life—mean little more. When an old degenerate breaks two eggs between a prostrate girl's legs before (apparently) assaulting her with a large dead fish, one wonders whether to interpret the deed as evidence against a sick world or self-indulgence from a sick poet.

RECORDINGS

A wealth of wonderful sounds, handsomely packaged, provides a lush bounty for this season's yuletide giving and getting. The most sumptuous of all is Columbia's 15-LP slip-cased offering of ***The Nine Symphonies of Gustav Mahler*** (also available on stereo tape), with Leonard Bernstein conducting The New York Philharmonic and The London Symphony Orchestra (one of the LPs—*Gustav Mahler Remembered*—contains insightful comments by the composer's daughter, and the composer himself performing at the piano). Included, too, is a handsome booklet. ***The Four Symphonies of Charles Ives,*** worthy additions to the fast-growing body of Ives recordings, are available in three-LP sets by Columbia and Cardinal (both also available on stereo tape). The former features Bernstein and The New York Philharmonic; the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy, and Leopold Stokowski conducting the American Symphony Orchestra; the latter has the New Philharmonia Orchestra of London under the baton of Harold Farberman. Put together in two volumes are Mozart's ***Fifteen Sonatas for Violin and Piano*** (Everyman). Volume I is performed by violinist Joseph Szigeti and pianist Mieczyslaw Horszowski; Volume II has the piano chores shared by Horszowski and George Szell. Szell conducts the Cleveland Orchestra in a five-LP package of Beethoven's ***Five Piano Concertos*** (Angel) which showcases the brilliant keyboard artistry of Emil Gilels. A shining example of solo virtuosity is ***The Classical Guitar / Julian Bream,*** a three-LP tour de force in Westminster's Basic Library Series and further evidence that Bream has few peers on that instrument.

For those of an operatic bent, there's a cornucopia of Christmas gifts guaranteed to warm the cockles. Deutsche Grammophon's magnificent recording of Wagner's ***Das Rheingold*** (also available on stereo tape) features the estimable Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and the Berlin Philharmonic under the direction of Herbert von Karajan. It is a fitting tribute to the upcoming 100th anniversary of the opera's premiere performance. The incomparable Joan Sutherland as the heroine of Donizetti's ***La Fille du Regiment*** (London, also available on stereo tape) is more than enough to recommend the twin-LP offering. The Orchestra and Chorus of The Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, are under the direction of Richard Bonynge. Verdi's ***Rigoletto*** (Angel, also available on stereo tape) is highlighted by the singing of baritone Cornell MacNeil in the title role and tenor Nicolai Gedda as the Duke of Mantua. Francesco Molinari-Pradelli leads the Orchestra and Chorus of the Opera House, Rome, in a stunning rendition of this operatic staple. Items of considerable interest to devotees of the choral arts include Dave Brubeck's ***The Light in the Wilderness—An Oratorio for Today*** (Decca). His first major serious work, it proves an impressive statement of the composer's religious convictions. Erich Kunzel leads the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra; the Miami University A Cappella Singers are under the direction of George Barron; and Brubeck himself plays piano on this album. An oratorio from another day, Haydn's ***The Creation*** (Philips, also available on stereo tape) is given an inspired performance by the Bavarian Radio Chorus and Orchestra under Eugen Jochum. Agnes Giebel, Waldemar Kmentt and Gottlob Frick are the soloists. The same chorus and orchestra, this time under the baton of Charles Munch, can be heard to excellent advantage on Hector Berlioz' ***Requiem*** (Deutsche Grammophon; also available on stereo tape). The twin-LP package features tenor Peter Schreier.

The spoken word has not been neglected as a source of Christmas bounty. Caedmon has put forth on vinyl Eugene O'Neill's ***More Stately Mansions,*** directed by Jose Quintero and starring Ingrid Bergman, Arthur Hill and Colleen Dewhurst. O'Neill's dramas always play well on records and *More Stately Mansions* is no exception; it is tragedy of classic proportions. Caedmon also offers the film sound track recordings of James Joyce's masterwork ***Ulysses,*** on which Milo O'Shea, Barbara Jefford and Maurice Roeves marvelously delineate the rich Joycean prose. Whether or not one has seen the movie, the album is a delight. The late Edward R. Murrow's ***"I Can Hear It Now"*** (Columbia) captures the sweeping panorama of three decades (1919-1949). Clarence Darrow and William Jennings Bryan, Wilson and Roosevelt, Hitler, Stalin and Mussolini, Chamberlain and Hiss—all are present on this moving, momentous oral history of a world undergoing traumatic change. For anyone with even a modicum of interest, vinophile-gourmet Alexis Lichine's ***The Joy of Wine*** (MGM, also available on stereo tape) should prove to be a profitable acquisition. In it, Lichine, with the aid of a host of experts, covers the wines of Europe and America, supplies a pronouncing glossary and a rating chart of the vintages from 1926 on—all making for an absorbing and informative package.

A glittering grab bag of jazz and pop albums is on hand to evoke a wide range of aural experiences. For those of a mind-bending bent, there's ***Electric Ladyland*** (Reprise; also available on stereo tape), unleashed by the Jimi Hendrix Experience, with occasional aid from assorted kindred spirits. Not for the faint of heart. ***The Edith Piaf Deluxe Set*** and ***The Judy Garland Deluxe Set*** are Capitol's vinyl paeans to a pair of legendary songbirds. All of the material has previously been released, but it's a pleasure to have so many goodies made available in two fell swoops. One would be hard put to find a favorite song missing from either offering. ***Mingus at Monterey*** (Charles Mingus), the etchings of the bassist-composer-leader's famous breakup of the seventh Festival, has long been unavailable (or hard to come by, at best). The album is now being distributed by Fantasy Records (also available on stereo tape) and rates as a must for any serious jazz student. ***Two Hours with Thelonious*** (Riverside) is another gathering together of previously released material. Taken from 1961 concerts in Milan and Paris, the four sides are filled with the unique sounds of Monk and his men. ***The Memoirs of Willie the Lion Smith*** (Victor) is a talking, singing, playing, perpetual-motion performance by the seemingly ageless pianist as he re-creates the early days of jazz, especially in Harlem. The Lion has a lot to say—and play—and sing. ***Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris*** (Columbia) has a cast of four, nearly two dozen beautiful Brel songs and an *esprit* that is infectious. The composer is, by now, a Gallic institution; with this show, he should soon be similarly enshrined on these shores.

•

From the very first note of Albert King's guitar on ***Live Wire / Blues Power*** (Stax), the Fillmore audience seems to know it's in the hands of a master. King

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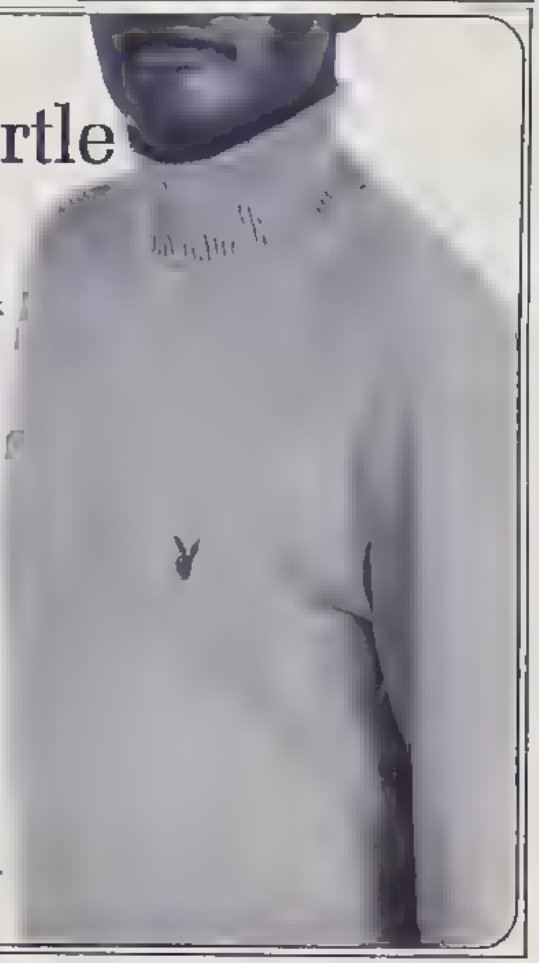

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B. B.'s older half brother—makes sparing but spectacular use of electronic overtones in the climactic parts of his long solos. A hustling *Watermelon Man* sets the groove; King follows it with a funky monolog on *Blues Power*, then shifts into high gear for *Night Stomp*.

•

Brubeck / Mulligan: Compadres (Columbia), the first vinylizing of the Dave Brubeck Trio featuring Gerry Mulligan, will come as quite a disappointment to those who expected great things from the new group. Recorded live in Mexico, the foursome (Jack Six is on bass, Alan Dawson on drums) generates very little excitement. Mulligan's baritone is relaxed and proficient, but that's about the best that can be said for the session.

•

Capitol's ***The Third Woody Allen Album*** is a nutty delight. Woody is a master of low-key insanity; he's about to be hanged by the K K K and his life flashes before his eyes, only it turns out to be the wrong life; his rabbi advises him not to appear in a vodka ad, since he doesn't drink (Woody later comes across the ad, and there—cozying up to a tall, cool vodka drink—is his rabbi); Allen reveals that the one time he bet on a horse, his entry was the only one with training wheels, that he once worked on a nonfiction version of the Warren Report, that he had a traumatic childhood ("I was breast-fed from falsies") and that when he puffed on the "wrong kind" of cigarette at a fraternity dance, he broke two teeth trying to give a hickey to the Statue of Liberty. The album (also available on stereo tape) was recorded at Eugene's, a San Francisco cabaret run to raise money for Senator McCarthy's campaign. Which convincingly proves the old saw about every cloud having a silver lining.

•

Muddy Waters gets full-blown, post-Hendrix backing on ***Electric Mud*** (Cadet Concept; also available on stereo tape), and the results are explosive as the old blues man re-creates two of his own classics—*I'm Your Hoochie Coochie Man*, *She's All Right*—and sings the hell out of the Rolling Stones' *Let's Spend the Night Together*.

•

Two new releases from Master Jazz Recordings are something special. ***Gee, Baby, Ain't I Good to You*** has the marvelous Mr. Five-by-Five, Jimmy Rushing, fronting a phalanx of time-tested jazzmen—trumpeter Buck Clayton, trombonist Dickie Wells and drummer Jo Jones among them. Rushing's rollicking vocalizing dominates the title tune, *St. James Infirmary Blues*, *Who's Sorry Now* and his own classic, *Good Morning Blues*. The two other tunes are instrumentals of the first rank. ***Le Grand Don Byas*** is the first American release of recordings made in Paris in the Fifties by the

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superlative tenor man. Byas, a long time expatriate, is surrounded on these sessions by Europeans of varying talents (most worthy of note are bassist Pierre Michelot and the inventive pianist Martial Solal), but the liquid tones of Byas' tenor sax need very little in the way of support. Both sides abound with beautiful ballads, beautifully rendered. These recordings are only available through the mail. They are five dollars each from Master Jazz Recordings, Box 597, Lenox Hill Station, New York, New York 10021.

•

Barbra Streisand / A Happening in Central Park (Columbia) is a recording of Miss Streisand's TV special one-woman show for 135,000 Fun City fans. The readiness of the audience to adore anything and everything Barbra threw at it (including an excruciatingly long and pointless monolog) was astonishing. Not that she didn't serve up large helpings of good things—*Second Hand Rose*, *Happy Days Are Here Again*, *Cry Me a River*, *People* however, that terrain by now is awfully familiar.

THEATER

James Earl Jones is a great event in the American theater. In ***The Great White Hope***, based on the life of Jack Johnson—the first black heavyweight champion of the world—he has a part big enough for his giant talent. The play by Howard Sackler is long and loosely epical, a form more suited to a novel or a movie (it was not a novel but will be a movie). Sackler leaves the most dramatic scenes, the fights themselves, off stage and settles for play-by-play by fans. He also—pardon the expression—whitewashes his hero somewhat. But none of this matters. Jones has made the character and the play his, sweeping it along with him like a hurricane. His performance is so powerful that it obliterates the faults of the script. Jones has Johnson (called Jefferson in the play) down pat. A blunt, bold cock of the walk, he is, simply, the greatest; and no matter what whitey does to him, he's going to continue saying so (all comparisons to Muhammad Ali are intentional). For Johnson, boxing around World War One, the punishment for his affronts and appetites (one of which is for white women) is hostility, ostracism and criminal prosecution. Jumping bail, he flees to Europe, where he is still hounded and deprived of his livelihood. It is a painful portrait not only of the black boxer but of the emasculation of the American Negro by white society. There are 19 scenes and almost enough actors to fill an arena, but mostly—and triumphantly—there is James Earl Jones. At the Alvin, 250 West 52nd Street.

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Newspaper fresh from the press? What language? Dash of something on the rocks? Full-course dinner or culinary tidbit as the flight time permits? Black coffee? An understanding smile when you order your fifth beer? (During a flight from Zurich to New York, half a gallon of liquid is a physiological necessity even for the most abstemious.)

The hostess may also enquire whether you feel like taking off your coat, loosening your tie, or possibly taking a nap. (She might even give you sleep goggles.)

You, on the other hand, are certainly the type to be a constitutional monarch: "Just as democratic as anybody." (We Swiss had our last real brush with the other kind about 600 years ago — if you forget Napoleon, as we like to.)

Since kings get around a lot (mostly to Switzerland, for the skiing and the banking, we sometimes feel), you won't need to ask the hostess what's the elite restaurant where you're going, or where to find psychedelic art.

And Your Majesty will certainly not ask her if she's doing anything tonight. We can tell you about that here and now.

She is.

What would you be doing if you'd just spent eight and half hours helping wait on the every whim of some 120 people, plus handling the red tape of global travel?

Getting some shut-eye, that's what.

Far better to try your kingsmanship on the unoccupied brunette in the seat behind. (Swissair gives you time enough: 340 minutes between Abidjan and Geneva. One hundred and fifty from São Paulo to B. A. 215 from Manila to Tokyo. If you're the soft-sell type: 530 minutes between Zurich and New York. And 55 from Stockholm to Helsinki.

If only that were the end of this thriller! But no.

Just one thing worse (from our point of view) than when a hostess amiably brushes off an ex officio king.

That's when she doesn't. First thing you know, she ups and marries the fellow.

We lay out time and money on the line to turn pretty girls into society hostesses, skilled cocktail blenders, polyglot storytellers, and sympathetic nurses. Where would Swissair be without them?

And then along comes some character who obviously feels entitled to nothing but the best. Undemocratic. Doesn't propose to take fair shares like any ordinary king.

We can't blame him. Anything but. He's realized that an air hostess has not only her looks but a number of other qualifications to make two lives more worth living.

In fact we agree with those humble bridegrooms who say, "What have I done to deserve this?"

We tried to deserve it first, but we suppose an airline isn't a husband in the long run. And so much as we hate goodbyes, we'll just have to sign off with a hearties congratulations to the happy couple, and all good wishes for the years to come.

Marriage registry

Meier — Albert, Dipl. Ing. Agr. ETH, b. 12 November 1927 in Würenlingen (Canton of Aargau), right of domicile in Würenlingen (Canton of Aargau), residence 12 Bärenfelserstrasse, Basel, and

Herz — Marie Theres, air hostess, b. 31 May 1934 in Basel (Canton of Basel "Stadt"), right of domicile in Basel and Therwil (Canton of Basel Land), last residence 36 Bruggackerstrasse, Glattbrugg (Canton of Zurich).

ZIVILSTANDSAMT BASEL-STADT

SWISSAIR

The story began on our flight SR 504 from Bombay to Bangkok on February 24, 1964.

GDK

Seagram's V.O. at Christmas. It's a tradition, not just a gesture.

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

One of the girls in my department at the office is lovely; I'm really interested in her and, from many little things she does, the feeling appears to be mutual. How can I tactfully demonstrate my interest without seeming to presume on my position as her boss? I am a bachelor, so there would be no real obstacles outside the office.—D. R., Seattle, Washington

It's necessary to separate your social interest from your office concerns, and this can be done by phoning the young lady at her home and asking for a date. Working together need not be a barrier to real romance; but if you just want a trophy—that is, a catch to take home and mount—then obey the maxim not to fish in the stenographic pool.

Why is lysergic acid diethylamide abbreviated LSD? Why not LAD?—S. P., Cincinnati, Ohio

The drug was named by its German-speaking Swiss discoverer, Albert Hofman. Thus, LSD is the abbreviation for lyserg saure diethyamid *(saure means acid).*

Although she is a virgin, the lovely young lady I've been dating has responded ardently to our light petting. Last night, we wanted to make love and, though she was as excited as I was, the process of penetration was so painful for her that—not wishing to harm her—I stopped. She later expressed fears about sex and doubts about her potential as a bed partner. Having no previous experience in this situation, I was unsuccessful at consoling her. I'd like to know of some way to convince her that I am not disappointed or annoyed with her and, also, if there is anything I can do in the future to lessen the pain?—R. G., Boca Raton, Florida

She will most likely accept your continued interest as evidence that you are not too annoyed or disappointed. It is important to understand that pain—particularly sexual pain—is frequently psychic in origin, and the more emotionally relaxed she is, the less discomfort she is likely to experience. Therefore, be gentle, comforting and patient. It may be necessary to make several attempts before your congress is complete; but, finally, you should reach a point of emotional union where the pleasure will outdistance the pain every inch of the way. Naturally, if her distress continues, she should consult a doctor.

While on a Rest and Recreation tour of Hong Kong, several of my buddies and I visited a restaurant where we had bird's-nest soup. Can you tell us if the soup was actually flavored with honest-to-goodness birds' nests?—R. M., APO San Francisco, California

Yes. This far-out Far East fare is made from swifts' nests (thoroughly cleaned we might add) found along the China coast and on some islands in the Indian Ocean. The nests are combined with ingredients such as soup stock, sherry, white chicken meat and egg whites.

What does one do, as an engaged girl 24 years of age, when an old friend, who happens to be male, suggests lunch or a drink? This is not an old flame but a casual friend, and I see nothing wrong with catching up a bit on the old crowd. My fiancé does not object and he, too, occasionally will take his secretary to lunch or stop for a drink with office friends, including single girls. But my mother is horrified and thinks it will look as if I'm dating other men on the sly. What do you advise?—Miss D. F., Kansas City, Missouri.

Your parents' generation seems to be concerned with what things look like while yours is more properly concerned with what things are. As long as you and your fiancé are both comfortable and deal honestly with the circumstances you describe, you need look no further for advice.

I am interested in bringing a used sports car back from Europe to the States. After corresponding with several U.S. companies that arrange European automobile purchases, I've learned that some foreign automobiles will not meet U.S. safety requirements for import. Which can and can't be brought in?—J. B., New York, New York.

The stipulation that safety and anti-smog devices must be built into all new cars as of January 1, 1968, prohibits the importation of new foreign cars that do not contain them. However, a recent amendment to the law allows temporary exemptions to manufacturers of 500 or fewer cars per year. You may still import any auto manufactured prior to January 1, 1968.

My girlfriend and I plan to spend a week in New York City. We would like to share a hotel room, but I am not quite sure how to register. Is my name all that is required to make a hotel reservation, or is it necessary to play the game by using "Mr. and Mrs."?—J. T., Akron, Ohio.

It is unlawful to register falsely, so the safest approach is to reserve a single

room for each of you. Once in your rooms, of course, you may visit each other without reservation.

At a yacht-club party, I overheard a guy tell his date about an area of water near Bermuda where all kinds of weird sea and air tragedies have occurred. Unfortunately, the pair split before I heard the rest of the story; and now I'm wondering if there's anything to it or if the guy was simply hoping to warm up the chick by chilling her spine. Any comments? G. A., Long Beach, California.

Quite likely, he was talking about the Bermuda triangle, an area of ocean between Florida, Puerto Rico and Bermuda that's spawned many a sea tale. It's said that in this relatively small portion of the Atlantic, almost 1000 lives have been lost in the past three decades; and not a single body has been recovered. In 1945, for example, five Navy torpedo bombers were lost without a trace, to be followed by the disappearance of a 13-man rescue squad that vanished in clear weather "as if they had flown to Mars," according to an officer of the Naval board of inquiry. Many theories have been suggested, including one about magnetic aberrations causing planes to crash and ship crews to abandon their vessels in panic; but we'll chalk them up to the lore of the deep until more scientific evidence is produced.

I am again dating a wonderful boy I went with in high school. The only problem in our relationship is that his lovemaking techniques have not changed in seven years. He is still rather crude in his advances and, as a result, completely turns me off. I want to tell him to show a little more finesse, but I don't know how one can discreetly tell another person to polish up his performance.—Miss M. A., Baltimore, Maryland.

Without enumerating what you don't like, give him some ideas of what you do like. And be specific; he's apparently not a mind reader. The only important rule about discretion in these matters is to remember that he can't give you more if you make him feel like less.

Please tell me the correct procedure for handling a tie that drops beneath the belt line. Should it be tucked into the pants or should it be left hanging out? —J. A., Arlington, Virginia.

Neither. Tied correctly, your tie should end just above your belt.

Being somewhat underweight, I try to keep a daily calorie count. However, I have sexual intercourse on an average of seven times a week, and I'm concerned that these bedroom activities might be burning up an enormous number of calories. No book I have ever consulted contains information on this subject; can you enlighten me?—F. K., Memphis, Tennessee.

In the final analysis, you'll have to figure it out for yourself, since the amount of energy expended during sexual intercourse varies greatly from person to person. Indirect calorimetry (measurement of oxygen consumption) shows that light activity, such as card playing, burns up two to three calories a minute; moderate activity, such as slow dancing, uses up five to seven calories; and heavy activity, such as a hard game of squash, expends about twelve calories a minute. You'd arrive at the approximate caloric output of a given sexual episode by rating the phases of activity as light, moderate or heavy and by timing each phase. It is unlikely that your average daily coital calorie count would take more out of you than an hour a day of brisk walking (250 calories).

Rx.: Don't worry about it.

What, exactly, is a bowdlerized book? —J. G., Albany, New York.

Dr. Thomas Bowdler, born near Bath, England, was a 19th Century practitioner of literary castration, one of a long line of self-appointed censors. Among the masterpieces he mutilated were the works of Shakespeare, claiming that "those words and expressions are omitted which cannot with propriety be read aloud in a family." A bowdlerized book, then, is one on which verbal surgery has been performed.

My fiancée and I were planning a fall wedding, but she is now expecting a baby, which forces us to advance the date. We don't consider it a tragedy, but her parents are pretty upset about it. She has always had her heart set on walking down the aisle in a white wedding dress. Now her mother dryly suggests that a darker garment would be more appropriate. This upsets my fiancée very much and she wonders what to do.—T. B., Toledo, Ohio.

As long as your bride-to-be's slip isn't showing, we see no reason to advertise her pregnancy by turning the wedding dress into a dressing down.

I'll soon be in the market for a bride and a diamond engagement ring. I know something about the qualities of the former but little about those of the latter. How do I go about making an intelligent ring selection?—J. F., Mineola, New York.

Four factors are considered in evaluating a diamond: weight, cut, clarity and color. A perfect large stone is obviously more valuable than a perfect small one. However, cut (or the quality of workmanship) is also important, since every facet must be placed at a precise angle for maximum brilliance. Clarity means the absence of flaws, such as spots, fissures or bubbles. And, finally, the degree of whiteness or blue-whiteness also determines the value. Some diamonds have yellow (or other color) tinges, which make them less desirable. The same money can procure a large flawed stone or a small, more perfect one. It's advisable to invest in the latter. No layman can properly judge the quality of a diamond, so your best guarantee is your jeweler's integrity and reputation.

Occasionally, I read in the paper about a bunch of hot-air balloonists who compete in meets somewhere out West. Can you tell me where to write for more information on the sport?—G. Y., Hanover, New Hampshire.

To learn more about sailing up, up and away, contact Mr. Bill Berry, president of the Hot Air Ballooning Club of America, 3300 Orchard Avenue, Concord, California 94520.

Is it true that a man condemned to die by hanging or the electric chair is given a reprieve if the rope breaks or the equipment fails?—R. M., Laurel, Maryland.

No.

When I was 18, I met a man who helped me lose my virginity with my delighted cooperation. A year later we became engaged, and a year after that he broke the engagement. During the past two years, I've dated three men and enjoyed sexual relations with each of them—but that's all I've enjoyed. None of these relationships meant anything deep to me; and when each one ended, I went on to the next without a backward look. I'm wondering if being hurt so badly over losing my first lover has made me incapable of relationships based on more than just sex.—Miss S. B., Studio City, California.

Since a sexual relationship is considerably easier to develop than one based on love, we'd say that your record—three to one—doesn't indicate there's anything necessarily wrong with you. At your age, time is in your favor; and with a little luck, you should have no trouble getting together with the right guy.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, hi-fi and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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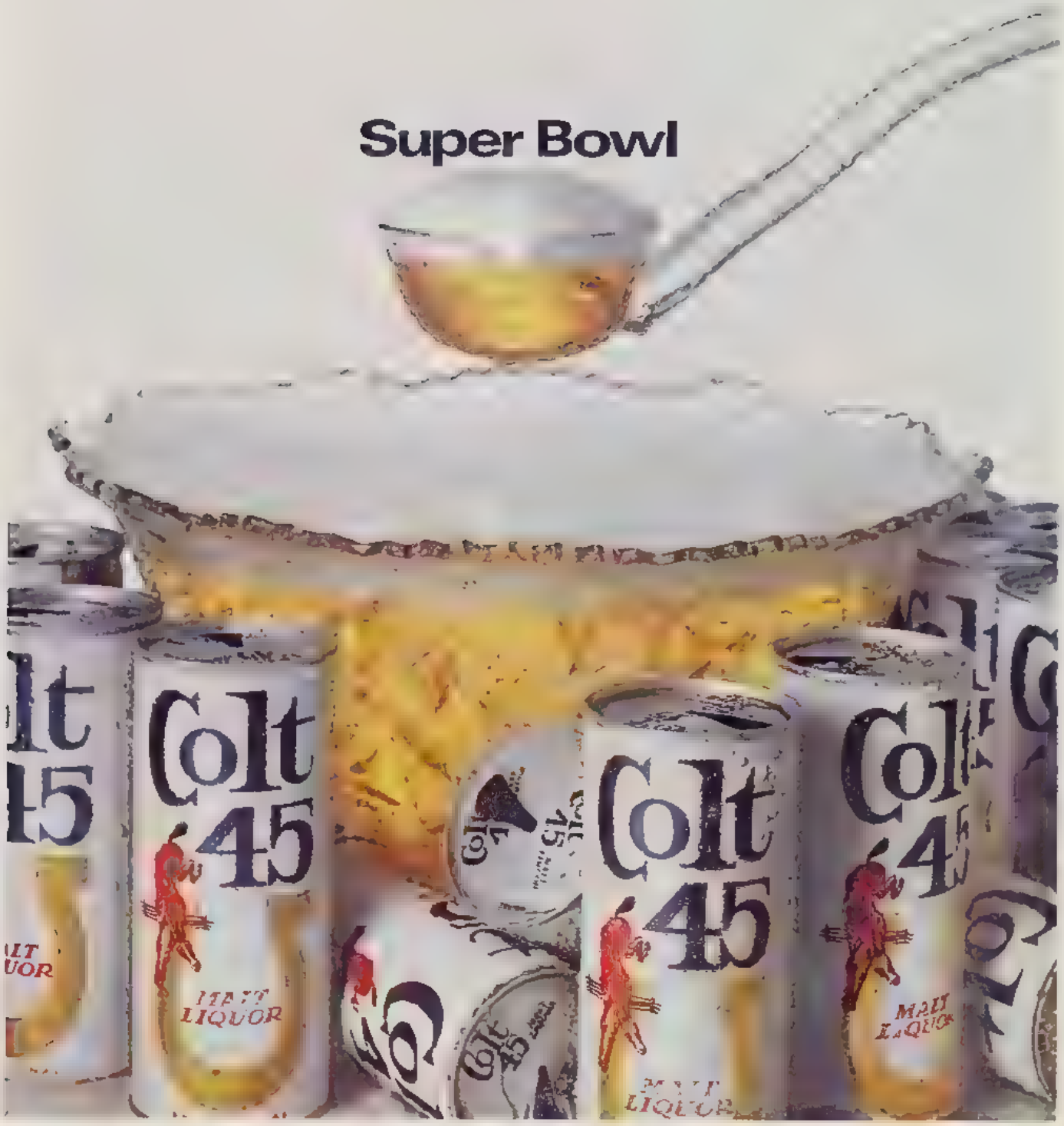

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

an interchange of ideas between reader and editor on subjects raised by "the playboy philosophy"

LASCIVIOUS CARRIAGE

Thank you for explaining what the Connecticut "lascivious carriage" law means (*The Playboy Forum*, October).

A lot of our citizens have been under the mistaken impression that a lascivious carriage was an MG loaded with Yale students headed for a weekend at Vassar or Smith.

Alvin V. Sizer, News Editor
The New Haven Register
New Haven, Connecticut

CRIMES WITHOUT VICTIMS

In my recent unsuccessful campaign for Congress, I arrived at and promulgated a position on so-called crimes without victims in which you may be interested. I'm not seeking publicity for myself but, rather, am trying to encourage public discussion of these issues. The crimes I'm referring to include abortion, homosexuality, gambling and narcotics. In all four cases, law-enforcement agencies are occupied with trying to enforce someone's ostensible idea of morality rather than with controlling crimes against persons, property and the like.

1. Abortion: Abortion laws are inadequately enforced and there are an estimated 1,000,000 or more illegal abortions each year. Virtually all of them are middle-class, white pregnancies. Unwanted pregnancies among the poor, especially the black poor, typically result in illegitimacy. Elementary justice requires then that we enforce abortion laws for all persons or that we permit abortion for all. I lean toward the latter, partly because enforcement seems virtually impossible, but mainly because abortion is really a medical rather than a criminal matter.

2. Homosexuality: I believe in abolition of *all* laws respecting sexual behavior in private by consenting adults. I see utterly no social value in police persecution of homosexuals.

3. Gambling: I would propose legalized gambling, having professional gamblers and gambling houses chartered and inspected by either the state or the Federal Government in the manner of banks. In particular, I would legalize the numbers game, poker and race-horse bookmaking—the three types of gambling that account for most arrests.

4. Narcotics: Let me deal separately with nonaddictive and addictive drugs. The evidence is not all in on marijuana and LSD, but thus far it appears they may do some damage, though at least marijuana appears to be far less dangerous than tobacco. This suggests one possible solution: Sell marijuana legally but require that packages be labeled CAUTION: MARIJUANA SMOKING MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH.

This suggestion is made only half in jest. Marijuana and LSD are not criminal problems. Their use is not associated with the commission of other crime; moreover, there is no evidence that their use leads to use of heroin. Laws prohibiting their use should be repealed.

Heroin and other "hard stuff" are a horse of another color. These drugs are dangerous and those who sell them try to get people hooked; consequently, the pushers are dangerous, too.

Nonetheless, I would not make use of heroin a crime. I think selling of heroin should continue to be a criminal offense, users should not be arrested but, rather, should be provided with free drugs and with whatever medical attention they need and desire. That is, we should follow the British plan that treats addiction as a medical problem rather than as a crime.

I have arrived at this position for the principle purpose of reducing crime while assuring justice for everyone in America. To many Americans, these proposals will seem like extreme measures; but each of them is in effect in several countries in western Europe—in countries that have less crime, less police corruption and less drug addiction than our own.

Aubrey Dale Tussing
Syracuse, New York

REPEALING ABORTION LAWS

Dr. H. B. Munson's appeal in the October *Playboy Forum* for repeal of all laws prohibiting abortion is one that should be supported, since it is quite clear that liberalization is only a very feeble step in coping with the problem of perhaps, 1,250,000 illegal abortions a year. However, I believe the good doctor goes way overboard in predicting an "incalculable" rise in general happiness throughout our society as a result of this step. The experience of Japan and the Soviet Union, where abortions can be had for the asking, indicates that the utopian state of affairs that Dr. Munson predicts has not been achieved by the

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abolition of abortion laws. The case for abortion repeal rests on very strong grounds and I would hate to see overstatements weaken the position and also create a basis for future disillusionment.

One final point: The repeal of a law of this kind would not eliminate the sense of social disgrace that has become attached to abortion. To do so will take a long time. It is to the great credit of PLAYBOY that it provides a genuine forum to help remove the atmosphere of disapproval from many matters pertaining to sex and reproduction and to stimulate its readers to a more rational approach to sexual problems.

Isidore Rubin, Ph.D
Editor, *Sexology* Magazine
New York, New York

ABORTION IN MEXICO

The Ciudad Juárez, Mexico, newspaper *El Fronterizo* recently described with horror the proliferation of abortion specialists in that city. The paper implied that an "abortion mafia" was to blame for the situation. Actually, two other groups of people are equally important sources of the heavy Juarez abortion traffic.

The first is the U.S. medical profession. American doctors can, and do, utilize the Mexican underground regularly to get abortion-seeking women off their hands. A complementary factor that has made Juarez a so-called abortion mill is the vast number of American women themselves who can't get abortions in their own country. In the past six months, more than 9000 women have availed themselves of the free services of the Association to Repeal Abortion Laws and most of them have been cared for by Mexican specialists.

The vast extent of Mexican abortion services available to U.S. citizens has grown in response to a need created by our own country's lack of social responsibility. Until we repeal our own inhumane abortion laws, American doctors and American women with no other alternative will continue to patronize the Mexican "abortion mafia."

Patricia T. Maginnis
Robert N. Buck
Association to Repeal Abortion Laws
San Francisco, California

COMPASSION FOR UNWED MOTHERS

I am a doctor who has delivered babies for unwed mothers and I have nothing but the greatest admiration for the girl who has decided to bear her child out of wedlock. However, I've never tried to persuade a woman to go through with a pregnancy she doesn't want, because I know how difficult life can be for the mother and the child who carry the stigma of illegitimacy. Therefore I have performed abortions when requested.

I'm now paying the penalty demanded

FORUM NEWSFRONT

a survey of events related to issues raised by "the playboy philosophy"

DANISH SEX BILL

COPENHAGEN—*A bill that would legalize marriage of brothers and sisters, homosexuals and groups of people and that would legitimate marriages between persons who had been living together continuously for three years has been introduced in the Danish Parliament. The bill, proposed by Paul Dan of the People's Socialist Party, has been endorsed by the independent newspaper* Information, *which stated that "there may be details to which we may later have objections . . . but in the main, the proposal is well considered and unbiased. . . ."*

KEYSTONE-COP COURT

ATLANTA—*A woman who claimed benefits under the Workmen's Compensation Act was denied them by the Georgia State Court of Appeals because she was "knowingly living in adultery." When the man with whom she was living was killed in an industrial accident, his legal widow did not apply for benefits, but the "other woman" did, as a secondary beneficiary. Instead of considering whether the woman was actually a dependent, the court rejected her claim on the grounds that the Act should not "provide a statutory reward for immoral conduct." One dissenting judge declared that the decision amounted to a "puritanical witch hunt" that "casts this court into the role of the Keystone Cops."*

ADULTERY AND NEUROSIS

PHILADELPHIA—*A psychiatrist has stated that extramarital affairs are necessary and desirable for some men and women. According to Dr. O. Spurgeon English, "There are certain people, of either sex, who for their mental and emotional welfare have a very significant need to seek a certain type of person with whom they can give sexual relations more significance than they can possibly obtain in marriage." Rather than being neurotic, he said, indulging in an affair may be the only way these people can move toward more maturity. But the 66-year-old psychiatrist, interviewed by the Chicago Daily News, disagreed with those who believe such affairs should be carried on by open agreement with one's spouse. He said this behavior should be kept secret from the marital partner and others "who could be hurt by knowledge of it."*

Dr. English was chairman of the psychiatry department at Temple University Medical School for 26 years and still continues as a professor of psychiatry.

SEX AND POLITICS

Two political scientists suggest that there is a relation between childhood sexual conflicts and extreme political behavior. The left-wing extremist, according to Arnold Rogow of the City University of New York and Harold Lasswell of the Yale Law School, has reacted unconsciously against restraints on his sexual behavior and this has led to his revolt against the status quo in general. On the other hand, right-wing extremists identify with the "Thou shalt nots" of their parents and, in later life, with agents of the status quo. This makes them resistant to any social change. Right wingers are more numerous because of the historical dominance of puritanism in America.

SODOMY FACTORIES

PHILADELPHIA—*Charges made in "The Playboy Forum" that sexually segregated prisons have become hotbeds of homosexuality were dramatically confirmed by assistant district attorney Alan J. Davis, who concluded, after an extended investigation, that homosexual rapes "are epidemic" in the Philadelphia jail system. "Taking into consideration the relatively small sample and the extreme reluctance of inmates to disclose sexual assaults," said Davis in a 103-page report, "it is conservatively estimated that during the 26-month period investigated, there were approximately 2000 sexual assaults involving approximately 1500 individual victims and 3500 individual aggressors." One particularly shocking case: A small, thin, 20-year-old, accused of auto theft, was placed in prison. By the time Davis discovered him, the boy had been raped nine times; thoughtlessly placed in another cell with a pair of alleged sex offenders, he was immediately raped for the tenth time.*

As a result of Davis' disclosures, seven prison guards were suspended for dereliction of duty and the city announced it would spend $1,000,000 to hire 134 new guards and various supervisors, recreation leaders and social workers. The prisoners will still not be allowed to have conjugal visits from wives or girlfriends.

PATTERNS OF VIOLENCE

Recent facts and opinions about mankind's strange propensity for making war upon itself include:

• You are safer in a vast and shadowy public park at four A.M. than you are at home in your own bed, and safer alone with a stranger than with a group of your friends and relatives, according to statistics presented to the President's Commission on National Violence. The same statistics reveal that 66 percent of all rape and murder victims nationwide

are friends or former friends of their assailants

▪ *The majority of victims of murder, rape and burglary are the slum-dwelling poor, but the greatest fears about the rising crime rate are among the suburban middle class—whose "anxiety has probably gone up faster than the crime rate," says former Attorney General Katzenbach.*

▪ *Professor Geoffrey Gorer, British anthropologist, argued that there are societies—such as the Arapesh of New Guinea—where violence is virtually unknown, and that there is no scientific reason why our society could not also become nonviolent. Defending the flower children and the hippies, Professor Gorer added, "If the members of the youth international . . . maintain the same scale of values and the same sex ideals 20 years hence, when they themselves are middle-aged and parents . . . [they will turn] the joy of killing into an unhappy episode of man's historic past."*

SIN TAX

SAN FRANCISCO—*These days prostitutes have to worry not only about their form and figure but also what figure to put on their income-tax form. In San Francisco, Internal Revenue Service intelligence-division agents are cracking down on hetaerae who have neglected to file tax returns. If a girl has a string of connections for prostitution, she is grilled about her income. Direct ordinary and necessary business expenses are of course deductible. "We're not out to control vice—that's a police problem," declared an IRS spokesman, "we just want them to file their returns and pay their taxes like good citizens do."*

THE OLD PRO

NEW YORK—*Contrary to expectations, the booming popularity of the pill has not reduced condom sales but has actually boosted them, according to* American Druggist. *Explanation: The pill has made the whole subject of contraception "respectable" and those who prefer condoms now buy them with aplomb, buy by brand and buy in larger quantities. Due to this change in public attitudes, some pharmacists now display condoms openly. In fact, sales have reached an all-time high and the public now spends $150,000,000 per year on the old pro.*

WHAT TREES DO THEY PLANT?

A marijuana planter known only as Johnny Pot—a latter-day Johnny Appleseed—is being sought by agents of the Federal Bureau of Drug Abuse Control, according to The New York Times. *Agents say the mysterious felon scatters marijuana seeds in little-used pastures and abandoned farms, then sends maps of his plantings to friends. His crimes originally started in Washington and Oregon, but he later moved on to Kansas and Idaho and recently has been active in Ohio.*

In another story, the Times *reports that two brothers, identified only as "Bill" and "Frank," have carried Johnny Pot's Cannabis crusade to suburban Westchester County and to the center strip on Park Avenue. The brothers, both family men who hold "creative jobs" in Manhattan, began by planting pot in their window box, then progressively seeded the flower bed of their local police station, the gardens of a Roman Catholic church, the country club and the American Legion headquarters. Bill and Frank refused to say where they would strike next but pointedly commented that both St. Patrick's Cathedral and the United Nations headquarters have gardens. "We're only interested in decorating the symbols of hypocrisy," Bill told the* Times. *"We'd never do it to a high school or library."*

LAW AND DISORDER

PATERSON, NEW JERSEY—*A citizens' report on the July Paterson riot has placed the blame entirely on the police. The report, based on sworn testimony, states that the trouble began with a nonviolent protest of the police beating of a Spanish youth. The police, apparently in retaliation, smashed the windows of stores owned by blacks and tear-gassed the office of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and the apartments of Puerto Rican families, they ambushed citizens late at night, beating them and leaving them lying in the streets. Violence against the Spanish-speaking community was so intense that some victims telephoned the governor of Puerto Rico for rescue, the report says, adding that there is no evidence of a "citizen riot" to justify this "police riot." Even resistance was minimal: Of the 106 arrests, only 12 were for indictable offenses. According to the report, the police "stand guilty of being the city's major threat to law and order."*

Meanwhile, the Roger Baldwin Foundation has asked a Federal court to enjoin prosecution of 60 persons arrested during a Chicago peace demonstration last April—four months before the more widely publicized Chicago Convention disorders. The Foundation charged that high city officials encouraged indiscriminate arrests and police brutality. Simultaneously, a blue-ribbon commission, headed by the president emeritus of Roosevelt University, stated that "the police were doing what the mayor and superintendent had clearly indicated was expected of them. . . ." The commission said it had at first been "skeptical of the validity of police-brutality charges," but eyewitness accounts and photographs corroborated each other, and the fact of unprovoked brutality became "inescapable."

by society for my compassion; I was deprived of my right to practice for five years. I'm glad the topic of abortion reform is now being discussed so vociferously, and I hope the abortion laws will eventually be repealed so that in the future, doctors like myself will not be punished for their desire to help an unhappy pregnant girl.

(Name withheld by request)
San Francisco, California

CONTRACEPTION AND FREEDOM

In the unending struggle to protect and preserve our civil liberties, too little has been said about one of the most basic—the liberty to decide whether and when to bring a new life into the world. To preserve and protect this fundamental liberty, all have a responsibility to help make freedom of choice possible. This means, first and foremost, making contraceptives available to everyone—not just to middle-income and wealthy people, who are, of course, always able to get them. It also means recognition of the right of all to voluntary sterilization. And, where contraception has failed, it means the right to an abortion.

Because of the pressures of expanding population, we are starting to hear—simultaneously with such edicts as the Pope's "Thou shalt not practice birth control"—voices insisting, "Thou *must* practice birth control." As the Honorable Arthur Goldberg said in the U. S. Supreme Court decision striking down Connecticut's anti-birth-control law, both stands are totalitarian and unconstitutional. It is out of place to call for compulsory birth control when we are just beginning to get the Government assistance and financial support needed to make voluntary birth control possible for millions of people. It is equally out of place to suggest, as the Pope's encyclical does, that "public authorities" institute prohibitions against birth control. As Cardinal Cushing once said, "Catholics do not need the support of civil law to be faithful to their own religious convictions and they do not seek to impose by law their moral views on other members of society." Whether the freedom to control our reproductive lives is seen as a special civil liberty or as part of the right of privacy, it is a necessary and fundamental freedom in a democratic society.

The Playboy Forum is to be commended for its significant role in reporting developments and opinions in science, law, morality and sociology as they relate to sex, reproduction, civil liberties and human rights.

Harriet F. Pilpel
Attorney at Law
New York, New York

We appreciate the praise from Mrs. Pilpel, who is one of our country's foremost attorneys in many of the areas mentioned in her letter. Mrs. Pilpel is a

contributing editor to Publishers' Weekly, *for which she writes a monthly column dealing with publishing law; and she is a member of the national board of directors of both Planned Parenthood–World Population and the American Civil Liberties Union. Her books include "Rights and Writers" and "Your Marriage and the Law."*

AMPLEXUS RESERVATUS

In reading about the Pope's encyclical banning most forms of birth control, I found an intriguing statement in the minority report of the Vatican commission on birth control that had been set up by Pope John and delivered its final report in April 1967 to Pope Paul. The minority report took the conservative position that all mechanical and chemical contraception is morally wrong, and this is the point of view the Pope ultimately expressed. Listing the possible methods of birth control, the minority report began with continence and followed this with "an imperfect or incomplete act including *amplexus reservatus.*' Later in its statement, the minority report says, "Until now the Church has condemned human intervention in genital activity (from the third practice on). . . ." Since *amplexus reservatus* is the second practice listed, this apparently means that whatever it is, it is not condemned. Can you tell me what it is? Is it, in fact, not condemned by the Catholic Church? Would it be any good as a form of birth control for Catholics who want to have their cake here on earth and their pie in the sky later on?

Walter Fidman
Wilmington, Delaware

The entire question, including your efforts to extract a scrap of comfort for Catholics by drawing deductions from the papal birth-control commission's minority report, is a tedious example of Old Morality hairsplitting. Amplexus reservatus *(literally, "withheld embrace") is another Latin name for* coitus reservatus *("withheld intercourse") and involves restraint of movement during sexual penetration, eventually followed by withdrawal without male orgasm. (This differs from* coitus interruptus*—the sin of Onan—in that after withdrawal with the latter technique, the man ejaculates outside the vagina.)* Coitus reservatus *is apparently acceptable to some Catholic theologians because no seminal fluid is wasted. Whether an orgasm by the female partner during* coitus reservatus *would affect the morality of the practice is not made clear by the sources we've consulted.*

As for Catholics having "their cake here on earth" by virtue of coitus reservatus, *we would suggest that it more closely resembles taking a bite of cake and then trying to remove it from the mouth without having chewed or swallowed any of it. Moreover, as a birth-control technique, it is far from reliable. There is the danger that spermatozoa may be present in the preejaculatory fluid produced by Cowper's glands and that some leakage of semen may occur.*

Coitus reservatus *is recommended by writers on Oriental sex technique, such as Alan Watts in "Nature, Man and Woman." But Watts makes it quite clear that the male orgasm in the method he proposes is optional rather than prohibited and that the issue of whether or not the man ejaculates is without moral connotations. Practiced with the attitude that ejaculation must be prevented at all costs,* coitus reservatus *would seem likely to be productive of anguish rather than pleasure. As Dr. Norman E. Himes writes in the "Medical History of Contraception": "Writers on contraceptive technique and its history generally condemn* coitus reservatus. *Some of these writers may go too far in mentioning nervous disease as a possible result, but one might theoretically expect it to predispose to nervous tension at least."*

MENTAL HEALTH AND ABORTION

In the July *Playboy Forum*, Robert C. Powell calls attention to the fact that the North Carolina abortion law has no provision for terminating pregnancy due to a statutory rape not reported within seven days. He goes on to describe his attempt to get an abortion for a 12-year-old girl (two months' pregnant before her condition was discovered) on the grounds that her mental health was in danger, and he expresses incredulity that the psychiatrists who examined her refused to support this appeal. Granted it is tragic that a 12-year-old girl must bear a child but it does not mean she will become mentally ill. Mr. Powell should aim his criticism, not at the psychiatrists who refused to certify her in danger of mental illness, but at the legal, social and moral agencies of our society that impose such tragedies on individuals.

This is just one example of the dangerous trend occurring in many areas: the tendency to ask the psychiatrist to circumvent legal processes in the name of "mental illness." Persons labeled "mentally ill" may be deprived of their legal rights and freedoms through commitment to institutions without due process of law. Military commanders sometimes use undesirable discharges on grounds of mental illness to rid themselves of unwanted subordinates without having to go through legal disciplinary channels.

The concept of mental illness must not be oversold as a catchall solution to legal and social problems.

Capt. Peter T. Koch Weser, M.D.
APO New York, New York

PSYCHIATRIC INJUSTICE

There is one kind of injustice in our society that has received very little attention from civil libertarians—the dreadful ease with which citizens can be incarcerated in "mental" institutions, perhaps indefinitely, with all sorts of indignities and abuses heaped upon them and with a ruined life awaiting those fortunate enough to regain their liberties.

I know whereof I speak, for several years ago I was railroaded into one of those institutions by a malicious neighbor and a psychiatrist. The hearing was a joke: I had no legal assistance to prepare my case and, in fact, was not given a chance to argue the facts at all. The psychiatrist's testimony was all that was required, and into the cage I went. My family rescued me a few weeks later but my having been a "patient in a mental hospital" continues to blacken my name and to raise problems for me.

Ralph D. Brown
Washington, D.C.

MENTAL PRISONS

I hope that the film *Titicut Follies*, which has been discussed frequently in *The Playboy Forum*, eventually reaches the general viewing public. The people have a right to know what most state mental hospitals are really like.

I spent a total of 62 months between the ages of 11 and 19 in one state mental hospital. I was beaten and tortured many times and I witnessed countless atrocities being perpetrated on other patients. Mental hospitals are supposed to cure the mentally ill, but I have yet to be cured of what that place did to me. I am still filled with feelings of shame and inferiority. I remain quiet, shy and withdrawn, afraid and uncomfortable with people. Although I am intelligent, I am afraid to try to get the education that I missed in my teens. I am virtually penniless, most of the time jobless, some of the time homeless. I am desperately lonely. At 29, I am an old man living the life of a hermit in one of the largest cities in the world.

Actually, my life is a lark compared with the lives of others who were in that hospital.

Charles J. Thomas
New York, New York

THE CORPORATION SHRINK

I would like to comment on the July *Playboy Forum* letter titled "Psychiatric Injustice," which revealed the shameless way many college psychiatrists betray their patients' confidence at the behest of school authorities. Considering the trend toward conformity in America, the next step will be the corporation psychiatrist, who dispenses therapy to troubled employees—and behind the scenes, acts as a company spy. Does anybody out there think this is impossible? I suspect it will be a reality in a few more years, if society keeps moving in the present direction.

H. Roman Lockwood
Buffalo, New York

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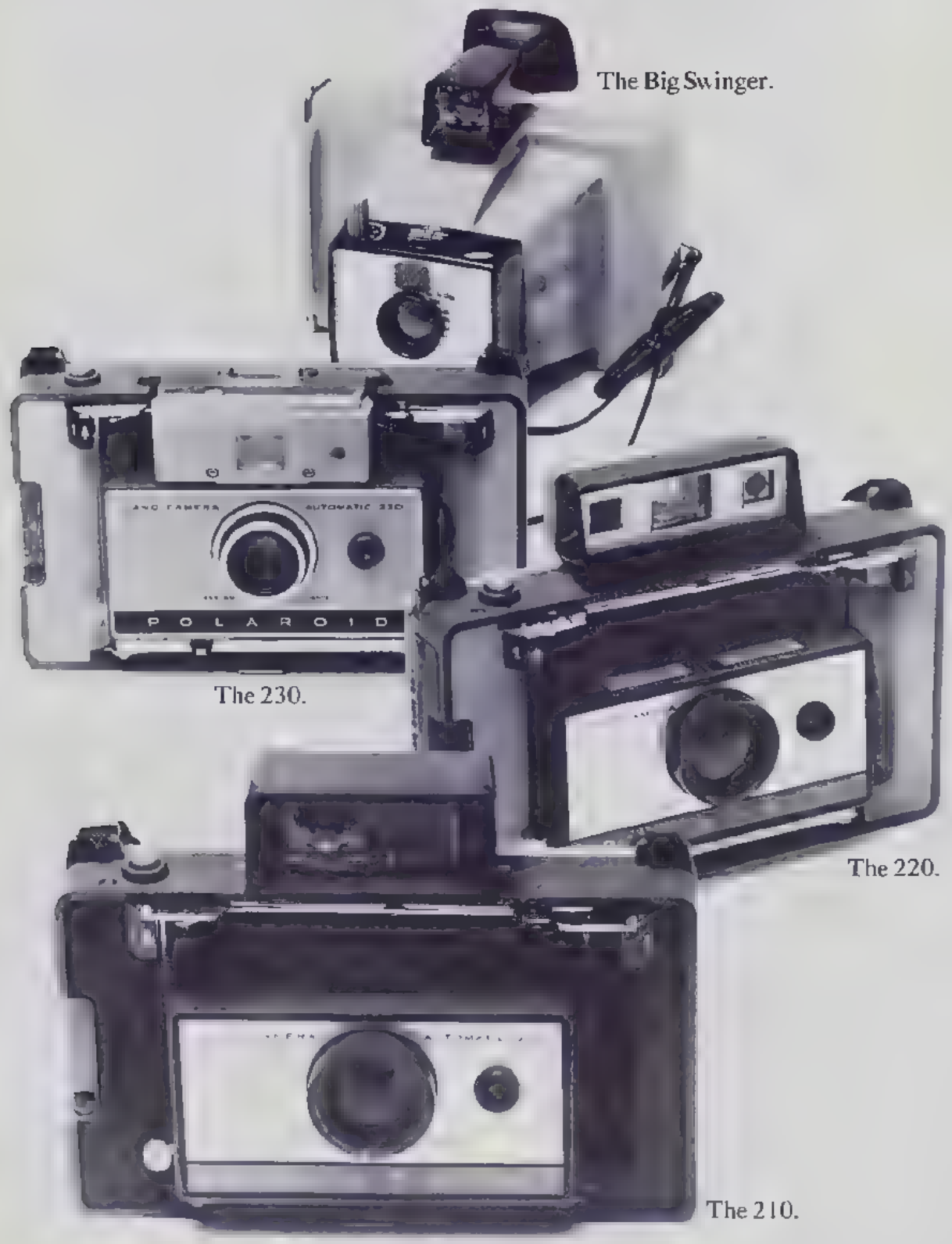

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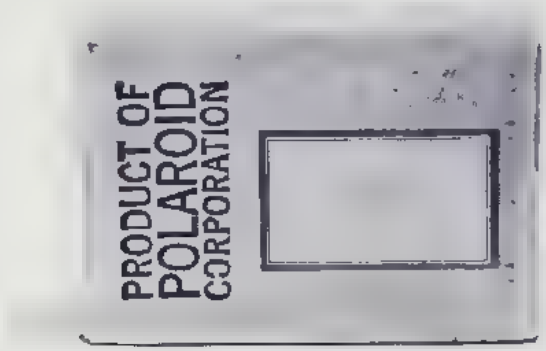

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by Hiram Walker

PAPER DOLL

Having read David H Barlow's letter about the experiments in behavior therapy at the University of Vermont (*The Playboy Forum*, August), I feel it important to point out certain factors that should be considered in experiments of this sort.

When using Pavlovian methods of training, generalization of response (as has been shown in the experiments of Pavlov and especially Hovland) must be considered When using a Playmate foldout as a conditioned stimulus, one may expect to obtain the strongest response to the foldout and a weaker response when using a live girl or a blank piece of paper Depending on the generalization gradient, of course, we may then expect a certain number of subjects to have a reasonably strong response to girls; but others would, instead, respond strongly to paper—which would cause a tragic aftermath to the experiment.

David G Broyles
University of Texas at Arlington
Arlington, Texas

The type of inappropriate response satirically described by Mr. Broyles can indeed, occur in behavior therapy; it's technically called "superstitious behavior" and the classic example is the pigeon who happened to be standing on one leg when Dr. B. F. Skinner fed him and thereafter stood on one leg every time he got hungry Techniques for correcting such superstitious generalizations are the same as in other behavior therapy: aversive conditioning applied to the inappropriate action and positive conditioning applied to the appropriate response.

MANUFACTURING CRIMINALS

Dostoievsky once wrote that "the degree of civilization in a society can be judged by entering its prisons." As recent letters to *The Playboy Forum* have pointed out, our American penal institutions represent a spectacle that gives us little cause for pride in our civilization

What archaic notion permits us to think that men and women who have committed hostile acts against society will return to us as better citizens after being dehumanized in a cage for a given period of time? That the cages in the Central Park zoo are larger than the cages in Rikers' Island jail—and that many zoo keepers are paid more than prison guards—gives some small hint of our failure in this area.

We have also filled our prisons with men and women accused of crimes without victims, or pseudo crimes, such as unorthodox sexual behavior or possession of narcotics. We take drug addicts, homosexuals, pacifists, armed robbers, forgers, safe-crackers, rapists, murderers and wife beaters and throw them all helter-skelter into one dungeonlike building and treat them as a lump.

Nothing will change until the public

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realizes that it has a share in this entire matter. Our prisons are manufacturing criminals in the same manner in which General Motors is manufacturing cars, and one of the primary causes is the courses in "criminology" being taught by the old cons to the young cons in our penal institutions. We deny men sexually, we make them units and numbers rather than humans, we remove all form of humanity and self-respect—and then we think that a token program of rehabilitation, which might include job training and a gym, should be sufficient to reform them.

The Fortune Society—started and run by ex-cons—is trying to alter these conditions by alerting the public to these facts. One man, out of prison for eight years, has been denied a driver's license by the state of New York, which prevents him from holding the job of his choosing. He can, however, purchase a rifle without much difficulty. Examine that logic the next time you wonder about crime rates.

David Rothenberg, Executive Secretary
The Fortune Society
New York, New York

SEX AND CRIME

As a regular reader of *The Playboy Forum*, I applaud your exposure of the homosexuality problem in our prisons. I would like to call your attention to what Dr. Ralph S. Banay has written in "Utah Adult Corrections" (a newsletter by and for the staff of Utah State Prison). Dr. Banay points out that sexual segregation is even worse for criminals than for most men:

> The pervasiveness of specific and implied sexuality in the prison, and its obtrusiveness in almost any problem or situation there, is not surprising in view of the presence of miscellaneous and protean sexual elements in nearly all crime. There is a type of burglar who ejaculates when he crosses the threshold of invaded premises. Compulsive thievery is clinically associated with fetishism. Fire setting is classically marked by sexual excitement. Gambling can often be regarded as a displaced expression of unresolved conflicts around infantile sexuality. The duality of murder and suicide, with an obvious symbolism residing in the aggressive weapon, reveals a variable complexity of sadism and masochism. The rapist, as attested in classical literature, is impelled by a congress of tangled disorders far exceeding the mere fact of his act. And so on down the glossary of transgression. The effects and repercussions of the prisoner's sequestration therefore may be more profound and damaging than the enforced chastity of someone living an otherwise free life . .
>
> As for the prison, the rigidity of society's preconceptions in the philosophy of the penal system ("Prison is too good for them") is not only unwise but self-defeating. When the penalized man is eventually released, the bitterness of his long-smoldering reaction is almost certain to manifest itself in his attitude toward the society he is permitted to rejoin.
>
> From a therapeutic standpoint, to speak of a "good" prison is a contradiction in terms; some institutions merely happen to be less deleterious than others. . . .

Dave Proctor
University of Utah
Salt Lake City, Utah

SODOMY FACTORIES

I am a correctional officer in a prison and I wish to support the convicts and ex-convicts who have written to *The Playboy Forum* about homosexuality in such institutions. There is no way to solve this problem as long as prisoners are denied female companionship; or, to be cynical about it, the only way to stop homosexuality in such institutions is to have a full-time guard in every cell—and no state legislature would ever appropriate a budget large enough to pay for that. In fact, most prisons are understaffed, precisely because of the traditional parsimony of legislators.

Conjugal visits, by wives or girlfriends, is the only answer. The August *Playboy Forum* was correct in answering Eleanor Roth (who pointed out certain problems that might arise under such a system) that no difficulty connected with conjugal visits would possibly be as bad as the difficulties connected with the present system of enforced abstinence. I have never known any prison officer who would be degenerate enough to drill a hole in a roof, as Mrs. Roth suggests could happen, and then spy on an inmate while he is alone with his wife. Such a charge is an insult to every prison official in the country.

(Name withheld by request)
Alexandria, Virginia

I predict that conjugal visits will be an accepted practice in U.S. prisons within ten years.

The traditionalist majority could never accede to conjugal visits on humanitarian grounds—prison is "meant to" punish, and what better way to torment an already tormented man than by denying him sexual release for 5 or 25 years?

But I think PLAYBOY and others supporting the idea of conjugal visits on humanitarian and sexually enlightened grounds have come up with a powerful argument: the fact that prisons produce environmental homosexuals by the thousands. Traditionalists will find it agonizing to have to sanction conjugal visits, but they will find it utterly unthinkable to insist upon a system that produces homosexuals.

Advise the cons and ex-cons to keep writing, telling it like it is.

Dhan R. Leach
Longview, Washington

LOVE AGAINST DEATH

I am writing in reply to the benighted and disgusting letter from Anita K. Adkisson, who urged that homosexuals be put to death (*The Playboy Forum*, June).

As a perfectly normal heterosexual girl of 20, I am in love with a man who is bisexual. I love him no less because of this facet of his personality. In fact, some of the psychological drives that make him bisexual are probably some of the traits that make me love him. I have also known many other homosexuals who were fine, warm, honest people, entirely free of the kind of blind hatred exhibited in Miss Adkisson's homicidally "moralistic" letter.

If you print this, you may use my name. I'm not ashamed of myself or afraid of the Adkissons of this society.

Jeri Keenan
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

LIFE AGAINST DEATH

Let me comment on Anita K. Adkisson's letter urging death for homosexuals. I am a man who can easily pass for heterosexual, since I have none of the effeminate mannerisms most people still mistakenly believe are characteristic of all homosexuals. Nevertheless, in my mid-20s, I became disgusted with acting a masquerade and decided to live my life honestly, whatever the cost. The first area in which I made adjustments was in my reactions when the subject came up in conversation. Hitherto, I had aped the same sneering, flippant tone of my friends and associates toward homosexuality; now, I make it quite clear that I share the sexual orientation they are mocking. In the beginning, I was met with disbelief and expressions of shock, but gradually, the matter came to be accepted and ceased to be an issue.

The second alteration in my life was in my attitude toward religion. Where before I tended to reject Christianity because I thought Christianity rejected me, now I went back and studied the Bible more carefully. If one takes the time to read the four Gospels, he will be amazed to find, as I did, a total absence of bigotry, hatred and fear; it is a love story from beginning to end. The God of Hate who runs through the Old Testament and reappears again in the writings of Saint Paul is totally absent,

America's

Scotch

all that appears is the God of infinite Love, incarnate in the man, Jesus. Understanding this, and living without a mask of hypocrisy, has brought me peace of mind. While Anita Adkisson wishes death for me, I can say, quite honestly, that I refuse to harbor similar hatred for her. Miss Adkisson, may you have a long life and may it be a happy one.

Robert Paul Thwaites
Baltimore, Maryland

GOD AND PEANUT BUTTER

Anita K. Adkisson says that God has decreed death for homosexuals. Jeffrey Arvin Nissen in the September *Playboy Forum* says God instituted marriage and frowns on premarital intercourse. Now hear this: I say that God invented peanut butter, that He commands all of us to eat peanut butter for breakfast on Wednesdays and that He considers mixing peanut butter with jelly a perversion. I have as much right to make these assertions about God as Mr. Nissen and Miss Adkisson have to make their assertions—none. No doubt, these two individuals would reply that their knowledge of God is based on what divinely inspired men have written in the Scriptures. But I can claim, with as much evidence to back me up—none—that God inspired me to write this letter and reveal to all the world His desires concerning peanut butter. Anybody who claims that he has a hot line to God is spouting unprovable nonsense; the only difference between my brand of nonsense and that of Miss Adkisson and Mr. Nissen is that mine is more original.

Lee Rubini
New York, New York

SEX AS COMMUNICATION

I suppose that by the standards of the Methodist minister who sees no reason why sex in "premarital or extramarital forms should be disapproved" (*The Playboy Forum*, October), I'm a rather corny, conventional person. I have a wonderful relationship with only one man—my husband. He is loving, faithful and considerate. I can't imagine myself even wanting to share my body with anyone else; but even if I did, I wouldn't because I *know*, the pastor's assertions to the contrary notwithstanding, that it would destroy my marriage.

The arguments that "it is wrong to think that going to bed with someone other than one's spouse in any way damages the marital relationship" and that promiscuity actually enriches life and enhances marriage strike me as the distorted rationalizations of a very unfulfilled person. Such a sexual ethic promotes selfishness and dishonesty at the expense of the strength and commitment it takes to make a marriage work. Anyone can go from bed to bed seeking sexual thrills; but it takes talent, love, thoughtfulness and a great deal of self-sacrifice to please one man or one woman.

B. Kiner
Los Angeles, California

You are, of course, the best authority on your own marriage and what would be harmful to it. But your implication that the minister is encouraging happily married persons to seek "sexual thrills" elsewhere and your assumption that nonmarital sex is necessarily promiscuous indicate a misunderstanding of the minister's argument. See his second letter, which follows, for clarification.

I would like to add a footnote to my thoughts on "Sex as Communication" that you published in the October *Playboy Forum*. What a communicative view of sex means is that the important ethical questions are not *who* has sex and *when*, but *why* is it engaged in and *what* is being said by it. Sex is a vehicle for communicating the worth of another person. To try to make it more than this (i.e., to exalt it as *the* act that legitimates marriage) is ironically to make it much less than it really is. Our unfortunate preoccupation with the question of who should have sex and when it should be had ultimately relegates it to a licensed activity and authorizes a great deal of marital sex that doesn't even pretend to communicate worth, sensitivity, affection, approval and love. This is ethically unjustifiable.

(Name withheld by request)
Syracuse, New York

CALIFORNIA GOES UPWARD

California Attorney General Thomas C. Lynch reports that the juvenile drug arrests in the state during 1967 were 76 percent higher than in 1966 and an astonishing 800 percent higher than in 1960. The bulk of the arrests were for what hippies call "upward" (marijuana), which made up 10,987 busts out of a total of 14,760. "Forward" (amphetamines or pep pills), "backward" (barbiturates or goof balls) and "inward" (LSD-type drugs) together totaled only 2809 arrests, while "downward" (hard narcotics such as heroin and morphine) accounted for 134. (There were also 830 arrests for "miscellaneous drug offenses.") Meanwhile, California adults showed a puny 66-percent drug-arrest increase over 1966, perhaps because most of them prefer "nowhere" (alcohol and tranquilizers), which is legal in California. To avoid misunderstandings, let me add that I don't regard any of this as a matter to fret about—except all the good cats being thrown in jail. All it proves, to me, is the truth of the sage Lao-tse, who said 2500 years ago, "The more laws you pass, the more criminals you manufacture."

Robert Wicker
Los Angeles, California

HALF A CENTURY IN JAIL

The following story recently appeared in *The Dallas Morning News*:

> Richard Dorsey, 58, a shoeshine-stand operator at a bowling alley was sentenced to 50 years in prison this week for selling marijuana to an undercover police officer.
>
> Officer R. G. Smith of Corpus Christi said he was employed by the Dallas Police Department, when Dorsey and another man sold him a matchbox full of marijuana for five dollars December 5.

At first, I could not believe what I had read. I never thought anyone could receive a 50-year sentence for selling marijuana.

Please, PLAYBOY, keep up your fight against our barbaric marijuana laws.

Richard Sadler
Memphis, Tennessee

The Texas prison sentence for selling five dollars' worth of marijuana to an adult policeman may seem severe in comparison to the terms often meted out for such crimes as kidnaping, armed robbery, or second-degree murder, but it's not terribly out of line with other state penalties relating to grass. For example, North Dakota provides 99 years at hard labor for simple possession of the weed (in neighboring South Dakota the penalty is only 90 days—what a difference a state line makes!). In Georgia, anyone selling to a minor, even if he himself is a minor, can be given life imprisonment for his first offense; the sentence can also be set at life for sale to a person of any age in Arizona, California and Texas. In Louisiana, a minor selling to a minor is subject to 5 to 15 years' imprisonment, while an adult selling to a minor may receive the death penalty (in Missouri, anyone selling to a person under 21, even another minor, may be subject to death); and in Colorado, the penalty is life imprisonment for a first offense sale to anyone under 25 years of age.

We don't know of any logical explanation for the existence of these incredibly cruel laws; perhaps the legislators were falling-down drunk when they wrote them.

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in Hugh M. Hefner's continuing editorial series, "The Playboy Philosophy." Four booklet reprints of "The Playboy Philosophy" including installments 1-7, 8-12, 13-18 and 19-22, are available at 50¢ per booklet. Address all correspondence on both "Philosophy" and "Forum" to: The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: LEE MARVIN

a candid conversation with the hard-bitten heavy turned sex star

When Lee Marvin loped to the stage of the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium in April 1966 to accept an Oscar for his tour de force performance in "Cat Ballou," his granitic features creased into a rare smile. After 19 years and 40 memorable roles in forgettable films as a belligerent bully—the screen's definitive villain—he had finally proved himself as an actor and made the big time as a good guy. The vehicle for his transformation was a low-budget lampoon of the Hollywood horse opera in which he enacted the roles of two brothers—the sinister, black-garbed professional killer Tim Strawn, who replaced with a silver proboscis a nose bitten off in a street fight, and the drunken gun fighter Kid Shelleen, whose unrequited lech for the lissome young leader of an outlaw band, Cat Ballou (Jane Fonda), overcomes his affair with the bottle long enough for a showdown shoot-out with his bad half.

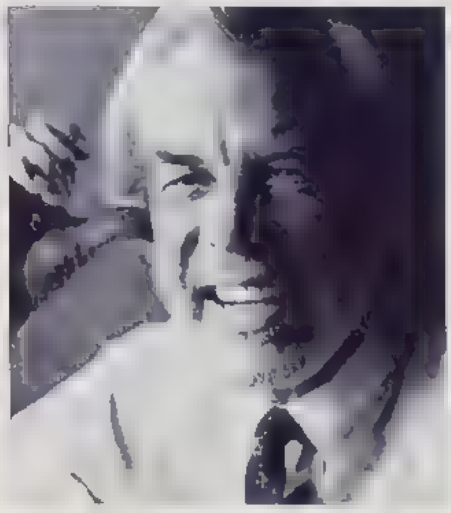
In the wake of his critical and commercial triumph in "Cat Ballou," for which he was paid a fee of $87,000—minuscule by movie standards—Marvin's asking price escalated to more than $1,000,000 a film and Motion Picture Herald, *an influential trade journal, named him the screen's second-ranking box-office attraction, just behind Julie Andrews. The public's overwhelming response to the nasty characters Marvin subsequently portrayed in "The Dirty Dozen," "The Professionals" and "Point Blank" has dramatically underscored the renaissance of the Bogart-type antihero as a viable movie commodity and the replacement of Hollywood's pretty-boy matinee idols with such homely-handsome sex stars as Steve McQueen, James Coburn and George C. Scott, a maverick breed of which Marvin is indisputably the best of show.*

Born in New York City of Brahmin bloodlines dating back to pre-Revolutionary Colonists, Marvin was a precocious rebel. He ran away from home at the ripe age of four and returned only to be sent away—this time to a succession of exclusive Eastern boarding schools, from many of which he was expelled for such infractions as throwing a roommate from a second-floor window and illicit cigarette smoking with three female classmates at a progressive coed school. This checkered educational career came to an abrupt—if predictable—end when he dropped out of high school in Florida and joined the Marines in 1942. After spending an inordinate amount of time in the stockade, he finally saw the action he craved—more than he bargained for, in fact. Storming ashore on 21 beachheads from Kwajalein to Saipan, he earned a Purple Heart and a 100-percent-disability pension for a Japanese bullet that severed his sciatic nerve and hospitalized him for 13 months.

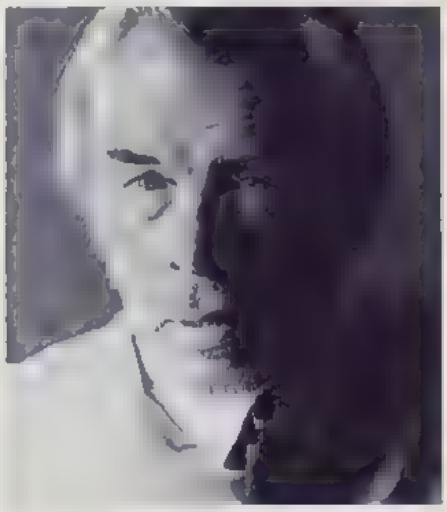
Marvin, discharged in 1946 at the age of 22, drifted aimlessly through a score of civilian jobs, until his work as a plumber's apprentice—digging septic tanks near the family home in Woodstock, New York—took him to the premises of a local summer-stock playhouse. As a lark, he asked for and won an acting job, and forthwith abandoned sewage for the stage. After scuffling from one show to another in small roles, he finally debuted on Broadway in "Billy Budd." Next came a marathon procession of promising featured roles in more than 200 television dramas; they led, finally, to a movie bit part that prompted him to pull up stakes and move to the West Coast. Soon he played the widely acclaimed part of a psychopathic multiple murderer in an early episode of "Dragnet"—a harbinger of roles to come. Within a few years, Marvin was a veritable merchant of menace—terrorizing old ladies, cuffing blind kids, tormenting cripples, shooting, stabbing, strangling, bludgeoning and battering almost every leading man in Hollywood, and inspiring critic Bosley Crowther to comment, with an editorial hrisson: "He is rapidly becoming the number one sadist of the screen."

Though this dubious reputation kept him profitably employed, it was also a stereotype, and Marvin began to chafe at his typecasting as the hairy brute. For a while—from 1957 to 1960—he was able to break out of the mold as a tough but sympathetic police lieutenant in the popular television series "M Squad", but the money and fame failed to compensate for the weekly grind he grew to detest or for his deepening artistic ennui. Soon he was on the bottle, and soon thereafter he was divorced by his wife of 14 years and mother of his four children; he started drinking doubles and occasionally brawling in bars; and

"The current cycle of crime films is a vicarious way to participate in the crime wave without committing a crime. That feeling is latent within each of us. Everybody wants to get even with somebody."



"I'm looking for total mesmerization in a romantic relationship—but not to the point of candlelight and wine. Wine'll turn anybody on. Get juiced enough and you'd roll around with a buffalo."



"The people I like best are those I don't know and who don't know me. Why? Because I can't stand myself. If I did I'd play the same guy in all my roles. I don't even like my own company."

he went back to playing heavies.

But the phenomenal success of "Cat Ballou" dramatically changed both Marvin's professional stature and his private life. Though he still found himself cast in hard-boiled and violent roles, Hollywood began to recognize his dimension as an actor and to accord him a wider range of parts. He has since alternated his portrayals of cold killers with sensitive and evocative performances such as the one he gave as a washed-up baseball player in "Ship of Fools." The metamorphosis is completed in his current release, "Hell in the Pacific," a two-character film in which Marvin plays the role of a Marine pilot marooned on a remote South Pacific island during World War Two with a Japanese naval officer (Toshiro Mifune). The picture, in the production of which he actively collaborated, clearly conveys an implicit message about the futility of war and the need for people of divergent philosophies and nationalities to live together in peace and understanding—a far cry from Marvin's past roles as a dispenser of death. "The old lion," commented one reviewer privately after seeing an advance screening, "is beginning to evidence disconcertingly lamblike tendencies"—as well as an acting depth that ensures a long future at the top of his profession.

To probe the professional and personal complexities of this paradoxical star, PLAYBOY *interviewer Richard Warren Lewis visited Marvin at his Malibu Beach home, which he shares openly with a female friend. Despite Marvin's reputation as a taciturn and hostile nemesis of journalists, Lewis reports that he found him both cooperative and responsive: "In fact, he was almost docile—a marked contrast to his public image as the skull-crushing heavy. His long, baleful face was gaunt and heavily lined, showing the effects of the 25 pounds he'd lost filming 'Hell in the Pacific' on location; and constant exposure to the tropical sun had bleached his prematurely white hair and long shaggy sideburns with warts of Lionel. As we started talking on the sun deck over strong bloody marys, Marvin set aside the script for his next movie—the $18,000,000 production of 'Paint Your Wagon'—and lit up the first of an uninterrupted chain of filter-tipped cigarettes."*

The interview commenced shortly after the assassinations of Martin Luther King and Robert F. Kennedy, and the climate of violence in America—particularly as it related to the mounting violence on movie screens—was on the minds of everyone in Hollywood. It seemed appropriate to begin the interview by asking Marvin—whose history of violent roles is unique in films—to articulate his views on this subject.

PLAYBOY: As you know, because many aroused citizens hold the movies and television partially accountable for the reported increase in violence in the streets, the networks and film studios have begun to reappraise their attitudes toward mayhem on the screen. Do you see any connection between celluloid violence and real violence?

MARVIN: Only in the sense that if the violence in a film is theatrically realistic, it's more of a *deterrent* to the audience committing violence themselves. Better on the screen than off. If you make it realistic enough, it becomes so revolting that no viewer would want any part of it. But most violence on the screen looks so easy and so harmless that it's like an invitation to try it. I say make it so brutal that a man thinks twice before he does anything like that. A classic example is *All Quiet on the Western Front.* Lew Ayres jumps into a shell hole with a Frenchman and knifes him. He's stuck there for the rest of the night with this guy dying. He'll be killed if he tries to get out. In the morning, the Frenchman is still looking at him, but he's dead. Ayres spends the rest of the picture in captured France trying to find the dead man's wife and apologize to her for his brutality. A statement was certainly made there, and it was made through violence.

In a typical John Wayne fight in a barroom on the other hand, tables and bottles go along with mirrors and bartenders, and you end up with that little trickle of blood down your cheek and you're both pals and wasn't it a hell of a wonderful fight. That's fooling around with violence. It's phony, it's almost a caricature—as opposed to a fight like the one in *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, when Tim Holt and Bogart walk into the bar and Holt gets hit in the mouth with a bottle by Barton MacLane and all he can do is hang onto MacLane's leg for the rest of the fight. That scene conveyed a sense of real pain and hurt. Or take the fight between Ernest Borgnine and Montgomery Clift in *From Here to Eternity.* You don't even see them; you just see their feet behind a barrel—and you *hear.* One man gets up and one man's dead. You *know* how mean that fight was, even though you never even saw it.

PLAYBOY: In the wake of the recent political assassinations, many social commentators have begun to insist that our nation is sick. Do you think violent films have contributed to that sickness?

MARVIN: The mood of sickness is in the audience; the film maker is only reflecting the climate of society. You don't make films to change a nation; you make films to be historically true to their time. That's what makes them current and commercial. If the audience responds to it, baby, you *know* where the sickness is. Criminal violence always attracts a crowd, though people are afraid to admit it. The bigger the crowd, the more the shoving; the more the shoving, the more irate the viewer becomes—till eventually he's part of the riot. The current cycle of crime films is a vicarious way to participate in the current crime wave without committing a crime yourself. That feeling is latent within each of us. Everybody wants to get even with somebody.

PLAYBOY: But hasn't that always been the case? Why should it be emerging now?

MARVIN: Because of the wave of riots, the distrust, the various assassinations and the lack of socially acceptable answers to them. So you go see it on film.

PLAYBOY: Many actors, directors and producers have pledged themselves to refuse to write, direct, act or participate in any way in the creation of an entertainment that celebrates senseless brutality and death. Do you plan to join them?

MARVIN: I don't take pledges; I quit drinking every morning and I start again every evening. I wonder how long *they'll* stay on the wagon. Don't get me wrong, though; I've always been against senseless violence myself. When I incorporate violence in my performances, I make sure there's a point to it. If I were playing a heavy, say a cowboy bad guy, I would commit some senseless crime so that I'd have to be destroyed in the third or fourth reel. Holding up the stagecoach, for example, and shooting the old lady because she turned her back on me. So I'm against pointless violence, too. Apropos the current debate, I found myself involved in a conversation the other night about Sirhan Sirhan. Some older woman said that they ought to take him out and shoot him. I just looked at her and smiled. She was the one who talked about peace and nonviolence. But when it hits her, baby, she's ready to *kill.*

PLAYBOY: For several months, there has been a heated debate over how far Federal gun-control legislation should go. How do you feel about registration of firearms and restriction of mail-order gun sales?

MARVIN: If you register a gun, does that stop it from shooting? Sirhan's gun was registered. Anyway, the act of killing, or the desire to, has nothing to do with the weapon. If you want to kill a man, you're going to kill him, whether it's with a car or a baseball bat.

PLAYBOY: Yet, if you can make guns less available to minors, mental defectives and ex-convicts, might that not save a few lives? Isn't it worth a try?

MARVIN: Who's qualified, unless they give a guy a card, to say that someone is mentally defective? Nuts aren't card carriers. Adolescents can acquire weapons simply by stealing. And nothing is unavailable to an ex-con, he knows where to go if he wants a gun. There's no way of stopping weapons from getting into the hands of professionals. You can

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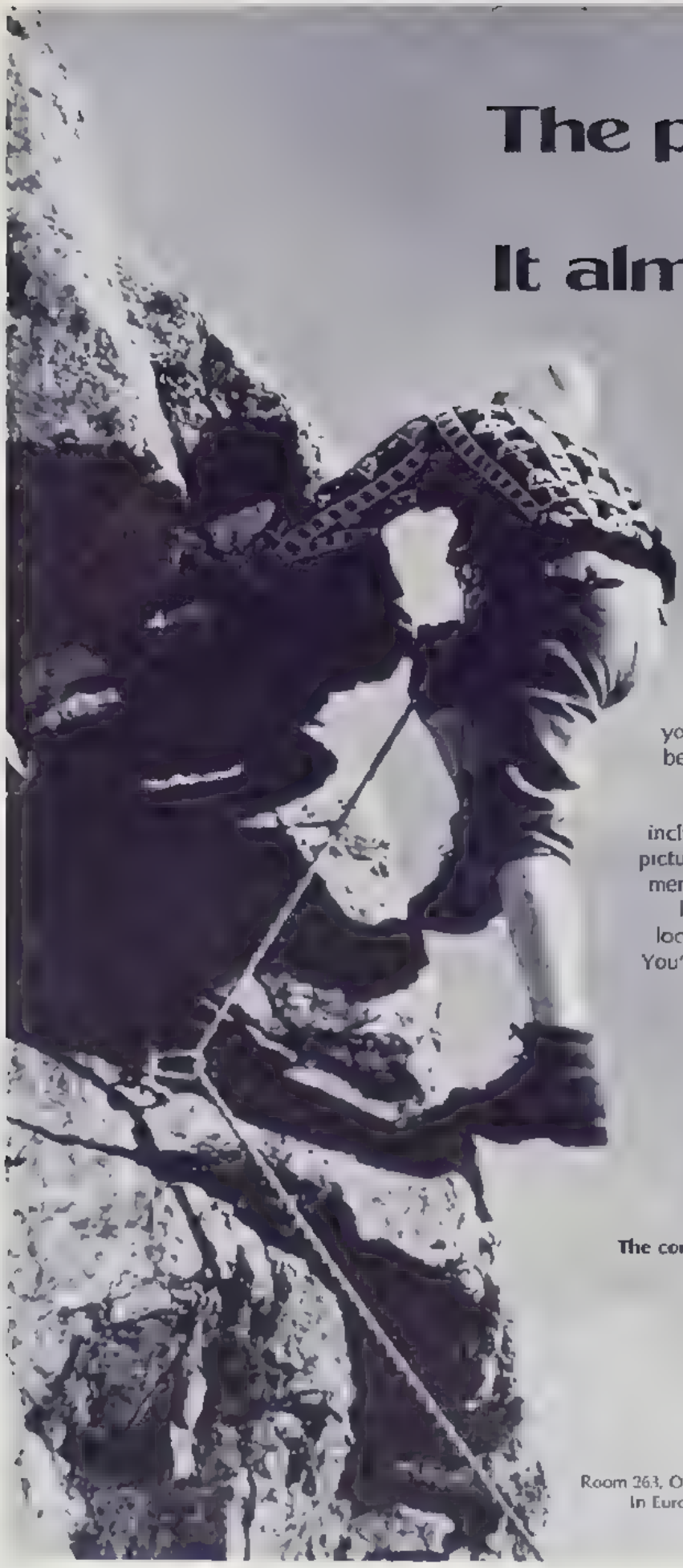

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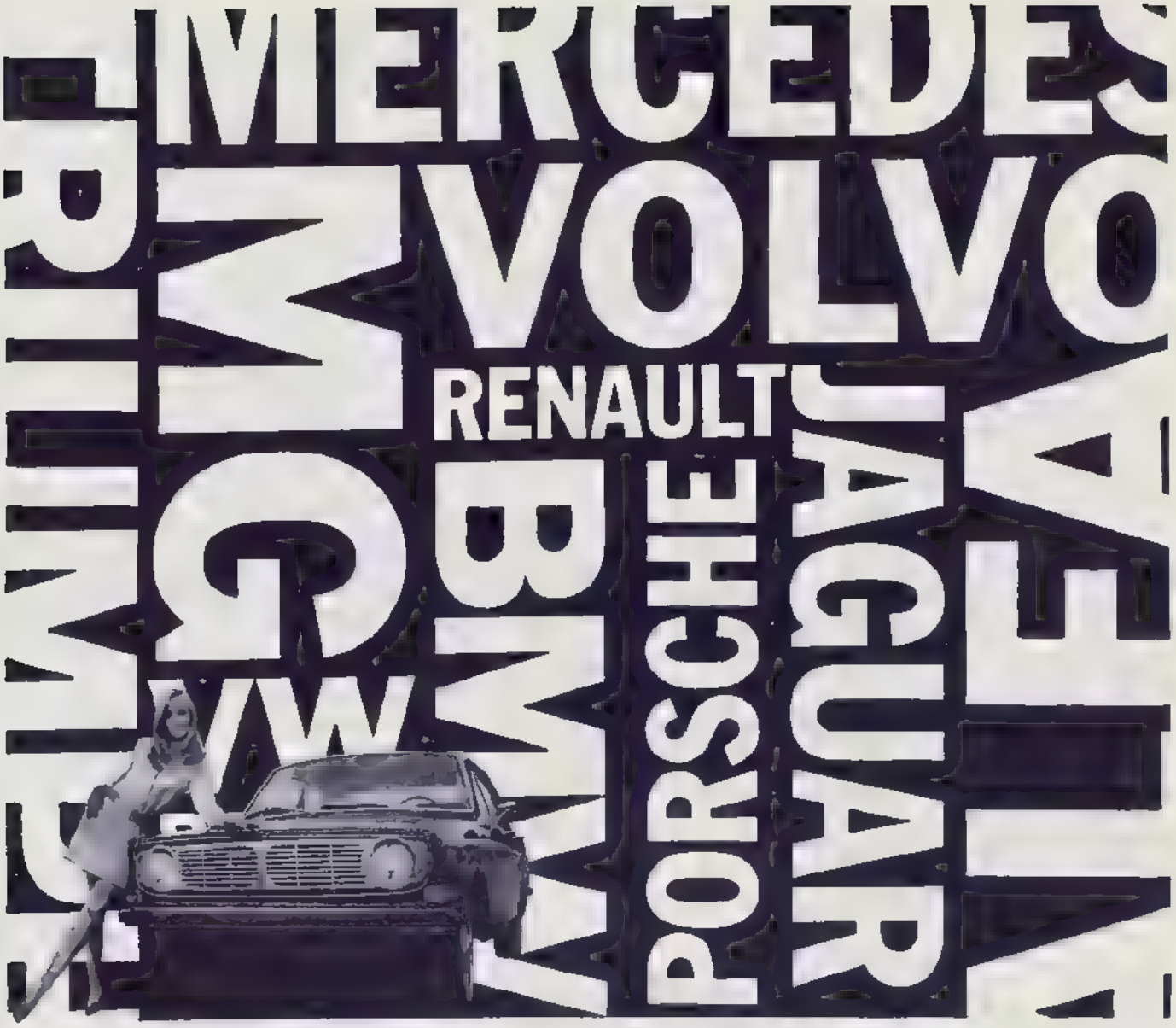

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PLAYBOY: And therefore less purchasable by larger numbers of people.

MARVIN: Yeah, but look at Prohibition. Any time you limit anything of this nature, you'll drive it underground, where it becomes chic. Whatever gun law they pass isn't going to affect the use of guns. People either want them or they don't want them. People who shouldn't be playing around with guns are the ones who want them. The hunters, the sportsmen, the trophy shooters—they already have theirs.

PLAYBOY: There are those who also question the legitimacy of hunting, because they believe it breeds a basic disrespect for life—human as well as animal—that contributes to the climate of violence we've been discussing. How would you answer them?

MARVIN: Sure, hunting is part of the violence in our nature; but if anything, it's a safety valve that lets us blow off this steam in a harmless, healthy way. Any guy who resents a hunter shooting birds or those sweet brown-eyed deer actually resents what *he* would like to do—kill somebody himself. He's covering it up by protecting the animal. He can't accept this urge to kill; he can't relate to it. So he takes the supposed innocence of animals or birds and relates to that.

I took my father down to Mexico one time and we got into a lot of sailfish. I fish very hard, but he doesn't fish at all. The guys on the boat were knocking the fish in the head and killing them. He said, "How can they kill a beautiful thing like that?" I said, "Chief, these guys live off them. They sell these fish for money." My father said, "Why don't you just give them the money yourself?" I said, "No, there's a process that they must go through." The mystique goes from the mind to the hand to the line to the hook to the strike to the death. It's as old as the Bible. The men in the Bible functioned as family heads and feeders. They were catching or doing something that fed others. They were fulfilling their life obligation—the breadwinner role, which most males are born to. In modern times, because the stock market goes up or down, you can lie back and earn your bread without really doing the basic, physical thing of living. But it's still a very gratifying sensation to be able to bring home the bacon.

PLAYBOY: Surely that's not the only reason you fish—to play the breadwinner role.

MARVIN: No. It also gives me a sense of pride when I land a big fish. When I'm hooked into something that I can feel, there's a tremendous sense of competition—him or me. I like the contest and I like the noise that goes along with it—the whir of the line going off and the whip of the rod. When a 130-pound-test line is falling into its own grooves on the reel, it sounds like .22s going off—really a high crack. It's a great sound, a dangerous sound. And once you've landed a big one, there's the killing. Once I helped beat a marlin to death with a club. He was wrecking the boat, so I lit into him and didn't stop till he was dead. It was pure instinct; once you start responding to a stimulus like that, you have no control over your reactions.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that blood lust is good?

MARVIN: Yes, totally. Fishing gets rid of the blood lust at sea, so I don't have to take it ashore with me. It's the same sensation as getting into a riot: When you really start going and the adrenaline is pumping, the next thing you know you're swinging the club or throwing bricks, whichever side you're on. It's a sense of accomplishing something *now*, immediately. You usually don't find that across a conference-room table or in your daily life. You just go with it till the fish peter out, or till there's no more windows to break or no more cops to hit. Then suddenly comes the sag. That night when you fall asleep, baby, you really sleep, because you've gone your cycle. You go into a big school of fish and you kill them and there's blood flying all over and the guys are laughing and killing. It's a real blood bath. There's a sense of being cleansed when it's over, because you can eat the kill. When you kill a man, though, the feeling isn't there, because you can't eat him; we weren't made for killing men.

PLAYBOY: Does your attraction to big-game hunting and deep-sea fishing, as well as to motorcycling, have anything to do with a need to prove your masculinity to the world—or to yourself?

MARVIN: Well, at the time I started cycling, I did take it as a kind of challenge to prove myself. There was a lot of talk like, 'Does that guy have any balls?" and people would say, "Jesus, did you see him hit that hill?" Today I don't think that really has anything to do with balls, but at that period of my life I thought it did. I've always been attracted to things that have an element of risk. And cycling is a beautiful feeling; you and the bike become a single unit. You ride with other people, but they're all doing it alone. The sound of the pipes obliterates the sound of the world around you; all there is is the throbbing and slamming of those pistons around your legs. Bike riding is all you—your right hand and your left foot. There's an immediacy to the machine that you don't find in cars. When you snap your wrist, it responds immediately; every movement of your hand works in relation to the way your body is riding. You always have to be an inch over your head if you're riding the bike right. To measure that inch is very difficult. If you get a foot over your head, you're going to be in trouble.

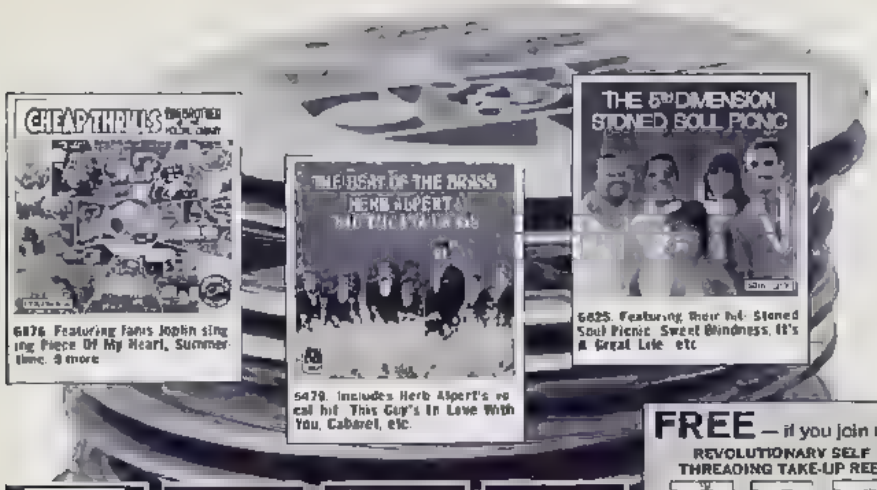
PLAYBOY: Did you ever miscalculate that foot?

MARVIN: I came too close once too often. On my last ride, I remember, some friends of mine brought some bikes and my leathers and my boots up to my place and said, "Let's go out for a ride." I hadn't ridden for about a year. It was like a challenge. I had a very good ride from the mountains in Wrightwood on down to the dry lakes and the Mojave Desert behind the San Gabriel mountains, along some good arroyos, boulder launches and river bottoms. I was driving a really loose machine and I was cranking on good. I got higher and higher, until I realized I was going too high. It was like the flight of Icarus. I didn't want to melt my wax or burn my feathers, so I came down. I went off a cliff—a 40-foot drop. You do that at 65 miles an hour, you've got to be in trouble. But I lucked out. I bounced off boulders coming off the jump and hit a boulder that set me up for another boulder. I had no control of myself, like a ping-pong ball in a gravel driveway. Skill had nothing to do with it. I was just in the right place at the right instant, and I walked away without a scratch. The rest of the guys I was riding with weren't so lucky. That was the end of it. I had gone too fast, I'd overextended myself. I've never been on a bike since.

I guess I also gave up cycling for the same reason I stopped hunting and got rid of all my guns a couple of years ago: I know where my cock is at last, so I don't need to prove my masculinity anymore, and I don't need a rifle that'll knock down a varmint at so many yards. When I spent my spare time hunting, I'd squeeze a trigger with a three-and-a-half- to seven-pound pull, sending the striker forward to hit the percussion cap. This ignites the kinetic charge of gunpowder and sends the missile out of the bore, twisting with absolute accuracy. When you discover that feeling within yourself sexually, then you don't need a rifle anymore.

PLAYBOY: Have you discovered that feeling sexually?

MARVIN: I don't think I've ever really discovered it fully, but I keep discovering it by degrees. I'm still like a kid at his first dance. I don't know why it gives me pleasure to hit something in the distance with a weapon; and I don't want to know why. I just want to swing with it and accept it or let it roll and forget it, not analyze it to death. It's the same with women. This urge to discover that feeling of sexual mastery started a



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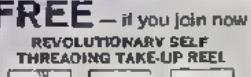

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long time ago, and it's not completed yet. When I'm 65 and I'm balling some 15-year-old chick, I'll probably say, "Eureka!" I often wonder about the twilight of my life, when sexual urges supposedly die out. A lot of people agree with the statistics based on 10,000 doctors' findings. But there's always one old guy running around, just loving it—the guy who disproves the statistics. Cassius Clay's grandfather once held off a whole group of people with a cannon in his barnyard at age 92. He'd just taken some 15-year-old girl for a wife. They thought that was just criminal. So he loaded up and fired. I love it.

PLAYBOY: If you haven't yet discovered that special feeling you're looking for, do you find your sex life unfulfilling?

MARVIN: I use the sexual outlet as an alleviation of a need or a feeling, so that I can get on with what I'm really about. Like you would top a horse off in the morning, run him out for a couple of hundred yards, let him get rid of that barn. Then he'll settle down and be a good horse the rest of the day. In another sense, sex is acting out the feeling that "Tomorrow I might be dead." The classic form is the woman on her back, exposed. It goes back to the Stone Age. The man is on his face; he can't see what's going on behind him. That's when the other guy sneaks up on him and stabs him in the back. Hence, the rapid withdrawal of the man after the orgasm. If not, he might be caught. Whereas the woman is just spread apart. Nobody's going to kill her. They're going to take her, but they're not going to kill her. They're going to kill the male. The guy knows that if he trips out, he is totally exposed. Heredity says, "Look out!" I might look around suddenly, even though there's nobody behind me.

PLAYBOY: Do you experience this feeling of insecurity with strangers in unfamiliar surroundings, or did you have the same hang-up with your wife in your own home?

MARVIN: I had bigger problems than that to worry about in my marriage.

PLAYBOY: Like what?

MARVIN: I was caught up in the society in which I lived. Like me, all my friends were married and had children. There was the P. T. A. and the holes in the street and better police protection for the parks. It seemed like the right thing to be part of that suburban feeling. It was getting home in time for dinner, eating was more important to me in those days. Changing the kids and the formula in the bottle.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel confined?

MARVIN: And emasculated. The big adventure in my mind at that time was over—the possibility of the North Pole or the South Pole or the Australian bush safari; the horizon was taken away from me by being married. To me, marriage symbolized the end of the road. I was still a dreamer, but I saw myself marking time until I fell into the ditch. Now that I'm alone, more or less, I don't have to think about that anymore. I can be more concerned with myself and my own feelings again. But I'm 44 now; I hope by the time I'm 45, the urgency of self-discovery will become less intense, that I'll become less important to myself, in the sense of the quandary of thinking it all out. Maybe I'll know a little bit more by then, so I don't have to sit on the porch and waste time thinking about it.

PLAYBOY: Do you still think about the breakup of your marriage?

MARVIN: Less than I did a year ago and more than I will a year from now. I'm sorry it didn't work. It was complete mental incompatibility. We simply could not communicate in the same house. Even if we'd been able to, I'm not sure I was in favor of shaping my life to any marriage. I had little spokes going off in different directions in my head. I don't think I'm really the type that would fit into what we consider the ideal marriage. When I love, I love; when I hate, I hate. I'm guilty of both sins. To love somebody might be just as selfish as hating her; you might limit her in what she can do. People gestate and grow at different rates.

PLAYBOY: Are you finding more emotional fulfillment as a single man?

MARVIN: Sometimes yes, sometimes no; the adjustment back to a bachelor existence after 14 years of marriage isn't easy. It's like suddenly being moved from one country to another or from one society to another. There are many problems, mainly the one of confronting your sense of failure in responsibility to the offspring of that relationship—no matter how much you may be boosting them or your ex-wife financially or verbally. Especially in the kind of puritanical society in which we live, this produces all kinds of conflicts that eat at you night after night. I'm not sure that I've ever been really single since my divorce.

PLAYBOY: Aside from these emotional considerations, do you feel any bitterness about the terms of your divorce settlement?

MARVIN: No, the terms of my divorce were extremely just. I found the courts to be overly fair, almost detrimental to the woman. When a guy's been balling a chick, his responsibility toward her should be up to him. I knew what I had to do and I did it. I made my ex-wife financially secure, as she had been in the past, thereby allowing her the freedom to seek other interests in life, rather than having to root for a living while she was looking for something to replace what had left her. When a guy says, "I got fucked," obviously he must have been fucking his broad, not making love to her. It's chic to say, "I gave her everything I had." Everything but what she needed, right? You can't fuck around with somebody's brains and come away free. Otherwise, you're just in a cat house—which can be fun, of course.

PLAYBOY: Do you want to elaborate?

MARVIN: In whorehouses, I used to find an honesty that I never understood before. You pay for your happiness or your pleasure; and in a properly conducted house of ill repute, they make it very pleasurable, indeed. There is no sadness involved. There is no going beyond reality, beyond what life is really all about. You know why you're there and so does the hooker. You say, "I'm here for a week, baby; see that I'm happy." A week later, you can cry and kiss her and love her and then leave and get on the plane. There is no initial commitment, only a commitment on your exit. You walk away with something that you didn't walk in with. Which reminds me of a time I was sitting in a bar in Mexico and this girl walked in. For some reason, I looked at her. The mood was right. My violins were going. My candle was lit and there it was. Two Mexicans noticed me looking at her and told me in Spanish, "*Mariposas de amor*"—which literally means "butterflies of love." I thought to myself, "Jesus, what a straight statement for them to make." They noticed that something had fluttered inside me. It was only later that I found out they meant that she had the crabs. But it was worth it, because she was an incredible beauty. Mostly, though, I visited whorehouses, the majority of them in rural areas. Hookshops were never big in cities, because of the cops and the pay-off. In the boondocks, everybody would turn his head. The girls were very countrified and offered a simple barnyard philosophy, which can be very humorous. Whatever time I spent there was all a giggle. Everybody was laughing. Not at each other, but at themselves. Charming women. Everything was right out front.

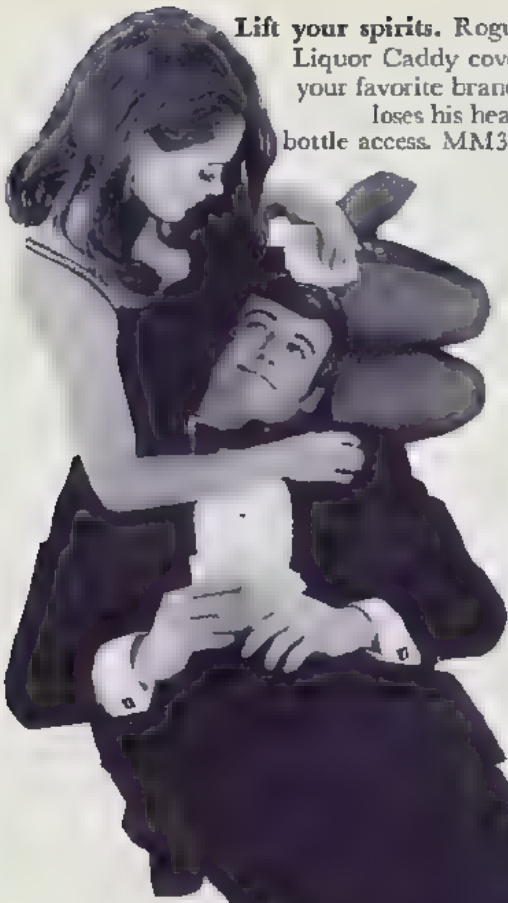
PLAYBOY: Also right out front is your current living arrangement. How do the rewards of marriage contrast with the pleasures of cohabitation?

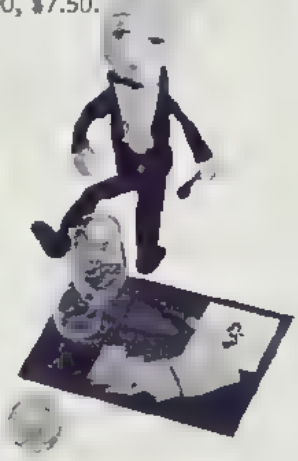
MARVIN: Marriage is an obligation in which you must consider the other person. Whatever happens in cohabitation, you're still free. You demand your freedom and you also allow her freedom. But it's also much more of a game in cohabitation than in marriage.

PLAYBOY: How do you mean?

MARVIN: If you're living with another person, often you have to entice, entice,

Lift your spirits. Roguish Rabbit Liquor Caddy covers a fifth of your favorite brand . . . then loses his head for easy bottle access. MM300, $7.50.





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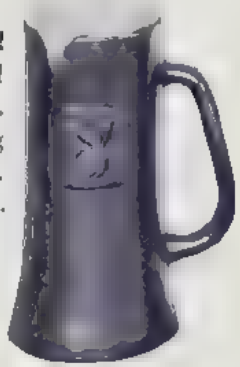

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entice, in order to keep her; that can become a hang-up. But on the plus side, the anticipation in driving home to your girlfriend cannot be compared with driving home to your wife. One is a mystery and the other is *ipso facto*. It depends on the individual's needs.

PLAYBOY: What are your own needs in a relationship?

MARVIN: At its best, a complete mesmerization. But not to the point of lovesick glances over candlelight and wine. Wine'll turn anybody on. Get juiced enough and you'd roll around with a buffalo and think she's beautiful. At least I could.

PLAYBOY: Have you met any women with whom you could achieve that "complete mesmerization"?

MARVIN: Not often and not completely. Too many women don't realize that they are women, and that disturbs me. They really have basically one purpose in life, according to the old system, which I seem to believe in more as the years go by: the whole role of being a woman—the mother image, the nurse, the softness, the pinkness, the tender loving care, the food, the cleanliness, the limiting of really rotten thoughts. A home has to be an oasis for marriage to mean anything. And in many cases, I find that they're not really that anymore.

Man is no longer allowed the privileges of being a man; that's why you see the blurring of masculine and feminine roles in our society. We exist in a very warlike, destructive stage in this century. But the victor is not allowed the spoils: the meat of the defeated, their possessions, the decimation of their towns, the raping and the pillaging of their women. When we win a war or a battle, we have none of the traditional rewards. When we get home, we're all badmouthed. This kind of situation gives the woman a leverage she never had before. She feels stronger because of our pussyfooting conduct. She can tell us that it's wrong to go over there and kill those poor people, and all we say is, "Aw, Jeez, sweetheart." We don't do anything about it; so, naturally, she takes on more of the masculine position in life. Nobody's there to knock her down.

PLAYBOY: Why should there be?

MARVIN: That's the whole point. There shouldn't; but today the man is fighting *against* something—against communism, against depersonalization, against the loss of his masculinity—not *for* something. The shift of roles has a lot to do with man's pent-up anger and frustration about the way the world is going, against conformity to what a man is becoming, against the lack of an outlet for whatever it is he wants out of life.

PLAYBOY: Do you think today's clothing styles—more decorative for men, more trousered for women—are an expression of this blurring of sexual roles?

MARVIN: Yeah, and not just clothes, but jewelry for men. Some guys go out in the street and buy off-the-rack jewelry and throw it around their necks and say, "I'm free!" Fine, but that's not for me. A lot of people give me beads. I look at them and they're pretty. I put them on and look in the mirror and I don't quite understand why I have them on. So I take them off. Beads don't help me; they fall in my soup. Who needs the aggravation? And if some faggot digs me because I'm wearing beads, well, there we are, aren't we? The next thing you know, I'm in the parking lot with six of his friends kicking me in the head and him yelling, "You broke my beads!" That's not really one of my greatest anxieties—but I'm sure you get what I mean.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that homosexuality is becoming more prevalent as traditional male-female roles continue to blur?

MARVIN: I certainly see it very heavily on the stage and in films. In fact, I *deal* in it most heavily. But it's so well disguised that only the ultimate of dissectors would know what I was doing. Let me put it this way: You get up daily and you go to work and do whatever your job is, right? But what does the actor do? He goes into his dressing room and he disrobes and he puts on make-up. Then he puts on a costume and goes out into an area that has a curtain. What normal man would do that?

PLAYBOY: Could you ever impersonate a homosexual on screen?

MARVIN: It would be easy for me to play a homosexual. Now that I know where I stand, I can indulge myself in such things without any fear. Every kid doubts his masculinity at one time or another; I got over those fears when I was younger. But a lot of people don't, and it's a real tragedy. You can take pride in fucking a broad, but there's no pride for homosexuals. No way. And the way the law treats them is really sick. If I were a homosexual and I saw a cop, I'd shudder. The motivation that makes a man get into the vice squad has got to be one of devious intent. He becomes more of a cunt than a female could ever be. His line is: "Look at that perverted son of a bitch!" After acquiring firsthand evidence, which he gets in a men's room, he then arrests the homosexual. He's sicker than the guy he arrested. There's no chance for a happy homosexual—presumably, there are such individuals—who's just pursuing his own individual sexual outlet, 'cause here comes the fuzz. You know they're really going to *get* him. It makes me feel that I better behave myself, because, who knows, someday I might be in that situation.

PLAYBOY: You're kidding.

MARVIN: Not at all. We're all on the periphery of homosexual relationships, whether it's shooting the bull with the guys or whatever. If two guys are working on an idea, that could be deemed a homosexual relationship. They're both having a common thought. Who knows where the sexual twist starts and where it ends? My God, a guy might get a kick out of watching another guy open a can of beer. Are they going to lock him up for that? Theoretically, I could become a target in one of those male-male games that go on in a bar or wherever. A vice cop might zero in on me and my retaliation might be one of going out of control.

PLAYBOY: Are you in favor of lifting legal prohibitions on homosexual and other so-called abnormal sexual practices between consenting adults, as many civil libertarians have urged?

MARVIN: What transpires between two adults is definitely their own business. If a girl likes to have Coca-Cola bottles shoved in her ear, that's up to her. The guy who's doing it says, "Leave me alone. I'm having fun." Who's to deny him that, as long as she doesn't scream murder? A third party, like a police officer, has no real reason to become involved—unless he's a voyeur. All voyeurs are essentially deviates. You eliminate the third party and there's no problem, no deviation. So someone digs whips. That's up to him. Or her. Two's company, three's a crowd. Too many of the archaic laws we're saddled with go back to the days of witch burning. I dare say the reason they burned the girl at the stake was that she wouldn't go down on the parson. So he says, "OK, you cunt, I'll get you." And he does. He burns her. Fortunately, he had a gold-edged book on his arm, so that makes it legal. These same puritanical elements are responsible for all these incredible sex laws that are still on the books. It's the same kind of attitude that makes it impossible to imagine our parents having an affair. We've had various and sundry relationships with the opposite sex, yet we still cannot get through that barrier of imagining Mommy and Daddy balling. The New Morality may help change all that, but for now, it's still nothing more than a wind waiting for a storm; go too far and it'll all turn back into exactly what it was 30, 40, 50 years ago.

PLAYBOY: But in movies, at least, the winds of sexual change have reached gale proportions, and previously taboo themes are being treated with candor and integrity. How do you account for this drastic change from the repressive atmosphere of only a few years ago?

MARVIN: Well, ever since World War Two, there's been a trend, slow at first, toward dealing with reality instead of

Playboy Club News

VOL. II, NO. 102-E ©1968, PLAYBOY CLUBS INTERNATIONAL, INC. DISTINGUISHED CLUBS IN MAJOR CITIES SPECIAL EDITION YOUR ONE PLAYBOY CLUB KEY ADMITS YOU TO ALL PLAYBOY CLUBS JAN. 1969

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fantasy. You see it not only in sex but everywhere. Look at what's happened to the old "happily ever after" ending. Even children in kindergarten don't believe that anymore. How can you kiss a frog and turn him into a prince? The kids say "Bullshit!" because they're a much faster generation; their maturation level is coming at an earlier age than it used to be. Some people still like happy endings in movies like *Gigi* and *My Fair Lady* but they know they're seeing a fairy tale. If you represent a story as reality and then give them a fairy-tale ending, though, they're not going to swallow it. If it's a hard type show, mirroring life the way it exists today, they realize it's not going to be resolved simply by a kiss or a reunion because life goes on, regardless of whether boy gets girl or the bad guys get knocked down. Most people today are concerned with real life; if you don't give it to them on the screen, they're not going to watch.

PLAYBOY: The screen's new realism is graphically reflected in your own career. The Grecian profiled matinee idols of 20 years ago have been replaced by sex stars with uneven faces and rugged images. Why do you think your kind of looks and style have come into fashion?

MARVIN: People today have a more worldly point of view than they did when they were stuck on the farm or the block they lived on in the city. The larger than life image of the Arrow Shirt hero just doesn't cut it anymore for an audience that's been around. The big break brough was the believable masculinity of guys like Tracy and Bogart.

PLAYBOY: Various columnists have labeled you "The Bogart of the Sixties," and the evolution of your respective careers has often been compared. Do you see any parallels?

MARVIN: When I hear our names linked, I feel almost a little embarrassed. Bogart was somebody and I'm somebody else. The only real parallel is that he started out pretty much as I did, playing bad guys and heels. As audiences warmed to him, he metamorphosed into a good-bad guy and finally became all good. The same thing seems to be happening to me —God forbid.

PLAYBOY: Like you, Bogart had anything but a good-guy image off screen. You seem to be the heir, in fact, of his reputation for two-fisted drinking and brawling. Is that a valid parallel?

MARVIN: Well, I don't think I'll ever be in the same league with him on screen or off, but I certainly admired him as much personally as I did professionally. His pleasures were as simple as a truck driver's. Like me, he enjoyed getting a little juiced with his cronies once in a while and telling funny stories and sneaking out of the house. He was the total opposite of the standard leading man of the Thirties, who would jump in his Rolls-Royce and buzz off to his country estate and drink champagne from slippers and eat caviar for breakfast. Excesses like that have almost completely left the film community, the actor of today is much more a man of the streets and I think that's all to the good.

PLAYBOY: One thing that hasn't changed about Hollywood stars—particularly sex stars such as yourself—is the adulation they receive from their fans. Does this ever make you uncomfortable?

MARVIN: Well, my mail has certainly become more pungent in recent years. Not long ago, for example, a letter arrived from West Berlin. It was from a girl who wrote that she was an ardent admirer and, to prove it, she enclosed a photograph of herself sitting on a couch in her living room. She was suggestively dressed. She ended by saying, "Please answer this letter." What am I going to say, "Yeah, baby. I'll give you a call"? So no answer. About a month later another letter arrived—with another picture. It's the same room, the same couch, the same girl. But now she's wearing a little less clothing. This went on for three or four letters. It reached the point where she was completely nude and her legs were spread. That broad obviously was horny even before she ever heard of me. I just became the target. There's also a dame in Georgia who writes me that she's seen *The Dirty Dozen* 45 times. She asks for bus fare to Hollywood, not even plane or train fare, the Greyhound is OK for her. She needs $29.65; she's still waiting for it. There are a lot of "I'm coming to Hollywood and I want to be a star and I know you'll see that I get right to the top" letters. I take them and give them to my attorney, most of them I don't even read. I have a tough enough time with my ego without indulging myself in that kind of thing.

PLAYBOY: Many Hollywood actors complain that such public interest in their private lives—expressed not only in fan letters but through autograph hunters and popular insistence that stars live in a goldfish bowl—is a violation of their privacy. Do you feel the same way?

MARVIN: Sure. Particularly now that I have enough bread to protect my privacy. I've become more appreciative of it and more bugged when it's violated. In the past, success was more my need. Therefore, I was just a pawn in the hands of my audience. I'd do anything they wanted me to, just to fulfill their expectations of me. One of the things that drove me to become an actor was that I was insecure; I thought laughs and applause would give me the security I

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was looking for. But as I grew older and wised up and began to enjoy some of the benefits of success, I became less concerned with how the public responds to me collectively than with their private, individual response, which I can get better sitting at a bar talking with a stranger than I can sitting in an audience watching one of my own movies. But now that I've become well known, I can't do that so much anymore, and I miss it, because the people I like best are those I don't know and who don't know me.

PLAYBOY: Why? Do you think they wouldn't like you if they got to know you?

MARVIN: Why should they? I can't stand *myself*. If I could, I'd play the same guy in all my roles. I don't even like my own company; I've got nothing new to tell myself. Nor do I like the company of other actors; if I don't like myself, how could I like them? Since I can't go out in public as much as I used to, I do most of my socializing with the working stiffs on the set during a movie—the stunt men, the gaffers, the propmen. These behind-the-scenes guys keep me straight. They're working men; from their attitudes and the discussions I have with them, I get a sense of what I must do with my current role or my next one. It keeps me on their level—the level of the public. So I shoot the bull with them, hoist a few drinks, share some laughs instead of going into my dressing room and picking up the phone and calling Paris while I drink the chilled champagne. It keeps me from becoming a "star."

PLAYBOY: Some Hollywood observers find it odd that an actor who gets $1,000,000 per picture—plus a percentage of the profits—would rather sit around the lot drinking beer with stagehands than associate with the Beautiful People.

MARVIN: You don't like people because they're beautiful or they've got money or don't have money but because they're straight and honest and you feel at ease with them. Money is all a transient thing, anyway. After a certain amount of income, money ceases to have any meaning. Once I settle whatever my expenses are for the year, all the dollars above that just become a bunch of zeros. They don't make you any happier or better as a human being.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you're worth as much as you get?

MARVIN: If I had a five-dollar pistol and a guy offered me ten dollars for it, I'd be a fool not to sell it to him, right? If they're willing to pay me $1,000,000 a picture, baby, I'll take it.

PLAYBOY: You've been rewarded not only with wealth, of course, but with critical acclaim—and an Academy Award for *Cat Ballou*. Do you think you earned it?

MARVIN: Well, it's like I told the audience when I went up to accept the award: "I think half of this belongs to some horse in the Valley." Then the house came down. I was totally serious. That drunken horse really helped me. What was I supposed to say—"I'd like to thank my mommy and daddy"?

PLAYBOY: How do you react to the speculation around Hollywood that you may collect a second Oscar for your latest film, *Hell in the Pacific*?

MARVIN: Well, I tried to deliver the most realistic performance I could. It's a story of survival in the South Pacific during World War Two—not what berry to pick or what root to gnaw on but the *psyche* of survival, which is what really keeps you alive, aside from water and food. The plot concerns the confrontation between an American Marine fighter pilot and a Japanese naval officer who have been marooned on a deserted Pacific island. They're men at war who have to learn to live with each other in order to survive, despite the barriers of race, ideology and language.

PLAYBOY: Did you find these same barriers between yourself and your co-star, Toshiro Mifune?

MARVIN: Mifune and I had a tremendous time together, even though it was difficult to communicate verbally. You ought to hear Toshiro's English. All he knows is about six words: "very good," "cocksucker" and "son of a bitch." I've idolized him for years. This guy hypnotizes you with his genius. Those eyes! The battered samurai warrior standing alone, not wanting help. But it's his *fear* that attracts me, or at least that I understand in him. He dives into things with such complete abandonment that it shocks the Occidental audience; but just when he really gets going, he's nagged by self-doubt, that's what makes him great. Personally, of course, he's just like me—a dummy, except he happens to be good. He's over his head in all areas.

PLAYBOY: You, too?

MARVIN: Of course, or else I wouldn't be where I am. I'd be another vaudeville act playing one-nighters. The stardom that Mifune and I have, and that of a number of other people, is a constant situation of being over your head and just fighting for your life while you're doing it. *Hell in the Pacific* is a perfect example of what I mean. When we went down to the Pacific to begin shooting, we had no script at all—just an idea. We waddled around in the mud and taro roots for a month before it began to take shape. And you wouldn't believe the technical problems involved in taking a film crew to Palau in the South Pacific. It was like going off on location with a thousand virgins. You know how virgins are: They're very touchy and they're trying to hang onto something that nobody else has. They were all homebody types—lawn mowers and bad rummon players. Put a little pressure on them and watch those balls of theirs turn into a vagina. I'm used to pressures and duress, so I don't pay any attention to it myself, but they fell apart completely. They held the picture up six weeks because it rained. I couldn't stand that. I told them: If it's raining, so what? Shoot anyway. But they had to wait for a sunny day, when it never came, we finally shot in the rain anyway—and it was beautiful. I say if the wind blows—use it. If there's an earthquake—shoot it. It's theatrical realism.

PLAYBOY: It was reported that the movie's financial backers threatened to wrap up the film prematurely because of the slow progress of the shooting. Is that true?

MARVIN: Yeah, they were going to pull the string on us and leave the film without a suitable ending. I said, "Don't." The money men said, "What kind of a guarantee can you give us that it'll be finished soon?" I said, "I can't give you any guarantee, but I know a beautiful ending is there. It will be an emotional feeling that you can't really write down, because this is a movie and not a novel." I must have convinced them, because we stayed and finally finished—but not before we scared the shit out of them.

PLAYBOY: How was the ending finally resolved?

MARVIN: There's no stereotyped ending. The audience won't be able to stand it. They'll wonder: "Well, who's going to kill who?" Our answer is, "When you grow up, baby, you don't have to kill." As it turns out, I provoke an argument with Mifune. That sounds difficult, because he only speaks Japanese, right? But I call him a prick and he responds with a very strong question mark. And then I just walk away from him; nobody gets killed. It might bomb out, but what the hell. At least I can say I did what I thought was right. A cop-out ending would have been the easiest thing to do, just blow both guys up and you don't have to answer anything. That's total irresponsibility. I was too involved in the production to let it end that way. I just couldn't hang it up at night and go home. I know a lot of actors who can and do; I've seen their pictures and I've forgotten their names.

PLAYBOY: Did this involvement in *Hell in the Pacific* remind you of the time you spent in that same area as a combat Marine during World War Two?

MARVIN: Not in the way I expected. When we hit Saipan originally, the population was around 100,000, including

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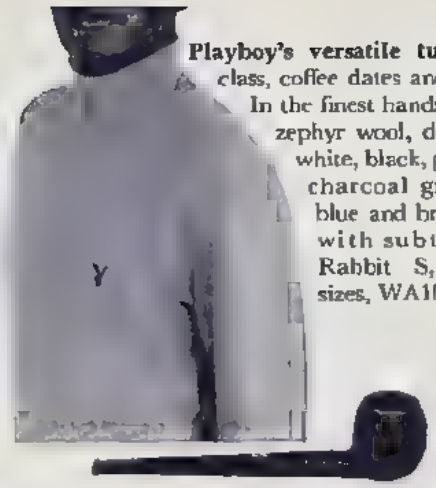

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civilians. The cane fields looked like Hawaii. Now it's a garbage dump. The aftermath of war is nothing, and we proved it on those islands. They left everything, all the trophies of the last War. They didn't clean it up at all. The armor is there—and the bones. Tanks are still lying all over the joint. Fallen Zeros stuck right in the earth. The second largest source of income in Micronesia is still scrap metal. There's one beautiful beach maybe 150 yards long. Right at the tideline—this is inside a barrier reef, so it's just lapping water—is a blade sticking out from a Zero propeller with a couple of bullet holes in it. You look and the feeling you want is not there. Here it is, 25 years later, and I'm walking around on Saipan again. Who can threaten me? Nobody. I had already thought out the memories of the nights and the sounds and the killing before I went back. I was waiting for it to hit and it didn't. And I said, "Gee, maybe I've grown up." You see a jawbone or a skull and you say, "Yeah, but that was a long time ago." The urgency was in that man's living, not in his death. For some funny reason, I think I even figured out death out there this time around. I'm no longer afraid of it; I'm just afraid of that one last fleeting moment. How I'm going to die I don't know, but I know I'm willing to die.

PLAYBOY: Was there any time during combat when you thought that last moment had come?

MARVIN: Yeah. I was wounded in a fire fight in 1944. I was with I Company of the 24th Marines, Fourth Division. We were caught in an ambush, three or four miles inland, in an area known as Death Valley. I was out on the point with a buddy when suddenly we started seeing fire on the right flank. We were getting an awful lot of machine-gun fire from point-blank range. My buddy pointed to a palm tree about ten feet away and then suddenly he got nailed—right through the lung. It was pink blood; you know that's a lung shot. He went down and I stuck my finger in the hole to try to keep the lung from collapsing, but he was dead. I started firing to try to stop whatever was coming at us. The enemy was laying down a cross fire behind us. It was about a 15-minute fire fight and I don't think we got one Nip. They just decimated the company.

PLAYBOY: Where did you get hit?

MARVIN: If you mean physically, there are two prominent parts of your body showing when you're lying down on the ground in the middle of a fire fight—your head and your ass. Either you get killed or you get shot in the ass, one or the other. Only the Marines got shot in the ass—did you know that? I never saw a sailor or an Army guy that got shot in the ass. But that's where I got hit. It took me a long time to get out, because I couldn't walk, so I crawled back through some brush until I came to a clearing. There were two guys alongside of me. I said, "Lift me up. If I can stand, turn me loose and give me a shove." They did that and I did a couple of jumps, skidded and went into the brush on the other side. I got behind the trees and a guy stepped on me. Then he got shot through the spine and fell over on me, dead. I couldn't get him off me.

Someone finally put me on a stretcher and took me to battalion aid. The doc was standing there with two Jap pistols stuffed in his belt with his shirt off, and he says, "You need any blood?" I said, "How the fuck should I know?" Eventually, they put me on an ambulance jeep and took me to the beach and then out to a hospital ship called the Solace. How does that name grab you? Then a Corpsman came by and said, "Do you want some ice cream or ice water or anything?" I couldn't believe it. *Moonlight Serenade* was playing over the P. A. system and you could hear the gunfire on the beach about 1000 yards away. That's when I felt the blow. "Jeez, I fucked off." I knew all the assholes were still fighting it out. I felt like a deserter, like I had thrown down my rifle and run from the battlefield. Complete cowardice. A day or two later I realized that I was out of it. They weren't going to put a cork in me and send me back out, so I relaxed.

PLAYBOY: Were you able to see Death Valley, the site where you were wounded, on your recent trip?

MARVIN: Yeah, I went through it. I had magnified it in my memory because of the original experience. It's not a field anymore; it's a weed patch. When I saw it again, 25 years later, it made me think about the original pain. Have you ever passed out from pain? When you wake up, you say, "Hey, it didn't hurt that much." Then you laugh at yourself, 'cause you know pain isn't that horrible to take. When it's over, you forget it. But I passed out from it a couple of times, and each time, I didn't believe it. Me pass out? What kind of talk is that? That's for girls, like the vapors, in those classic 1850 stories.

PLAYBOY: Did you forget the fear of the fire fight as easily as you forgot the pain of the wound?

MARVIN: That took me a little longer. In fact, even after I was shipped back to a hospital in Hawaii, I'd have this dream every night before I went to sleep. I'd be looking out at the ocean through the palm trees and just as I'd drift off, I'd see a Japanese soldier slip from one tree to another. I'd wake up and I'd look and say, "It's Hawaii, it's impossible; now come on, Lee. It's your imagination." That happened on three of four nights. On the fifth night, just as the Jap was slipping across, I heard one of the air-raid sirens on the island; they started firing 90-millimeter antiaircraft just as this imaginary guy moved. I leaped out of bed and went down on my knees. I couldn't stand up. I couldn't move; I was paralyzed. I had a rifle, but there was no ammunition for it. Guys were running around, going off their nut. Then there were flashlights and I was yelling, "Kill the lights!" It was absolute confusion till we found out that it was just an air-raid practice, that the President had come out and they were putting on a little show for him.

In a funny way, I related the paralyzing fear of that moment—the sirens, the explosions and the flashlights—to my own birth. When I was born, those very same things happened: the explosion from the uterus into the vagina, the sudden flash of light and, instead of a siren, the sound of my own crying. I imagine that birth must be the original fear; coming from a secure place and being blown out into a cold world. But fear of one kind or another follows us throughout life. Fortunately, I learned a very valuable lesson in the Marine Corps: how not to project your fear, how to cover it up by preoccupation with whatever was at hand—loading the machine gun or keeping it clean, so that I wouldn't look like I was afraid.

PLAYBOY: Would it have been so terrible to show fear?

MARVIN: Yes. Fear is a very contagious emotion; it can lead to disaster, especially in war; it can lead to the annihilation of the group.

PLAYBOY: Your ability to subordinate your fear of death to the interests of the group is an expression of traditional military discipline—yet you spent a considerable amount of your time in the stockade for insubordination. Did you find it difficult to reconcile your individualism with military authority?

MARVIN: I did at first; but after my sojourn in the stockade, I learned to take not only the discipline but the verbal abuse that went along with it. At boot camp, all the Yankees were D.I.'d by the Southern guys and all the Southern guys were D.I.'d by the Yankees. It kept the pot stirring. To save myself from being bloody all the time, I learned how to take verbal or physical abuse and not respond to it. I Uncle-Tommed the hell out of them. But I can't do that anymore. Now, in my acting, I *fight* the military, even when I'm playing a military role. When I was revisiting Saipan last spring, I went out and had a few drinks one night. I remember talking to

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a couple of admirals who were on their way back from Vietnam. I grabbed a saltcellar and poured salt all over their hats. I told them I wanted to eat the scrambled eggs on their visors. They had no sense of humor. Why should they? Otherwise, they wouldn't be wearing that outfit.

PLAYBOY: You once told an interviewer that you hated uniforms, especially police uniforms. "Every time I see one," you said, "bells ring. Guys who wear uniforms ought to look for a monarchy to live in." Feeling as you do, why did you enlist in the Marines?

MARVIN: I remember the uniform of flesh, not the clothing. I remember the men. The war effort, at that time, was a condoned world-wide effort for peace and freedom. But uniforms, even then, seemed to take identity away from the individual. It's the mentality of the uniform that I don't like; I attack the uniform as a symbol of that mentality. I feel the same way about the police mentality, but instead of attacking it, I avoid it; you're in trouble if you give the cops an excuse to unload on you.

PLAYBOY: It sounds as though you're talking from experience.

MARVIN: Almost. My girlfriend and I returned from a shopping trip several months ago and found a stick of marijuana in the mailbox. "Get away, baby," I told her. "I ain't gonna touch that." Called the cops. Twenty-five minutes later, they showed up. One of them said, "What's that?" I said, "I don't know. You tell me." That same night, we were going out to dinner. We got into the car and there was a sack of marijuana on the front seat. I just fuckin' blanched. I drove to the sheriff's office in Malibu and told one of the cops to look at the sack. "Oregano, huh?" he said. I told him, "You smell it, baby, not me." They never found out who planted the stuff.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever smoked pot?

MARVIN: Through the years, maybe three or four times. It was always with a girl, for some kind of sexual "high-lation." I don't recall any big response to the marijuana itself; just the presence of the girl was enough to expand my mind.

PLAYBOY: Then you've never had any memorable psychedelic experience?

MARVIN: I had a bad reaction once. Literally, I didn't know whether to shit or go blind. Those were my choices and I couldn't do either one of them. That's when I hung it up. I don't like being out of control—not that way, anyhow. I don't mind being out of control with liquor, because everybody knows what you're doing; but if you're out of control with other inducers, such as marijuana or LSD, nobody knows what you're doing, so you become spooky to them. They want no part of you. They don't know whether you're going to flip out or whether you're having a nervous breakdown or what.

PLAYBOY: In spite of these drawbacks, increasing numbers of young people are turning on to psychedelic drugs. As a father, would you advise your son against their use?

MARVIN: I don't usually advise him about anything. I say, "Well, what about pot and all this shit, do you smoke it?" He says, "No." And I say, "Well, you can if you want to. It's up to you. But if you get caught, it's going to be awful bad for you." And he says, "Naw, I don't fool with it." And I say, "OK, then, that's all I want to say. Just let's not lie to each other." But I hope that he *has* smoked it. I hope he's tried all those things. I tried them when I was a kid. Why should he be different? Sooner or later, someone's going to stuff it in his face, and I'd rather have him do it at a time when he's free of major responsibilities. He can learn the lesson better at a young age than he can when he's a mature man.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a close relationship with your son?

MARVIN: I withdrew in the parental area immediately after he was born. When I first saw him, I realized that the only thing I could give him was his freedom. I didn't force a life style or a mood on him or a feeling that he must exemplify me or carry the banner up to the front line. It can be very destructive to an offspring to set a guide or a mold. What you want to do is leave a *feeling* within your son, so that when he gets in a jam, he may not know what to think but at least he has something on which to base his decision. By resolving his own problems rather than relying on what someone else did in a sticky situation, he gains strength from it, as opposed to just imitating my behavior. That way, he becomes his own man. The beauty in him is that he is him, not me.

PLAYBOY: Has your rather unique method of child rearing worked out?

MARVIN: I think so. My son is an amazingly straight boy, most likely because I just try to be honest with him. When he asks me something, I give him a straight answer. After I finished *M Squad*, I didn't work for a year. I was having big problems. I'd sit out in my playroom and stay about half stiff most of the time. Chris would come in and say, "Are you drunk, Dad?" I'd say, "Yeah." And he'd say, "OK. I won't bother you." Which is all I can ask. I didn't lie to him. By allowing him his freedom, I think I've let him find a strength that will help him in a pinch someplace when I won't be around to save him, when he's going to have to work it out for himself.

PLAYBOY: Are you as self-sufficient as you'd like your son to be?

MARVIN: I tend to be self-sufficient to a fault. It's every man for himself. The most useless word in the English language is "help." The only time you hear it is when something occurs that a person's not prepared for or hasn't even considered. If you're in a jam like that and you scream for help, you'd just better hope that there's somebody around who has the time and the inclination to give it to you. But I'd rather not take that chance. If you have a problem, you have to be ready to work it out yourself. Like, if loneliness is the problem, no one else can solve it for you. You have to feed it in order to get through it—like taking a walk on the beach so you can really be alone, away from recognizable items that might reflect other times and other places that would encourage you to wallow in self-pity. If you're lonely, you've got to be alone; you'll get over it more quickly that way.

PLAYBOY: But you have a reputation for *preferring* to be alone.

MARVIN: Everybody wants to get off by himself now and then. I just need more of it than most people. I can do that now, here at the beach. When I close the front door, that's it. Who walked up on the porch today? Nobody. When I was living in town, or in New York, in a cold-water flat or a rooming house, I had to deal with people constantly. Now I have the privacy to sit on the porch and just read all day. But my reputation as a loner is more romantic than it is valid—though I suppose every man would like to be known as the tall, raw-boned loner. That desire came at a very early age in my case, when I realized that you can communicate only so long with somebody before they start wandering on you.

PLAYBOY: Is it possible that you're projecting your feelings to others? Maybe *you're* inclined to wander.

MARVIN: Very true. It depends on who I talk to, doesn't it? Any conversation's good for about five minutes and then you start getting into quotes. If there's anything of the loner about me, it's because I know I can become a bore after a certain time with people. Before they get to the "See you around" stage, I usually duck out.

PLAYBOY: Couldn't that be an excuse for not getting emotionally involved?

MARVIN: No, I don't think so. The reason for the boredom is that I lose interest in the contact I've made. It's no longer a 50-50 proposition. If the other person has the edge in the conversation with me, I listen. If I have the edge on him, I tend to become obnoxious—or to

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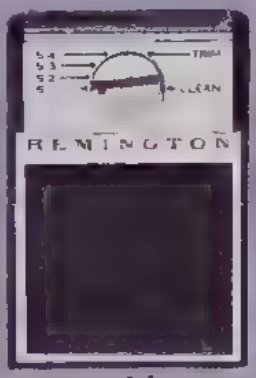

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bug out. That would certainly give some people the impression that I'm a loner. In that sense, maybe they're right.

PLAYBOY: In addition to your reputation as a loner, another image of Lee Marvin has emerged in recent years. Is there any truth to the rumor that you're an alcoholic?

MARVIN: I see you've read those stories about how I'm drunk on the set all the time. Well, on occasions I have been. So what? Pope Paul can't take a day off and go out and get smashed at the local gin mill, but that's one of the prerogatives I *can* enjoy. Just because it happens once in a while, people think it's a pattern. My performance as Kid Shelleen in *Cat Ballou* didn't help things, either. I guess I acted so realistically drunk that audiences figured nobody could pretend that well.

PLAYBOY: What makes you drink while you're working?

MARVIN: It usually happens when I pump up too hard, when I get my energy level so high that I'm wringing inside; I just have to stop it. Nothing can be that important, so the way I show its unimportance to myself is to have a drink or two or three or whatever. The next thing you know, I'm a little juiced. It's really a defiance of my own involvement. It allows me to be honest with myself. When I get stoned, I reduce myself in my own eyes to nothing.

PLAYBOY: Why do you want to do that?

MARVIN: Because for every high, there must be a low. If my involvement becomes too intense, I have to counterbalance it by getting stoned. Then I can figure a straight, pure thought. Pure thoughts are survival thoughts. At the survival stage, you can really look at something and say, "I've gone too far in this direction. How do I stop it?" Invariably, it works for me.

PLAYBOY: Even the morning after?

MARVIN: When I wake up, I've figured something out. I don't know what it is, but at least it doesn't bother me anymore. Totally juvenile, but it works. The aftermath, of course, is tremendous hangovers and guilt and the pledge. Then, three days later, when my joints start to creak again, I have to look around for oil.

PLAYBOY: Are you a genial drunk or a belligerent one?

MARVIN: It depends on what I'm drinking, how much I'm drinking, why I'm drinking and who I'm drinking with. I was working very hard once, doing a television drama called *Sergeant Ryker*, and one night after the shooting was completed, I was drinking in a San Fernando Valley bar with an assistant director. We were laughing and telling each other stories—but this stranger kept barging in. He was just asking for it. In the past, guys I had never seen before would walk up to me in a bar and tell me that their wives really hated my guts. I'd just sneer. It was expected of me. But it would always end up in a very amicable conversation and I'd say, "Well, maybe your wife is right." So he'd say, "Nobody's that bad. I mean, you ought to know my wife." Before long, we would be buying each other a couple of drinks and laughing.

But this guy in the Valley just kept hating me. My thoughts were a million miles from him. He was fulfilling some need and, goddamn it, for some dumb, stupid reason, I helped him along. I just had to shut him up, so I hit him over the head with a banjo. It had nothing to do with him. I'm sure I had a mask on him; he represented some anxiety that I was working out and he just happened to be in the way. Otherwise, I probably would have slammed myself. Anyway, I was responsible for what happened, so I paid the guy. At least he got another set of teeth out of it—and some money.

PLAYBOY: That kind of offscreen behavior seems to be consistent with the characters you most often portray in films. In *Ship of Fools*, for example, you played Bill Tenny, a washed up former baseball star whom one reviewer called "a boorish, frightened, whoring, alcoholic bigot." At the time you made that film, you told a reporter, "I had to play him, because he is a facet of me, a part of me I don't like." Do you share all those traits?

MARVIN: Sure. They're just magnifications. Tenny was such an unpleasant guy that nobody else would play him. Even *I* bridled when I was first offered the part. But my attitude changed when I realized I'd be playing myself. It was perfect typecasting—all my facets multiplied and expanded. I steeped myself in that guy, got it all together at one time and then exposed it. Having examined myself that closely, I knew I wouldn't have to do it again. I'm rid of it, so I don't have to fear that those things will come out in me again. No, that's not true. To be honest, on occasions I can still be a pain in the ass, just like Bill Tenny. I try not to be, but once in a while I slip.

PLAYBOY: Are you still boorish?

MARVIN: Yeah, sometimes when I'm with friends and I wish I weren't. When I have nothing to say intellectually, when I'm not attuned to my surroundings, I tell a dirty joke. I'm still guilty of those excesses, but I try to be less guilty.

PLAYBOY: Are you a bigot?

MARVIN: No, that was something I felt in kindergarten. The world has gone by quite a few days since I was a kid. I was raised in New York in the Twenties and the early Thirties in a very class- and race-conscious area. Your address meant something—and your "background." I heard all the bigoted remarks by the time I was five or six. Kids talking. Adults grumbling, "That so-and so prick!" Growing up and discovering that the other races, creeds and colors weren't really any worse than mine was a revelation for me. I still can't say that all the stereotypes aren't true, but they're more often false than true.

PLAYBOY: From what you said about fear earlier in this interview, would it be fair to conclude that, like Bill Tenny, you're frightened as well as boorish, whoring and alcoholic?

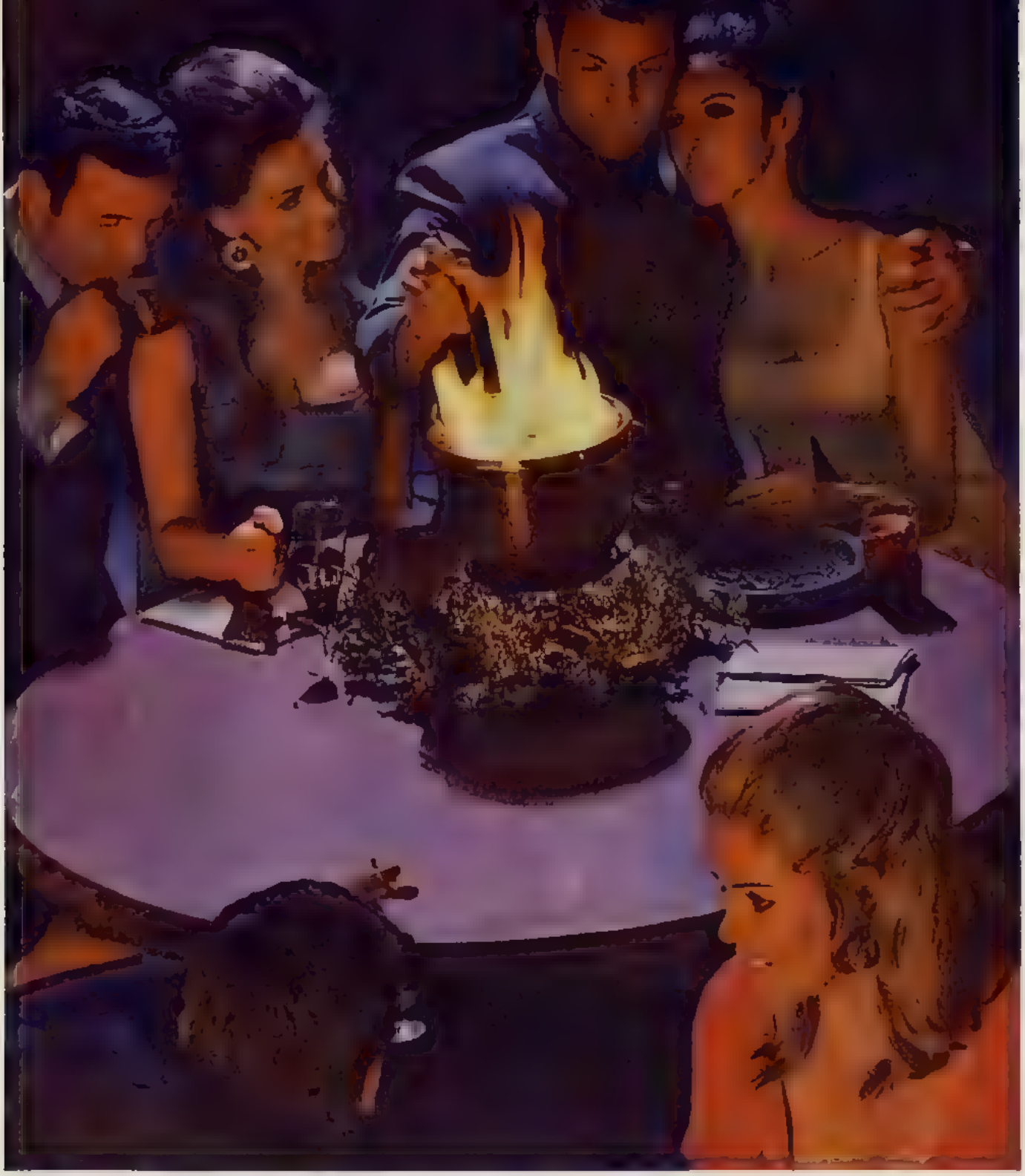
MARVIN: Oh, yeah. Frequently. Fear is possibly the greatest motivation there is. But, as I said before, by pretending not to fear, you can make it work for you and get the job done. Every actor is full of doubts about himself, and I'm no exception. If you see those fears in yourself—and expose them—the audience can associate with you more deeply than if you try to play it safe and pretend to be the invincible tough guy. To show my strength is nothing, to show my weakness is everything. I suppose it takes a certain kind of strength to admit your fears, but I really don't think it's anything more than simple honesty.

PLAYBOY: You've reached a peak in your profession in terms of wealth, power and public acceptance. What do you have left to fear?

MARVIN: You have to remember there are tremendous chasms between the peaks. I've lost my grip before and it could happen again. It's a long way down and it gets deeper every time. To be a failure when I was 30 isn't like being a failure when I'm 44. There's more to lose and less time to get it back.

PLAYBOY: You said earlier that you've overcome your fear of death, but you seem to dread growing older.

MARVIN: Not really. I don't want any more than I've got coming to me, and I don't understand those who do. Like, why would anyone want to undergo a heart transplant? A person would have to have led a pretty empty life to be that frightened of dying. How would you like to be walking around with a 17-year-old broad's heart in your chest, just to live a few years longer? You wouldn't know whether to menstruate or ejaculate. Jesus, give me my span of years and knock me down when it's all over. You've got to make room for the other guy. I know that when my ashes are blown away or they stuff me in a sewer, it's not going to hurt. I've had the simple pleasure of being present when the sun was shining and the rain was falling. I've had mine, and nobody can take it away from me.



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fiction **By ROBERT COOVER** PAUL STEPPED OFF THE CURB and got hit by a truck. He didn't know at first what it was that hit him; but now, here on his back, under the truck, there could be no doubt. Is it me? he wondered. Have I walked the earth and come here?

Just as he was struck, and while still tumbling in front of the truck and then under the wheels, in a kind of funhouse gambado of pain and terror, he had thought: This has happened before. Yet, oddly, it never had. There's a woman, he thought, and a doctor. . . . His neck had sprung; there was a sudden flash of light and a blaze roaring up in the back of his head. The hot —almost fragrant—pain: That was new. It was the *place* he felt he'd returned to.

He lay perpendicular to the length of the truck, under the trailer, just to the rear of the truck's second of three sets of wheels. All of him was under the truck but his head and shoulders. Maybe I'm being born again, he reasoned. He stared straight up, past the side of the truck, toward the sky, pale-blue and cloudless. The tops of skyscrapers closed toward the center of his vision; now that he thought about it, he realized it was the first time in years he had looked up at them, and they seemed inclined to fall. The old illusion; one of them, anyway. The truck was red with white letters, but his severe angle of vision up the side kept him from being able to read the letters. A capital K, he could see that—and a number, yes, it seemed to be a 14. He smiled inwardly at the irony, for he had a private fascination with numbers: 14! He thought he remembered having had a green light, but it didn't really matter. No way to prove it. It would have changed by now, in any case. The thought, obscurely, troubled him.

"Crazy goddamn fool he just walk right out in fronta me no respect just askin' for a bustin'!"

The voice, familiar somehow, guttural, yet falsetto, came from above and to his right. People were gathering to stare down at him, shaking their heads. He felt like one chosen. He tried to turn his head toward the voice, but his neck flashed hot again. Things were bad. Better just to lie still, take no chances. Anyway, he saw now, just in the corner of his eye, the cab of the truck, red like the trailer, and poking out its window, the large head of the truck driver, wagging in the sunshine. The driver wore a small tweed cap—too small, in fact: It sat just on top of his head.

"Boy I seen punchies in my sweet time but this cookie takes the cake God bless the laboring classes I say and preserve us from the humble freak!"

The truck driver spoke with broad gestures, bulbous eyes rolling, runty body thrusting itself in and out of the cab window, little hands flying wildly about. Paul worried still about the light. It was important, yet how could he ever know? The world was an ephemeral place, it could get away from you in a minute. The driver had a bent red nose and coarse reddish hair that stuck out like straw. A hard, shiny chin, too, like a mirror image of the hooked nose. Paul's eyes wearied of the strain and he had to stop looking.

"Listen lays and gentmens I'm a good Christian by Judy a decent hard-workin' familly man earnin' a honest wage and got a dear little woman and seven yearnin' young'uns all my own seed *a responsible man* and goddamn that boy what he do but walk right into me and my poor ole truck!"

On some faces Paul saw compassion, or at least a neutral curiosity, an idle amusement; but on most he saw reproach. There were those who winced on witnessing his state and seemed to understand, but there were others—a majority—who jeered.

"He asked for it, if you ask me!"

"It's the idler plays the fool and the workingman's to hang for it!"

"Shouldn't allow his kind out to walk the streets!"

"Let it be a lesson!"

It worsened. Their shouts grew louder and ran together. There were

INCIDENT IN THE STREETS OF THE CITY

"help me, i'm hurt," said paul, but his silent scream went unheard by the insensate, bedlam crowd of onlookers

orations and the waving of flags. Paul was wondering: Had he been carrying anything? No, no. He had only —*wait!*—a book? Very likely, but . . . ah, well. Perhaps he was carrying it still. There was no feeling in his fingers.

The people were around him like flies, grievances were being aired, sides taken, and there might have been a brawl, but a policeman arrived and broke it up. "All right, everybody! Stand back, please!" he shouted. "Give this man some air! Can't you see he's been injured?"

At last, Paul thought. He relaxed. For a moment, he'd felt himself in a strange and hostile country, but now he felt at home again. He even began to believe he might survive. Though, really: Had he ever doubted it?

"Everybody back, *back*!" The policeman was effective. The crowd grew quiet, and by the sound of their sullen shuffling, Paul guessed they were backing off. Not that he got more or less air by it, but he felt relieved, just the same. "Now," said the policeman, gently but firmly, "what has happened here?"

And with that, it all started up again, the same as before—the clamor, the outrage, the arguments—but louder and more discordant than ever. I'm hurt, Paul said. No one heard. The policeman cried out for order, and slowly, with his shouts, with his night stick, with his threats, he reduced them again to silence.

One lone voice hung at the end "For the last time, mister, *stop goosing me*!" Everybody laughed, released.

"Stop goosing her, sir!" the policeman commanded, with his chin thrust firmly forward, and everybody laughed again

Paul almost laughed, but he couldn't, quite. Besides, he'd just, with that, got the picture; and given his condition, it was not a funny one. He opened his eyes and there was the policeman bent down over him. He had a notebook in his hand

"Now, tell me, son, what happened here?" The policeman's face was thin and pale, like a student's, and he wore a trim little tuft of black mustache under the pinched peak of his nose

I've just been hit, Paul explained, by this truck; and then he realized that he probably didn't say it at all, that speech was an art no longer his. He cast his eyes indicatively toward the cab of the truck.

"Listen, I asked you what happened here! Cat got your tongue, young man?"

"Crazy goddamn fool he just walk right out in fronta me no respect just askin' for a bustin'!"

The policeman remained crouched over Paul but turned his head up to look at the truck driver. The policeman wore a brilliant-blue uniform with large brass buttons. And gold epaulets.

"Boy I seen punchies in my sweet time but this cookie takes the cake God bless the laboring classes I say and preserve us from the humble freak!"

The policeman looked down at Paul, then back at the truck driver. "I know about truck drivers," Paul heard him say.

"Listen lays and gentmens I'm a good Christian by Judy a decent hard-workin' fambly man earnin' a hon est wage and got a dear little woman and seven yearnin young'uns all my own seed *a responsible man* and goddamn that boy what he do but walk right into me and my poor ole trike. Truck, I mean."

There was a loose tittering from the crowd, but the policeman's frown and raised stick contained it. "What's your name, lad?" he asked, turning back to Paul. At first, the policeman smiled; he knew who truck drivers were and he knew who Pauls were, and there was a salvation of sorts in that smile, but gradually it faded. "Come, come, boy! Don't be afraid!" He winked, nudged him gently. "We're here to help you."

Paul, Paul replied. But, no, no doubt about it, it was jammed up in there and he wasn't getting it out.

"Well, if you won't help me, I can't help you," the policeman said petulshly and tilted his nose. "Anybody here know this man?" he called out to the crowd.

Again a roar, a threatening tumult of words and sounds, shouts back and forth. It was hard to know if none knew him or if they all did. But then one voice, belted out above the others, came through: "O God in heaven! It's Amory! *Amory Westerman!*" The voice, a woman's, hysterical by the sound of it, drew near. "Amory! What . . . *what* have they *done* to you?"

Paul understood. It was not a mistake. He was astonished by his own acumen.

"Do you know this young man?" the policeman asked, lifting his notebook

"What? Know him? Did Sarah know Abraham? Did Eve know Cain?"

The policeman cleared his throat uneasily. "Adam," he corrected softly.

"You know who you know, I know who I know," the woman said, and let fly with a low, throaty snigger. The crowd responded with a belly laugh.

"But this young man——" the policeman insisted flustered.

"Who, you and Amory?" the woman cried. "I can't believe it!" The crowd laughed and the policeman bit his lip. "Amory! What new persecutions are these?" She billowed out above him: old, maybe even 70, fat and bosomy, pasty-faced with thick red rouge, head haloed by ringlets of sparse orangish hair. "My poor Amory!" And down she came on him. Paul tried to duck, got only a hot flash in his neck for it. Her breath reeked of cheap gin. Help, said Paul.

"Hold, madam! Stop!" the policeman cried, tugging at the woman's fur collar. She stood, threw up her arms before her face, staggered backward. What more she did, Paul couldn't see, for his view of her face was largely blocked by the bulge of her breasts and belly. There were laughs, though. "Everything in order here," grumped the policeman, tapping his notebook. "Now, what's your name, please, uh, miss, madam?"

"My name?" She twirled gracelessly on one dropsied ankle and cried to the crowd: "*Shall I tell?*"

"Tell! Tell! Tell!" shouted the spectators, clapping rhythmically. Paul let himself be absorbed by it; there was, after all, nothing else to do.

The policeman, rapping a pencil against his blue notebook to the rhythm of the chant, leaned down over Paul and whispered: "I think we've got them on our side now!"

Paul, his gaze floating giddily up past the thin white face of the police officer and the red side of the truck into the horizonless blue haze above, wondered if alliance were really the key to it all. What *am* I without them? Could I even die? Suddenly, the whole world seemed to tip: His feet dropped and his head rose. Beneath him the red machine shot grease and muck, the host rioted above his head, the earth pushed him from behind, and out front the skyscrapers pointed, like so many insensate fingers, the path he must walk to oblivion. He squeezed shut his eyes to set right the world again—he was afraid he would slide down beneath the truck to disappear from sight forever.

"*My name*——" bellowed the woman, and the crowd hushed, tittering softly. Paul opened his eyes. He was on his back again. The policeman stood over him, mouth agape, pencil poised. The woman's puffy face was sequined with sweat. Paul wondered what she'd been doing while he wasn't watching. "My name, officer, is Grundy."

"I beg your pardon?" The policeman, when nervous, had a way of nibbling his mustache with his lowers.

"Mrs. Grundy, dear boy." She patted the policeman's thin cheek, tweaked his nose. "But you can call me Charity." The policeman blushed. She twiddled her index finger in his little mustache. "Kootchy-kootchy-koo!" Roar of laughter from the crowd.

The policeman sneezed. "Please!" he protested.

Mrs. Grundy curtsied and stooped to unzip the officer's fly. "Hello! Anybody home?"

"*Stop that!*" squeaked the policeman through the thunderous laughter and applause. Strange, thought Paul, how much I'm enjoying this.

"But where was *he*" the woman asked. "I seem to have got off the——"

"This . . . this young fellow," said the policeman, pointing with his pencil. He zipped up, blew his nose. "Mr.—uh—Mr. Westerman . . . you said ——"

"Mr. *who?*" The woman shook her jowls, perplexed. She frowned down at Paul, then brightened. "Oh, yes! Amory!" She paled, seemed to sicken. Paul, if he could've, would've smiled. "Good God!" she rasped, as though appalled at what she saw. Then, once more, she took an operatic grip on her breasts and staggered back a step. "O mortality! O fatal mischief! Done in! A noble man lies stark and stiff! *Delenda est Carthago! Sic transit glans mundi!*"

Gloria, corrected Paul. No, leave it.

"Squashed like a lousy bug!" she cried. "And at the height of his potency!"

"Now, wait just a minute!" the policeman protested.

"The final curtain! The last farewell! The journey's end! Over the hill! The last muster!" Each phrase was answered by a happy shout from the mob. "Across the river! The way of all flesh! The last roundup!" She sobbed, then ballooned down on him again, tweaked his ear and whispered: "How's Charity's weetsie snotkins, enh? Him fall down and bump his little putsy? Munsy kiss and make well!" And she let him have it on the—well, sort of on the left side of his nose, left cheek and part of his left eye: one wet enveloping sour blubbering kiss; and this time, sorrily, the policeman did not intervene. He was busy taking notes. Officer, said Paul.

"Hmmm," the policeman muttered, and wrote. "G-r-u-n—ah, ahem, Grundig, Grundig -d, yes, d-i-g. Now, what did you——"

The woman labored clumsily to her feet, plodded over behind the policeman and squinted over his shoulder at the notes he was taking. "That's a 'y' there, buster, a 'y.'" She jabbed a stubby ruby-tipped finger at the notebook.

"Grundigy?" asked the policeman in disbelief. "What kind of a name is that?"

"No, no!" the old woman whined, her grand manner flung to the winds. "Grundy! Grundy! Without the 'ig,' don't you see? You take off your ——"

"Oh, *Grundy*! Now I have it!" The policeman scrubbed the back end of his pencil in the notebook. "Darned eraser. About shot." The paper tore. He looked up irritably. "Can't we just make it Grundig?"

"Grundy," said the woman coldly.

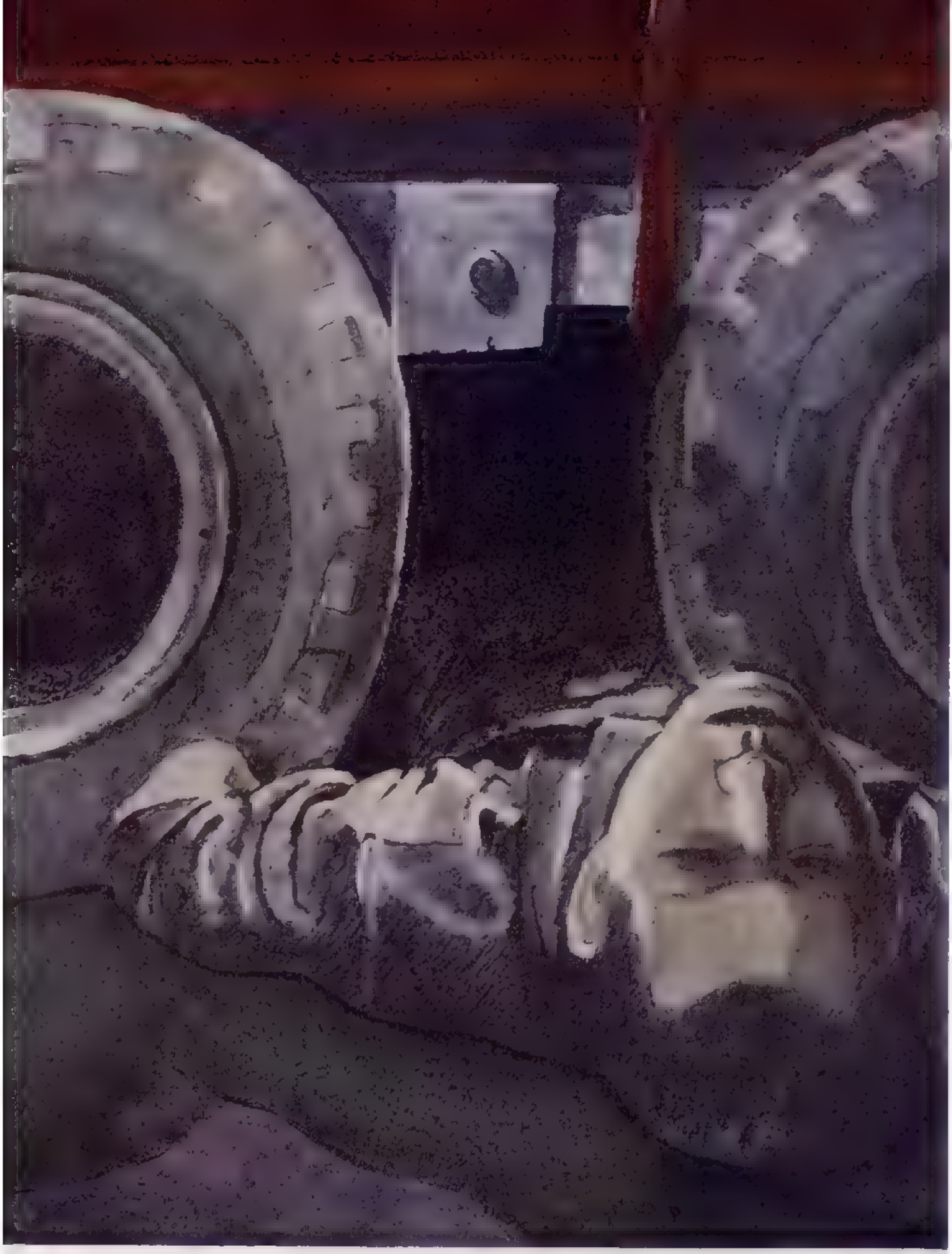
The policeman ripped the page out of his notebook, rumpled it up angrily and hurled it to the street. "All right, gosh damn it all!" he cried in a rage, scribbling: "Grundy. I have it. Now get on with it, lady!"

"Officer!" cried Mrs. Grundy, clasping a handkerchief to her throat. "Remember your place, or I shall speak to your superior!" The policeman shrank, blanched.

Paul knew what would come. He could read these two like a book. *I'm* the strange one, he thought. He wanted to watch their faces, but his street-level view gave him at best a perspective on their underchins. It was their crotches that were prominent. Butts and bellies: the squashed bug's-eye view. And that was strange, too: that he wanted to watch their faces.

The policeman was begging for mercy, wringing his pale hands. There were faint hissing sounds wriggling out of the crowd like serpents. "Cut the shit, Mac," Charity Grundy said finally, "you're overdoing it." The officer nibbled his mustache, stared down at his notebook. "You wanna know who this poor clown is, right?" The policeman nodded. "OK, are you ready?" She clasped her bosom again and the crowd hushed. The police officer held his notebook up, the pencil poised. Mrs. Grundy sniffled, looked down at Paul, winced, turned away and wept into her furpiece. "Officer!" she gasped. "*He was my lover!*"

Halloos and cheers from the crowd, passing to laughter. The policeman started to smile, blinking down at



Mrs. Grundy's body; but with a twitch of his mustache, he suppressed it.

"We met . . . just one year ago today. O fateful hour!" She smiled bravely, brushing back a tear, her lower lip quivering. Once, her hands clenched woefully before her face, she winked down at Paul. The wink nearly convinced him. Maybe I'm him, after all. Why not? "He was selling sea chests, door to door. I can see him now as he was then——" She paused to look down at him and wrinkles of revulsion swept over her face. Somehow, this brought laughter. She looked away, puckered her mouth and bugged her eyes, shook one hand limply from the wrist. The crowd was really with her.

"Mrs. Grundy," the officer whispered, "please. . . ."

"Yes, there he was, chapfallen and misused, orphaned by the rapacious world, yet pure and undefiled, there: There at my door!" With her baggy arm flung out, quavering, she indicated her door. "Bent nearly double under his impossible sea chest, perspiration illuminating his manly brow, wounding his eyes, wrinkling his undershirt——"

"Careful," cautioned the policeman nervously, glancing up from his notes. He must have filled 20 or 30 pages by now.

"In short, my heart went out to him!" Gesture of heart going out. "And though—alas!—my need for sea chests was limited——"

The spectators somehow discovered something amusing in this and tittered knowingly. Mainly in the way she said it, Paul supposed. Her story, in truth, did not bother him so much as his own fascination with it. He knew where it would lead, but it didn't matter. In fact, maybe that *was* what fascinated him.

"I invited him in. 'Put down that horrid sea chest, dear boy, and come in here,' I cried, 'come in to your warm and obedient Charity, love, come in for a cup of tea, come in and rest, rest your pretty little shoulders, your pretty little back, your pretty little. . . .'" Mrs. Grundy paused, smiled with a faint arch of one eyebrow and the crowd responded with another burst of laughter. "And it was pretty little, Oh," she grumbled, and again they whooped.

How was it now? he wondered. In fact, he'd been wondering all along.

"And, well, officer, that's what he did, he *did* put down his sea chest—alas! sad to tell, right on my unfortunate cat, Rasputin, dozing there in the day's brief sun, God rest his soul, his—again, alas!—somewhat homaloidal soul!"

She had a great audience. They hadn't failed her, nor did they now.

The policeman, who had finally squatted down to write on his knee, now stood and shouted for order. "Quiet! *Quiet!*" His mustache twitched. "Can't you see this is a serious matter?" He's the funny one, thought Paul. The crowd thought so, too, for the laughter mounted, then finally died away. "And . . . and then what happened?" the policeman whispered. But they heard him anyway and screamed with delight, throwing up a new clamor in which could be distinguished several coarse paraphrases of the policeman's question. The officer's pale face flushed. He looked down at Paul with a brief commiserating smile and shrugged his shoulders. Paul made a try at a never-mind kind of gesture, but, he supposed, without bringing it off.

"What happened next? you ask, you naughty boy." Mrs. Grundy shook and wriggled. Cheers and whistles. She cupped her plump hands under her breasts and hitched her abundant hips heavily to one side. "You don't understand," she told the crowd. "I only wished to be a mother to the lad." Hoo-has and catcalls. "But I had failed to realize, in that fleeting tragic moment when he piled his burden down on poor Rasputin, how I was wrenching his young and unsullied heart asunder! Oh, yes, I know, I know——"

"This is the dumbest story I ever heard," interrupted the policeman finally, but Mrs. Grundy paid him no heed.

"I know I'm old and fat, that I've crossed the grand climacteric!" She winked at the crowd's yowls of laughter. "I know the fragrant flush of first flower is gone forever!" she cried, not letting a good thing go, pressing her wrinkled palms down over the soft swoop of her blimp-sized hips, pecking coyly over one plump shoulder at the shrieking crowd. The policeman stamped his foot, but no one noticed except Paul. "I know—yet, *yet:*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES BARKLEY

Somehow, face to face with little Charity, a primitive unnamable urgency welled up in his untaught loins, his pretty little——"

"*Stop it!*" cried the policeman. "This has gone far enough!"

"And *you* ask what happened next? I shall tell you, officer, I shall lay bare my——" And again, that old woman had great timing, she paused in midsentence and launched the mob into new frenzies. "Yes, officer, why conceal the truth . . . from *you*, of all people?" Though uneasy, the policeman seemed frankly pleased that she had put it this way. "Yes, without further discourse, he buried his pretty little head in my enfolding bosom"—Paul felt a distressing sense of suffocation, though perhaps it had been with him all the while—"and he tumbled me there, yes, there on the front porch, alongside his sea chest and my dying Rasputin, there in the sunlight, before God, before the neighbors, before Mr. Dunlevy, the mailman, who is hard of hearing, before the children from down the block, passing on their shiny little tricycles, before the high school girls on their——"

"Crazy goddamn fool he just walk right out in fronta me no respect just askin' for a bustin'!" said a familiar voice.

Mrs. Grundy's broad face, now streaked with tears and mottled with a tense pink flush, glowered. There was a long and difficult silence. Then she narrowed her eyes, smiled faintly, touched a handkerchief to her eye, plunged the handkerchief back down her bosom and resumed: "Before, in short, the whole itchy eyes-agog world, a coupling unequaled in the history of Western man!" Some applause, which she acknowledged. "Assaulted but—yes, I confess it—assaulted but *aglow*, I reminded him of——"

"Boy I seen punches in my sweet time but this cookie takes the cake God bless the laboring classes I say and preserve us from the humble freak!"

Swiveling his wearying gaze hard right, Paul could see the truck driver waggling his huge head at the crowd. Mrs. Grundy padded heavily over to him, the back of her thick neck reddening, and swung her purse in a great swift arc, but the truck driver recoiled into his cab, laughing with a taunting cackle. Then, almost in the same instant, he poked his red-beaked head out again and, rolling his eyes, said: "Listen lays and gentmens I'm a good Christian by Judy a decent hard workin' fambly man earnin' a honest wage and go. a dear little woman and seven yearnin' young'uns all my own seed *a responsible*——"

"*I'll responsible your ass!*" hollered Charity Grundy and let fly with her purse again; but once more, the driver ducked inside, cackling obscenely. The crowd, taking sides, was more hysterical than ever.

Again the driver's waggling head popped out: "*man* and god——" he began, but this time Mrs. Grundy was waiting for him. Her great lumpish purse caught him square on his bent red nose—*ka RAACKK!*—and the truck driver slumped lifelessly over the door of his cab, his stubby little arms dangling limp, reading just below the top of his head. As best Paul could tell, the tweed cap did not drop off; but since his eyes were cramped with fatigue, he had to stop looking before the truck driver's head ceased bobbing against the door.

Man and god! he thought. Of course! Terrific! What did it mean? Nothing.

The policeman made futile little gestures of interference but apparently had too much respect for Mrs. Grundy's purse to carry them out. That purse was big enough to hold a bowling ball, and maybe it did.

Mrs. Grundy, tongue dangling and panting furiously, clapped one hand over her heart and, with the other, fanned herself with the handkerchief. Paul saw sweat dripping down her legs. "And so—*foo!*—I, I *puf!* I reminded him of, of the—*whee!*—the cup of tea!" she gasped. She paused, swallowed, mopped her brow, sucked in a deep lungful of air and exhaled it slowly. She cleared her throat. "*And so I reminded him of the cup of tea!*" she roared with a sweep of one powerful arm, the old style recovered. There was a light smattering of complimentary applause, which Mrs. Grundy acknowledged with a short nod of her head. "We went inside. The air was heavy with expectation and the unmistakable aroma of cat shit. One might almost be pleased that Rasputin had yielded up the spirit——"

"NOW JUST STOP IT!" cried the policeman. "THIS IS——"

"I poured some tea, we sang the now-famous duet *¡Ciérrate la bragueta! ¡La bragueta está cerrada!*, I danced for him, he——"

"*ENOUGH I SAID!*" screamed the policeman. "*THIS IS ABSURD!*"

You're warm, said Paul. But that's not quite it.

"Absurd?" cried Charity Grundy, aghast. "*Absurd!* You call my dancing *absurd?*"

"I didn't say——"

"Grotesque, perhaps; and, yes, a bit awesome—but *absurd!*" She grabbed him by the lapels, lifting him off the ground. "What do you have against dancing, you worm? *What do you have against grace?*"

"P-please! Put me down!"

"Or is it you don't believe I *can* dance?" She dropped him.

"N-no! No! I——"

"Show him! Show him!" chanted the crowd.

The policeman spun on them. "*STOP! IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!*" They obeyed. "This man is injured. He may die. He needs help. It's no joking matter. I ask for your cooperation." He paused for effect. "That's better." The policeman stroked his mustache, preening a bit. "Now, ahem, is there a doctor present? A doctor, please?"

"Oh, officer, you're cute! You're *very* cute!" said Mrs. Grundy on a new tack. The crowd snickered.

"Now, just cut it out!" the policeman ordered, glaring angrily across Paul's chest at Mrs. Grundy. "Gosh damn it, now, you stop it this instant!"

"Aww, you're *jealous*!" cried Mrs. Grundy. "And of poor little supine Rasputin! Amory, I mean." The spectators were in great spirits again, total rebellion threatening, and the police officer was at the end of his rope. "Well, *don't* be jealous, dear boy!" cooed Mrs. Grundy. "Charity tell you a weetsie-bitty secret."

"*Stop!*" sobbed the policeman. Be careful where you step, said Paul below.

Mrs. Grundy leaned perilously out over Paul and got a grip on the policeman's ear. He winced but no longer attempted escape. "That boy," she said, "*he humps terrible!*"

It carried out to the crowd and broke it up. It was her big line and she wambled about gloriously, her rouged mouth stretched in a flabby toothless grin, retrieving the pennies that people were pitching (Paul knew about them from being hit by them; one landed on his upper lip, stayed there, emitting that familiar dead smell common to pennies the world over), thrusting her chest forward to catch them in the cleft of her bosom. She shook and shaking, jangled. She grabbed the policeman's hand and pulled him forward to share a bow with her. The policeman smiled awkwardly.

"You asked for a doctor," said an ancient but gentle voice.

The crowd noises subsided. Paul opened his eyes and discovered above him a stooped old man in a rumpled gray suit. His hair was shaggy and white, his face dry, lined with age. He wore rimless glasses, carried a black leather bag. He smiled down at Paul that easy smile of a man who comprehends pain, then looked back at the policeman. Inexplicably, a wave of terror shook Paul.

"You wanted a doctor," the old man repeated.

"Yes! *Yes!*" cried the policeman almost in tears. "Oh, thank God!"

"I'd rather you thanked the profession," the doctor said. "Now, what seems to be the problem?"

"Oh, doctor, it's awful!" The policeman twisted the notebook in his hands, fairly destroying it. "This man has been struck by this truck, or so it would appear, no one seems to know, it's all a terrible mystery, and there is a woman,

"Do you have any games that can be played in bed by two or more consenting adults?"

but now I don't see—— And I'm not even sure of his name——"

"No matter," interrupted the doctor with a kindly nod of his old head, "who he is. He is a man and that, I assure you, is enough for me."

"Doctor, it's so good of you to say so!" wept the policeman.

I'm in trouble, thought Paul. Oh, boy, I'm really in trouble.

"Well, now, let us just see," said the doctor, crouching down over Paul. He lifted Paul's eyelids with his thumb and peered intently at Paul's eyes; Paul, anxious to assist, rolled them from side to side. "Just relax, son," the doctor said. He opened his black bag, rummaged about in it, withdrew a flashlight. Paul was not sure exactly what the doctor did after that, but he seemed to be looking in his ears. I can't move my head, Paul told him, but the doctor only asked "Why does he have a penny under his nose?" His manner was not such as to insist upon an answer, and he got none. Gently, expertly, he pried Paul's teeth apart, pinned his tongue down with a wooden depressor and scrutinized his throat. "Ahh, yes," he mumbled. "Hmm, hmm."

"How . . . how is he, doctor?" stammered the policeman softly. "Will . . . will he . . . ?"

The doctor glared scornfully at the officer, then withdrew a stethoscope from his bag. He hooked it in his ears, slipped the disk inside Paul's shirt and listened intently, his old head inclined to one side like a bird listening for worms. Absolute silence now. Paul could hear the doctor breathing, the policeman whimpering softly. He had the vague impression that the doctor tapped his chest a time or two, but if so, he didn't feel it. "Hmm," said the doctor gravely, "yes. . . ."

"Oh, please! What *is* it, doctor?" the policeman cried.

"What is it? *What is it?*" shouted the doctor in a sudden burst of rage. "I'll tell you *what is it!*" He sprang to his feet, nimble for an old man. "I cannot examine this patient while you're hovering over my shoulder and mewling like a goddamn schoolboy, *that's* what *is* it!"

"B-but I only——" stammered the officer, staggering backward.

"And how do you expect me to examine a man half buried under a damned truck?" The doctor was in a terrible temper.

"But I ——"

"Damn it! I'll but-I you, you idiot, if you don't remove this truck from the scene so that I can determine the true gravity of this man's injuries! *Have I made myself clear?*"

"Yes! But, but wh-what am I to *do*?" wept the police officer, hands clenched before his mouth. "I'm only a simple policeman, doctor doing my duty before God and count——"

"Simple, you said it!" barked the doctor. "I *told* you what to do, you God-and-count simpleton—*now get moving!*"

God and count! Did it again, thought Paul. Now what?

The policeman, chewing wretchedly on the corners of his notebook, stared first at Paul, then at the truck, at the crowd, back at the truck. Paul felt fairly certain now that the letter following the K on the truck's side was an I. "Shall I, shall I pull him out from under——" the officer began tentatively, thin chin aquiver.

"*Good God, no!*" stormed the doctor, stamping his foot. "This man may have a broken neck! Moving him would *kill* him, don't you see that, you sniveling birdbrain? Now, goddamn it, wipe your wretched nose and go wake up your . . . your accomplice up there, *and I mean right now!* Tell him to back his truck *off* this poor devil!"

"B-back it off! But, but he'd have to run over him again! He——"

"Don't by God run-over-him-again *me*, you black-shirt hireling, *or I'll have your badge!*" screamed the doctor, brandishing his stethoscope.

The policeman hesitated but a moment to glance down at Paul's body, then turned and ran to the front of the truck. "Hey! Come on, you!" He whacked the driver on the head with his night stick. Hollow *thonk!* "Up and at 'em!"

"DAMN THAT BOY WHAT HE DO BUT WALK RIGHT," cried the truck driver, rearing up wildly and fluttering his head as though lost, "INTO ME AND MY POOR OLE TRICK! TRUCK, I MEAN!" The crowd laughed again, first time in a long time, but the doctor stamped his foot and they quieted right down.

"Now start up that engine, you, right now! I mean it!" ordered the policeman, stroking his mustache. He was getting a little of his old style back. He slapped the night stick in his palm two or three times.

Paul felt the pavement under his back quake as the truck driver started the motor. The white letters above him jiggled in their red field like butterflies. Beyond, the sky's blue had deepened, but white clouds now flowered in it. The skyscrapers had grayed, as though withdrawing information.

The truck's noise smothered the voices, but Paul did overhear the doctor and the policeman occasionally, the doctor ranting, the policeman imploring, something about mass and weight and vectors and direction. It was finally decided to go forward, since there were two sets of wheels up front and only one to the rear, but the truck driver apparently misunderstood, because he backed up anyway and the middle set of wheels rolled up on top of Paul.

"Stop! *STOP!*" shrieked the police officer, and the truck motor coughed and died. "I ordered you to go *forward*, you pighead, not backward!"

The driver popped his head out the window, bulged his ping-pong-ball eyes at the policeman, then waggled his tiny hands in his ears and brayed. The officer took a fast practiced swing at the driver's big head, but the driver deftly dodged it. He clapped his runty hands and bobbed back inside the cab.

"What oh *what* shall we ever do *now*?" wailed the officer. The doctor scowled at him with undisguised disgust. Paul felt like he was strangling, but he could locate no specific pain past his neck. "Dear Lord above! There's wheels on each side of him and wheels in the middle!"

The doctor snorted. "Figure that out by yourself, or somebody help you?"

"You're making fun," whimpered the officer.

"AND YOU'RE MURDERING THIS MAN!" bellowed the doctor.

The police officer uttered a short anxious cry, then raced to the front of the truck again. Hostility welling in the crowd. Paul could hear it. "OK, OK!" cried the officer. "Back up or go forward, *please*, I don't care, but hurry! *HURRY!*"

The motor started up again, there was a jarring grind of gears abrading, then slowly, slowly, slowly, the middle set of wheels backed down off Paul's body. There was a brief tense interim before the next set climbed up on him, hesitated as a Ferris wheel hesitates at the top of its ambit, then sank down off him.

Some time passed.

He opened his eyes.

The truck had backed away, out of sight, out of Paul's limited range of sight, anyway. His eyelids weighed closed. He remembered the doctor being huddled over him, shreds of his clothing being peeled away.

Much later, or perhaps not, he opened his eyes once more. The doctor and the policeman were standing over him, some other people, too, people he didn't recognize, though he felt somehow he ought to know them. Mrs. Grundy, she was there; in fact, it looked for all the world as though she had set up a ticket booth and was charging admission. Some of the people were holding little children up to see, warm faces, tender, compassionate, more or less. Newsmen were taking his picture. "You'll be famous," one of them said.

"His goddamn body is like a mulligan stew," the doctor was saying.

The policeman shook his head. He was a bit green. "Do you think——"

"Do I think what?" the doctor asked.

(continued on page 238)

unimpressed with the grandiose promise of a utopian "great society," eleven men of realistic vision chart a practical course on which we may now embark toward a more humane america

THE DECENT SOCIETY

ON MAY 22, 1964, President Johnson announced his plan to transform America—during his Administration—into "The Great Society." Rightfully deploring our decaying cities, our rural poverty areas, our despoiled and dwindling natural resources, he promised "to assemble the best thought and the broadest knowledge from all over the world to find . . . answers for America." Four and a half years later, that lofty enterprise is foundering and almost forgotten—partly because of an unsympathetic Congress and the deadly drain of Vietnam, but also because it may have been presumptuous to think that any society could so easily buy greatness. It now seems more important to decide whether or not it was "great." Toward that end, PLAYBOY has asked 11 men, each a recognized authority in those areas of American life where the need for change is most acute, to outline the specific reforms that they think can and must be undertaken today in order to achieve a more decent and humane society—not in the sweet by and by but in the fast approaching Seventies. Theodore Sorensen, advisor to two Presidents and author of *Kennedy*, describes a rational American foreign policy that, by force of example rather than of arms, might recapture respect for America while peacefully protecting her global interests. The most pressing and interwoven domestic crises—race relations and poverty—are explored by New York's Mayor John Lindsay and Dr. Kenneth Clark, the eminent black psychologist. Novelist-naturalist Peter Matthiessen insists that an aroused public must be mobilized in order to cleanse our damaged physical environment—from polluted lakes and rivers to blighted inner cities. That immense task is among the responsibilities of technology defined by Jerome Wiesner, President Kennedy's science advisor. Senator Charles Percy calls on business to replace tokenism with genuine involvement in the drive to reverse the decay of the ghettos. Yale chaplain William Sloane Coffin sets forth those steps that must be taken if the university is to resume what he considers its rightful role as society's conscience. Both Edward P. Morgan, senior correspondent of the innovative Public Broadcast Laboratory, writing on the communications industry, and PLAYBOY Contributing Editor Kenneth Tynan, examining the arts, see the overriding concerns of commercialism as a major block to the free flow of information and ideas. The Reverend Harvey Cox, author of *The Secular City*, pleads for a socially responsive and responsible religion as a *sine qua non* of spiritual redemption. And in our final article, Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas argues that implementing progressive programs for change will be impossible if the constitutional guarantees of such civil liberties as free speech and assembly—which provide the ferment that is necessary to all progress—are not safeguarded from repression. The nonutopian proposals advanced in these 11 essays envision an achievable society in which relations among Americans and between Americans and the rest of the world can be more rational, humane and respectful of individual dignity. If we have the will to achieve it, such a society might then be ready to reach for greatness.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS By Theodore C. Sorensen

ONE OF THE BASIC FLAWS in our post-war thinking about world affairs has been our missionary zeal to assure a decent society to others. We have naturally assumed that our own political, economic and social systems represent the desired standard of decency; and in a vain (both meanings of the word) attempt to foster these standards or to suppress other standards among peoples with wholly different cultures and capacities, we have overextended our own commitments, meddled in the internal affairs of other nations, tied ourselves to the shakiest of despots, provided ammunition for those charging us with racial, political or economic exploitation and made more difficult and costly the abatement of the Cold War. I do not wish to be listed among those who place all the blame for all the ills in all the four corners of the world on the hapless head of Uncle Sam. Our troubles with Stalin, with Mao, with Castro and with others— *(continued on page 92)*

RACE RELATIONS By John V. Lindsay

RACE IS THE GREAT DOMESTIC ISSUE of our time. It infects virtually all of the most inflammatory problems in our troubled society—violence and civil disorder, the accelerated increase in crime, welfarism, the blight of our cities, unemployment and poverty. Poverty is the dead weight that holds the black man down. It is not simply a condition; it is a handicap and, of late, it has become the goad that has driven him into the streets. Humorist Sam Levenson reports, quite accurately, that although he grew up in poverty on New York's Lower East Side, he and his brother Albert didn't realize it until later, because all their friends and neighbors were poor, too. Today, however, the television set—described by the Kerner Commission report as "that universal appliance of the ghetto"—gives the slum dweller a window to the world beyond his ordinary view. It is only logical that he should want a piece of that world. The mayor *(continued on page 270)*

EQUALITY & OPPORTUNITY By Kenneth B. Clark

IN MARCH 1964, President Johnson called for "a national war on poverty." The objective "total victory," he said. This declaration of war on poverty was not abrupt; it had deep roots in recent American history. Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal, with its Emergency Relief Administration, its Works Project Administration, its National Youth Administration, its Civilian Conservation Corps, was an earlier version of that war, but it never achieved the final goal—the elimination of poverty itself. Despite the past two decades of rising prosperity and general affluence, the persistence of pockets of poverty and the related pathologies of increasing crime and delinquency and other manifestations of economic and racial discrimination have demanded the development of new approaches to the solution of these long-standing social problems. The civil rights crisis, reflecting, among other things, the increasing disparity in the average *(continued on page 273)*

THE PHYSICAL ENVIRONMENT By Peter Matthiessen

A DECENT PHYSICAL ENVIRONMENT for man is not attainable without control of human numbers. Like a culture of bacteria that ceases to grow when it can no longer dissipate its own wastes, man's increase must stop; should pollution of the atmosphere continue at its present rate, a permanent halt to the culture of man is predicted in less than a century. A poisoned biosphere knows no national boundaries; that the U.S. is rich, or that its own birth rate has started to decline, will be almost meaningless, because man's habitat is one. If we are fortunate, new technologies will defer the day of reckoning until world populations can be stabilized and pollution of earth, air and water brought under control. Nuclear fuels will make the crucial difference of abundant power. Together with fertilization of the sea, desalinization of salt water, weather control, intensive recycling of everything from wastes to water and other advances *(continued on page 275)*

SCIENCE & TECHNOLOGY By Jerome B. Wiesner

CAN SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH and technology help mankind create a more decent society? I think so. To be sure, at the end of a year that has seen two assassinations, the invasion of Czechoslovakia, the start of a new round in the arms race and the violence of the Democratic Convention in Chicago, this conclusion doesn't come easily. Some of the world's most thoughtful and humanistic observers—among them, Archibald MacLeish, Jean-Paul Sartre and Jacques Barzun—believe that science will ultimately be man's undoing; that in elevating science and technology to the dominant role they hold in the advanced nations, forces beyond human comprehension or control have been unleashed. For most of man's existence, certainly, nature was his worst enemy. Now civilization's most serious threats are all man-made by-products of his efforts to cope with nature. No one can deny that the careless exploitation of *(continued on page 277)*

BUSINESS By Charles H. Percy WHEN I LEFT COLLEGE, four out of five of my classmates went into business. That was their goal. Today, only one out of five college graduates says he might consider a career in business; the four others have their eyes on teaching, government, politics, VISTA or the Peace Corps. The generation now emerging from American colleges is less interested in getting ahead than in getting involved, it wants to contribute to society's welfare, not merely its own. If business could find no other motive for concerning itself with social problems, its need to attract more of our best young people would be reason enough. Corporations can no longer stand aside from society's most urgent priorities and expect to satisfy the ambitions of young men and women who place idealism ahead of materialism. It is not always easy to sell this notion to those corporate leaders who think of today's world in terms of yesterday's values. Some maintain that corporate social *(continued on page 280)*

EDUCATION By William Sloane Coffin WHAT DO YOU DO when God is used to damn Communists; when art is made popular instead of the public artistic; when the killing continues in Vietnam while, on the compost of wasted lives, frustration and despair grow at home; when sex is debased to sell products; when change everywhere is urgently needed and everywhere we see the sad barbarism of intransigence? What do you do, if you are a sensitive, intelligent university student or a professor not hopelessly entrenched in social irrelevance? If you don't love America, I suggest you leave her to those who do; but if you do love America, I suggest you engage her in a lovers' quarrel, as Socrates did Athens. "I love my city," he said, "but I will not stop teaching that which I believe is true." When his friends predictably counseled caution, he put the question to them squarely: "To what sort of treatment of our city do you urge me? Is it to combat the Athenians until they become *(continued on page 282)*

COMMUNICATIONS By Edward P. Morgan TO HEAR PEOPLE like George Wallace and even Richard J. Daley tell it, the medium is garbling the message. Squinting darkly through the burning-glass of prejudice, such citizens see not only television but every facet of the news media, in print or on the air, deliberately distorting the image of human events. The institution of a free press, the constitutional hinge on which the open society of America is supposed to swing, is on trial in the court of public opinion. There is a double-edged irony to this charge, for far too much of it is true. But like a backwoods lynch mob, the leading plaintiffs are after vengeance, not justice. In their self-righteous bigotry, they do not understand the function of a free press. Compounding the felony is the awful fact that the establishment tycoons, who largely control the news media, do not understand it either. They did once, but their comprehension of public trust in them has been corroded by a wave *(continued on page 287)*

THE ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT By Kenneth Tynan WHAT KIND of artistic experiences are likely to be available on stage and screen in the foreseeable American future? A blunt, unattractive answer proposes itself: Mass art costs massive money to produce, and there are going to be many artistic experiences that the money men will not think suitable for us, because they might incur public disapproval or scorn, and thus prove unprofitable. There are limits, in fact, to what mass art will be allowed to achieve in a country so well described, seven decades ago, by the British actress Ellen Terry as "this rushing, tearing America—so full of hope! But oh, so rough—so rough." And rough it is on attempts to disseminate minority views to the majority. It's a truism that, since no investment can be bigger than its investors, the mass media are controlled—directly or indirectly—by the people who finance them. Such men are hardly ever artists and even more rarely good artists. We tend to *(continued on page 284)*

RELIGION & MORALITY By Harvey Cox LET'S BEGIN with a concession: Religious people are a little mad. So what? If a society built on Miltown, racial neurasthenia and TV commercials is sane, then I gladly line up with the loonies. Which is to say that any religion I am interested in has to be somewhat out of step with its society, even a "great" or decent society. Otherwise, what's the point? Maybe that's why those who envision the ideal society as a smoothly functioning welfare millennium, with circuses and credit cards for all, have begun to see this kind of religion not only as mad but also as a menace. People with one eye on the Kingdom of God have trouble reading billboards. They are also unpredictable. Their bizarre visions make them querulous and insubordinate. A strange belief in *something else* keeps them from lining up docilely for the goodies churned out by the Big Computer. Fanatics, nuts, seers—all are an embarrassment to any society. They don't fit in. May we *(continued on page 289)*

even our troubles with Ho Chi Minh and certainly with the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia did not all stem from American imperialism, impudence, imprudence or greed. Other nations have consistently been less blameless than we; and most of our errors have been the result of misplaced idealism and innocence rather than malicious intent. Nevertheless, idealism run rampant can become as dogmatic and fanatic as the most rigid Marxist or Birchite; and this country is not yet free from the legacy bequeathed by "true believers" of the John Foster Dulles variety.

In 1969, it is clear, many Americans still need to realize that they have no more right or mandate than the Russians or the Chinese to impose either their will or their way upon other peoples. To be sure, notwithstanding some of the grand rhetoric employed at the UN General Assembly, all nations are not, in fact, equal; and our national power and wealth, as well as our interests, necessarily require us to assume certain obligations in the world community. But this does not mean a manifest destiny to champion our concepts of free enterprise, free elections and free advice throughout the world. I, for one, favor a strong dose of idealism in our foreign policy; but, like John F. Kennedy, I regard myself as an "idealist without illusions"—and I have no illusions about American omnipotence or omniscience in world affairs. I am not disturbed, therefore, by the notion of an American foreign policy premised on self-interest for it is in our interest to build world peace, to relieve world suffering and to enjoy the respect of mankind.

So let us be cautious in adopting themes such as "the decent society" to foreign policy. We have much to teach others—and much to learn from them about decency and dignity in human relations—but let this be done by force of example, not force of arms, and by increased communications, not increased coercion. Let us continue to seek and assist both friends and allies on this turbulent planet, neither ignoring real threats to world peace nor permitting ourselves to be isolated and alone—economically, politically or militarily. But our friendship and help should not be limited to those who embrace our every mode or thought, nor, on the other hand, always carried, particularly in the developing nations, to the point of providing the chief prop for unpopular, unrepresentative and repressive regimes that could not otherwise survive to suppress the revolutionary aspirations of their people. We must continue to compete politically, economically, diplomatically and in every other nonmilitary way with the Soviet and Chinese thrusts into Asia and Africa, seeking to prevent the domination of either continent by a power hostile to our own direct security interests; but this should no longer include the shipment of arms or other military assistance for the purpose of maintaining in power existing governments whose internal enemies are not receiving similar assistance from the outside.

To be sure, there would be no more guarantee against a local Communist take-over of one of the small Asian countries under an American hands-off policy than there is under our present policy; but only under a grossly exaggerated stretch of the "domino theory" would such a development be termed a greater blow to our security than our decade-long descent into the quagmire of Vietnam. When China but not North Vietnam criticizes Russia for crushing Czechoslovakia, to the dismay of Romania, which is supported by Yugoslavia, which is despised by Albania, it is hard for even the most virulent anti-Communist orator to claim that every nationalist Communist government is a Soviet or Chinese pawn on the international chessboard or part of a gigantic Communist monolith that is moving with one mind inexorably toward our shores.

When Tibet fell to communism, other Asian nations did not. When Indonesia cast out its Communists, other Asian nations did not. When the conflict in Laos was peacefully although shakily settled, the conflict in Vietnam was not. No one any longer claims that an American victory in Vietnam would make unnecessary for all time a military effort of any kind elsewhere in Asia. In short, if the domino theory has any validity, it must be the effect of an *American* defeat or withdrawal on other *American* commitments; and to make new and further commitments on the basis of that theory is not only circuitous but dangerous.

We can hope, of course, that Vietnam is unique—both because we are unlikely ever again to encounter the same array of adverse conditions and because the American people are unlikely ever again to permit the same foolish mistakes. But if the military and diplomatic career experts who continue in office under the new President believe only that their Vietnam efforts failed, not acknowledging that they were inherently wrong and doomed to failure from the outset; if they persuade the new President to help in the future every junta or head of state who cries "Communists! Communists!," then America, regardless of campaign and platform pledges, *will* continue to act as world policeman and we *will* continue to have more Vietnams.

A new approach to foreign policy cannot content itself however, with simply avoiding more Vietnams. One of the tragedies of that debacle has been its drain on our energies and resources, to the detriment of other pressing problems in world affairs. Its continuation, moreover, has handicapped any prospects for a far-reaching disarmament agreement with the Soviet Union, a meaningful dialog with mainland China and a constructive influence on the restless nations of eastern Europe. A "decent society" for all the world is beyond our jurisdiction; but a decent society for this nation is not beyond our capability, as the other contributors to this symposium make clear, if—but only if—American foreign policy can prevent the kind of global chaos or nuclear holocaust that would render all life in our society indecent.

It is in this context that our given theme has special relevance to world affairs. If this nation is ever plunged into war with either Moscow or Peking—or if nuclear weapons ever fall into the hands of a dozen or two dozen dictators or deranged demagogs; or if a tide of hunger and poverty and disease spreads like a plague over the southern half of this globe—then brighter, cleaner cities and nicer, warmer race relations here at home will seem of very little significance or even relevance. If our young men are continually forced to fight in countless jungles and nameless hills on behalf of regimes too incompetent, reactionary or corrupt to rally their own people and forces; if our allocation of resources remains distorted by a swollen defense budget, stock-piling ultimate weapons too mammoth to measure; if our people, especially the young and the black, remain bitterly divided and frustrated by wartime manpower policies that unfairly force men to fight unpopular, unpromising wars against a foe that bears the banner of nationalism—then all the calls for new housing policies and better poverty programs will not bring us much closer to a decent society.

The new President, therefore, cannot afford to wait or waver very long. A freshly popular Administration has cards to play in its first 90 days that will never be dealt again. As soon as the debris of Vietnam can be cleared away—and, at this writing, that appears to be no easy task—the new President should, among other measures, initiate (A) new agreements with the Soviet Union, (B) a new approach to Mao's China and (C) new steps toward a world of law and justice instead of despair.

(A) Agreement with Moscow does not mean a formal alliance. Each will continue to find the other's ideology repugnant. We will indict their suppression of Czechoslovakia; they will indict our interference in the Dominican Republic. Chronic conflicts of interest and competition for the allegiance of other states are both certain to remain. But mutual restrictions on the development and deployment of both offensive missiles and antimissile missiles could enable both countries to avoid diverting to a

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the keystone on which all programs for a decent society must ultimately depend is the sovereignty of the individual as defined in the constitution and the bill of rights

CIVIL LIBERTIES: THE CRUCIAL ISSUE

By JUSTICE WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS

MOST MODERN CONSTITUTIONS contain promises of things that government must do for people. Our Constitution, an 18th Century product, guarantees no one such benefits as an education, social security or the right to work. It is not a welfare-state document. To the contrary, it specifies in some detail what government may *not* do to the individual. In other words, it was designed to take government off the backs of people and majorities off the backs of minorities.

It stakes out boundaries that no executive, no legislature, no judiciary may violate. The "law and order" advocates never seem to understand that simple constitutional principle. An example will illustrate what I mean. The First Amendment says that government may not abridge the free exercise of religion. Suppose a city enacts an ordinance that provides that no minister may deliver a sermon without first obtaining a permit from the Department of Safety. To exact a license before the citizen may exercise a constitutional right is to abridge that right. No minister worth his salt would knuckle under. If he defied the ordinance, he would be acting in the best American tradition. If he were prosecuted, the unconstitutionality of the ordinance would be a complete defense. The person who concludes that a law is unconstitutional and defies it runs the risk, of course, that he guessed wrong. Yet his punishment is not thereby compounded. Law and order is the guiding star of totalitarians, not of free men.

This principle of civil disobedience can be appreciated only if the antecedents of our Constitution and Bill of Rights are understood.

The ideas of freedom, liberty and sovereignty of the individual reflected in the two documents come from a long stream of history. The ideas of political freedom trace at least as far back as the Athenian model. But the political freedom of classical Greece did not guarantee private freedom, which was first emphasized by the Romans through the development of natural law. The church added the tradition of a divine order and a set of precepts based on the integrity of the individual before God; the Reformation gave the individual a choice of religio-political orders. The divine right of kings—one form of the social contract—was successfully challenged by the end of the 17th Century. Rousseau's *Social Contract* was a frontal assault.

But the single thinker who had the most direct impact on the framers of the Constitution was John Locke. Locke taught that morality, religion and politics should conform to God's will as revealed in the essential nature of man. God gave man reason and conscience as natural guides to distinguish between good and bad; and they were not to be restrained by an established church or by a king or a dynasty. Isaac Newton, who in 1687 published *Principia*, his great work, seemed to abolish mystery from the world and enable a rational mind to uncover the secrets of nature and nature's God. This parallel thought gave wings to Locke, who wrote:

> Men being . . . all free, equal and independent, no one can be put out of his estate, and subjected to the political power of another, without his consent. The only way whereby any one divests himself of his liberty and puts on the bonds of civil society is by agreeing with other men to join and unite into a community, for their comfortable, safe and peaceable living one amongst another, in a secure enjoyment of their properties and a greater security against any that are not of it. . . . When any number of men have so consented to make one community or government, they are thereby presently incorporated and make one body politic, wherein the majority have a right to act and conclude the rest.

These ideas were well known to our Colonists through the church as well as through Locke, Newton and many other writers. God, nature and reason were the foundations of politics and government; they were extolled in the Declaration of Independence and further distilled in constitutional precepts.

The foregoing is but an outline of the history of ideas behind the Constitution. They were translated into the body of Anglo-American law in a series of crucial test cases over a period of at least 400 years.

The political counterpart of heresy in the 16th Century was treason. The law of England allowed a man to be tried for treason if he "doth compass or imagine the death" of the king. This was called "constructive treason," for the accused did not have to lift his hand against the king to be guilty; all he need do was wish the king were dead. As a result, treason is narrowly defined in our Constitution: "Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies . . ." and the proof required is very strict. That clause is the product of the philosophy of Madison and Jefferson. Madison wanted treason narrowly defined, because history showed that "newfangled and artificial treasons" were the "great engines" by which partisan factions "wreaked their alternate malignity on each other." Jefferson had the like view, pointing out that the definitions of treason often failed to distinguish between "acts against government" and "acts against the oppressions of the government." Madison and Jefferson are strangers to our law-and-order school, whose spokesmen go so far these days as to call dissent to our Vietnam policy "treason."

In the 17th Century, it was the practice to force citizens to make loans to the British crown, failing which the citizen would be jailed and languish there without bail. Thomas Darnel met that fate in 1627. From his prison, he applied for a writ of habeas corpus, the conventional way in those days of

testing the legality of a confinement. The case was argued before judges who were appointees of the king, serving at his pleasure. They ruled that they were required to "walk in the steps of our forefathers," that the word of the king was sufficient to hold a man, saying, "We trust him in great matters." This case resulted in the Petition of Right of 1628, which led to vesting in Parliament, rather than in the king, the authority to levy taxes; and it also established the prisoner's *right to bail.*

The legislative branch was also a source of oppression. A bill of attainder is an act of the legislature punishing individuals or members of a group without a *judicial trial.* Its vice is that it condemns a person by legislative fiat without the benefit of a trial having all the safeguards of due process of law. English history, as well as our own history between 1776 and 1787, is replete with instances where the legislature, by its own fiat, subjected men to penalties and punishments. The Constitution abolishes bills of attainder outright, both at the state and at the Federal level.

The foregoing are merely examples of how the sovereignty of the individual was, historically speaking, jeopardized by acts of all branches of Government—the Executive, the Legislative and the Judicial.

The fear of our forefathers was also a fear of the majority of the people who from time to time might crush a minority that did not conform to the dominant religious creed or who in other ways were ideological strays.

One episode that occurred in this nation just before the 1787 Philadelphia Convention is illustrative. Times were hard in 1786. A post-War depression had hit the country. The state legislatures were swept by agrarian influences. Debtors wanted relief. There was no strong central government. Only Congress, under the feeble Articles of Confederation, had national authority, and it was not in a position to act decisively.

Up at Northampton, Massachusetts, in August 1786, Daniel Shays moved into action. His armed group seized the courthouse in order to put an end to legal proceedings for the collection of debts. The example at Northampton was followed in other parts of the state, about 2000 armed men joining Shays. Courts were paralyzed. In September, Shays' men moved on Springfield and overawed the court with their claims that their leaders should not be indicted and that there should be a moratorium on the collection of debts. They also insisted that the militia be disbanded. The stakes were high, because at Springfield there was a Federal arsenal filled with artillery, guns and ammunition, which Shays planned to take. The decisive engagement took place on January 25, 1787, the Shays group being routed by militia equipped with Federal cannon.

Shays' Rebellion gave impetus not only to a strong central Government but also to checks and restraints on populism. The mercantile, financial and large landed interests were getting tired of talk of the rights of man; they were becoming concerned with the protection of their property. Too much democracy in the state governments, it was argued, was bringing bad times on the country. Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Rhode Island were said to be disintegrating. General Henry Knox, in the mood of our modern law-and-order men, wrote Washington from Massachusetts in the fall of 1786: "This dreadful situation, for which our Government has made no adequate provision, has alarmed every man of principle and property in New England."

Though Shays' Rebellion was shortly put down, the populist or agrarian forces remained in control of some state legislatures and repudiation of debts remained a threat. Majorities in state legislatures ruled without restraint. The commercial, financial and landed interests moved to Philadelphia for the Constitutional Convention in an antidemocratic mood. A republican form of government emerged that, to use the words of Madison, was designed "to protect the minority of the opulent against the majority." This majority, Madison said on another occasion, might well be the landless proletariat.

Numerous barriers were written into the Constitution designed to thwart the will of majorities. As Charles A. Beard said in his monumental work *An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution of the United States,* those who campaigned for ratification of the Constitution made "their most cogent arguments" to the owners of property "anxious to find a foil against the attacks of leveling democracy."

While the House was to be elected for a short term by the people, Senators (until the 17th Amendment) were selected by the state legislatures; and the President was picked for a fixed term by electors chosen by the people. Thus, a measure of assurance was granted that *majority* groups would not be able to unite against the *minority* propertied interests. Moreover, amendment of the Constitution was made laborious: Two thirds of both the Senate and the House were to propose amendments; three fourths of the states were to ratify them. A final check or balance was an independent judiciary named by the President, approved by the Senate and serving for life.

The "minority of the opulent" were also protected when it came to the Bill of Rights, as in the provisions in the Fifth Amendment that "private property" could not be taken for a "public purpose" without payment of "just compensation."

But the Bill of Rights went much, much further. It was concerned with all minorities, not only the minority of the opulent. Government was taken off the backs of all people and the individual was made *sovereign* when it came to making speeches and publishing papers, tracts and books. Those domains had "no trespassing" signs that government must heed.

Great battles have raged over those guarantees. Peaceful and orderly opposition to the Government—even by Communists—is, of course, constitutionally protected. Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes said: "The maintenance of the opportunity for free political discussion to the end that government may be responsive to the will of the people and that changes may be obtained by lawful means, an opportunity essential to the security of the republic, is a fundamental principle of our constitutional system."

American law also honors protests, whether they are in the form of letters to the editor, picketing, marches on the statehouse or rallies to whip up action. As already noted, police historically have arrested dissenters for "disorderly conduct" and "breach of the peace," often using these devices to suppress an unpopular minority. But such charges are no longer permissible at either the state or Federal level, though the law-and-order men often try to use "vagrancy" or other misdemeanors to suppress dissent or to promote racism.

Government is also constrained against interfering with one's free exercise of religion. A man can worship how and where he pleases. Government at times has preferred one religion over another, giving it privileges as respects marriages, baptisms and the like, and even putting some prelates on the public payroll. The Bill of Rights bans this practice by prohibiting the "establishment" of any religion by the Government.

It was the pride of British tradition that a man's home was his castle. Even the king could not enter without legal process. On this side of the Atlantic, British officers had ransacked homes (and offices as well) under search warrants that were good for all time and for all kinds of evidence. This led to the Fourth Amendment, which, in general, requires an officer making a search to have a warrant issued by a judge on a showing of probable cause that a crime has been committed. And the warrant must describe with particularity the scope of the search and the articles or person to be seized. Modern technology has developed electronic devices that can record what goes on in the sanctuary of a home without entering the home in any conventional sense. They, too, have now been included within the Fourth Amendment. Yet the law-and-order propagandists would brush aside

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filled with guilty excitement and false bravado, they had come to ogle and smirk, but tommy was stunned back into innocence by what he saw

the talking trees

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL GIOVANOPOULOS

fiction **By Sean O'Faolain** THERE WERE FOUR OF THEM in the same class at The Red Abbey, all under 15. They met every night in Mrs. Coffey's sweetshop at the top of the Victoria Road to play the fruit machine, smoke fags and talk about girls. Not that they really talked about them—they just winked, leered, nudged one another, laughed, grunted and groaned about them, or said things like "See her legs?" "Yarooshl" "Wham!" "Ouch!" "Oooft" or "If only, if only!" But if anybody had said, "Only what?" they would not have known precisely what. They knew nothing precisely about girls, they wanted to know everything precisely about girls, there was nobody to tell them precisely all the things they wanted to know about girls and that they thought they wanted to do with them. Aching and wanting, not knowing, half guessing, they dreamed of clouds upon clouds of fat, pink, soft, ardent girls billowing toward them across the horizon of their future. They might just as well have been dreaming of pink porpoises moaning at their feet for love.

In the sweetshop, the tall glass jars of colored sweets shone in the bright lights. The one-armed fruit machine went zing. Now and again, girls from Saint Monica's came in to buy sweets, giggle roguishly and overpointedly ignore them. Mrs. Coffey was young, buxom, fair-haired, blue-eyed and very good-looking. They admired her so much that one night when Georgie Watchman whispered to them that she had fine bubs, Dick Franks told him curtly not to be so coarse and Jimmy Sullivan said in his most toplofftical voice, "Georgie Watchman, you should be jolly well

ashamed of yourself, you are no gentleman," and Tommy Gong Gong said nothing but nodded his head as insistently as a ventriloquist's dummy.

Tommy's real name was Tommy Flynn, but he was so young that neither he nor they were ever quite sure if he really belonged to the gang at all. To show it, they called him all sorts of nicknames, like Inch because he was so small, Fatty because he was so puppy fat, Pigeon because he had a chest like a woman, Gong Gong because after long bouts of silence, he had a way of suddenly spraying them with wild bursts of talk like a cross between a fire alarm and a garden sprinkler.

That night, all Georgie Watchman did was to make a rude blubber lip nose at Dick Franks. But he never again said anything about Mrs. Coffey. They looked up to Dick. He was the oldest of them. He had long eyelashes like a girl, perfect manners, the sweetest smile and the softest voice. He had been to two English boarding schools, Ampleforth and Downside, and in Ireland to three, Glongowes, Castleknock and Rockwell, and been expelled from all five of them. After that, his mother had made his father retire from the Indian Civil, come back to the old family house in Cork and, as a last hope, send her darling Dicky to The Red Abbey day school. He smoked a corncob pipe and dressed in droopy plus fours with checkered stockings and red flares, as if he was always just coming from or going to the golf course. He played cricket and tennis, games that no other boy at The Red Abbey could afford to play. They saw him as the typical school captain they read about in English boys' papers like *The Gem* and *The Magnet*, *The Boys' Own Paper*, *The Captain* and *Chums* which was where they got all those swanky words like Wham, Ouch, Yaroosh, Ooof and Jolly Well. He was then Tom Brown, then Bob Cherry, then Tom Merry, those heroes who were always leading Grayfriars School or Blackfriars School to victory on the cricket field amid the cap-tossing huzzas of the juniors and the admiring smiles of visiting parents. It never occurred to them that *The Magnet* or *The Gem* would have seen all four of them as perfect models for some such story as *The Cads of Grayfriars* or *The Bounders of Blackfriars*, low types given to secret smoking in the spinneys or drinking in The Dead Woman's Inn. While the rest of the school was practicing at the nets, they were cheating at examinations or, worst crime of all, betting on horses with red-faced bookies' tours down from London. They were a quartet of rotters certain to be caned ceremoniously in the last chapter before the entire school and then whistled off at dead of night back to their heartbroken fathers and mothers.

It could not have occurred to them, because these crimes did not exist at The Red Abbey. Smoking? At The Red Abbey, any boy who wanted to was free to smoke himself into a galloping consumption, so long as he did it off the premises, in the jakes or up the chimney. Betting? Brother Julius was always passing fellows sixpence, or even a bob, to put on an uncle's or a cousin's horse at Leopardstown or the Curragh. In the memory of man, no boy at The Red Abbey had ever been caned ceremoniously for anything. Fellows were just leathered all day long for not doing their homework, or playing hooky from school, or giving lip, or fighting in class. And they were leathered hard. Two years ago, Jimmy Sullivan had been given six swingers on each hand with the sharp edge of a meter-long ruler for pouring the contents of an inkwell over Georgie Watchman's head in the middle of a history lesson about the Trojan Wars, in spite of his wailing explanations that he had only done it because he thought Georgie Watchman was a scut and all Trojans were blacks. The only reason they did not drink was that they were too poor. While, as for what *The Magnet* and *The Gem* really mean by "betting," which, they dimly understood, was some sort of depravity that no English boy would like to see mentioned in print—hardly a week passed that some brother did not say that a hard problem in algebra, or a leaky pen or a window that would not open or shut was "a bloomin' bugger."

There was the day when little Brother Angelo gathered half a dozen boys about him at playtime to help him with a crossword puzzle.

"Do any of ye," he asked, "know what 'notorious conduct' could be in seven letters?"

"Buggery?" Georgie suggested innocently.

"Please be serious!" Angelo said. "This is about conduct."

When the solution turned out to be *Jezebel*, little Angelo threw up his hands, said it must be some queer kind of foreign woman and declared that the whole thing was a bugger. Or there was that other day when old Brother Expeditus started to tell them about the strict lives and simple food of Dominican priests and Trappist monks. When Georgie said, "No tarts, Brother?" Expeditus had laughed loud and long.

"No, Georgie!" he chuckled. "No pastries of any kind."

They might as well have been in school in Arcadia. And every other school about them seemed to be just as hopeless. In fact, they might have gone on dreaming of pink porpoises for years, if it were not for a small thing that Gong Gong told them one October night in the sweetshop. He sprayed them with the news that his sister Jenny had been thrown out of class that morning in Saint Monica's for turning up with a red ribbon in her hair, a mother-of-pearl brooch at her neck and smelling of scent.

"Ould Sister Eustasia," he fizzled, "made her go out in the yard and wash herself under the tap; she said they didn't want any girls in their school who had notions."

The three gazed at one another and began at once to discuss all the possible sexy meanings of notions. Georgie had a pocket dictionary. An ingenious contrivance? An imperfect conception? (*U. S.*) Small wares? Finally, they turned to Mrs. Coffey. She laughed, nodded toward two giggling girls in the shop who were eating that gummy kind of block toffee that can gag you for half an hour, and said, "Why don't you ask *them*?"

Georgie did so, most politely saying, "Pardon me, ladies, but do you by any chance happen to have notions?" The two girls stared at each other with cow's eyes, blushed scarlet and fled from the shop, shrieking with laughter. Clearly a "notion" was very sexy.

Georgie!" Dick pleaded. "You're the only one who knows anything. What in heaven's name is it?"

When Georgie had to confess himself stumped, they knew at last that their situation was desperate.

Up to now, Georgie had always been able to produce some sort of answer, right or wrong, to all their questions. He was the one who, to their disgust, told them what contraception (as he called it) meant. He was the one who had explained to them that all babies are delivered from the navel of the mother. He was the one who had warned them that if a fellow kissed a bad woman he would get leprosy from head to foot. The son of a head constable, living in the police barracks, he had collected his facts simply by listening as quietly as a mouse to the four other policemen lolling in the dayroom of the barracks with their collars open, reading the sporting pages of *The Freeman's Journal*, slowly creasing their polls, and talking about colts and fillies, cows and calves, bulls and bullocks and "the mysterious nature of all favmale wimmen." He had gathered a lot of other useful stuff by dutiful attendance since the age of 6 at the meetings and marchings of The Protestant Boys' Brigade, and devoted study of the Bible. And now he was stumped by a nun!

Dick lifted his eyelashes at the three of them, jerked his head and led them out on the pavement.

"I have a plan," he said quietly. "I've been thinking of it for some time. Chaps! Why don't we see everything

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modern living

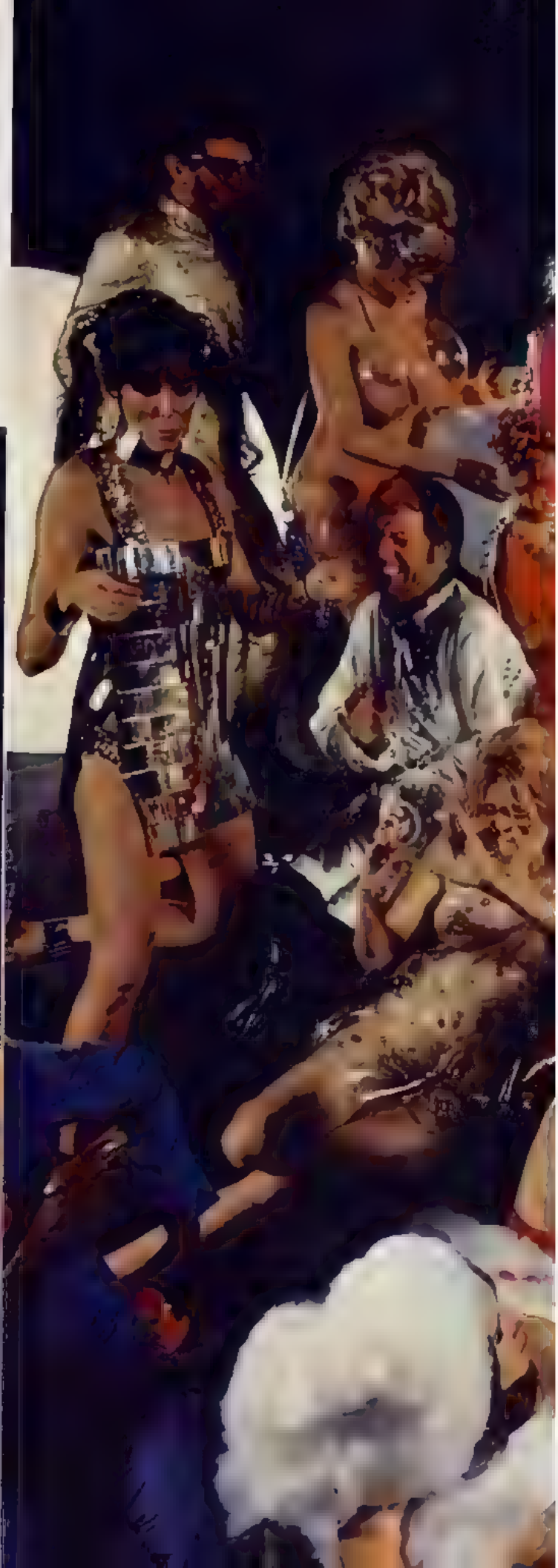
a galaxy of avant-garde food, drink, costumes and decor for hosting a way-out wingding

ZAP-IN

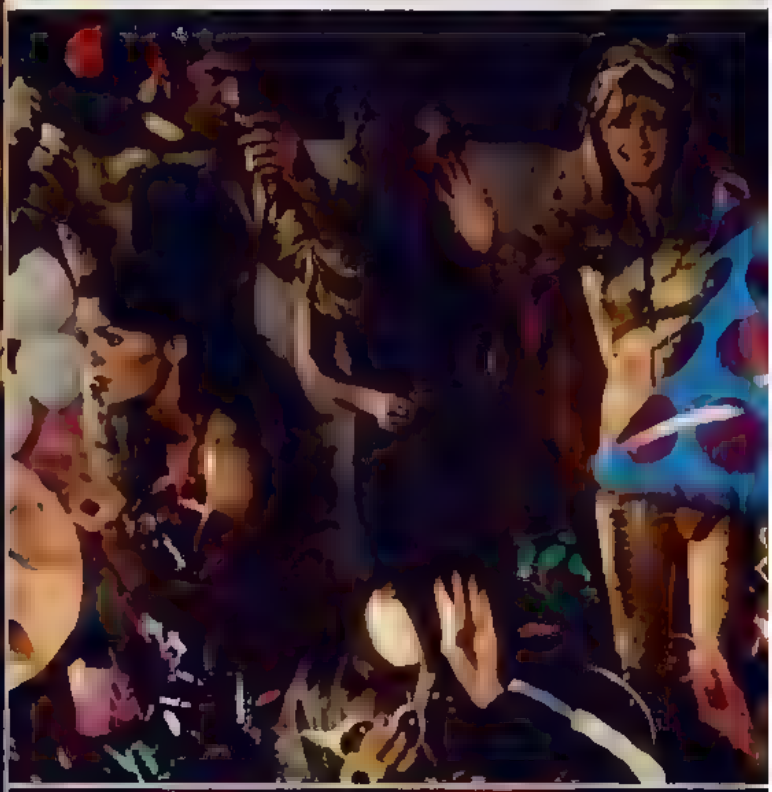
NEW YEAR'S EVE—when merrymakers merrily kiss off the old in favor of the new—is the perfect time to try something different. So why not go really way out and throw a festive futuristic fete patterned after the zap-in costume ball pictured here and on the following pages? In preparing for the blast-off, you may want to set the stage by sending out R.S.V.P. invitations in a plastic space ship *(text continued on page 102)*

At zap in, lights fantastic, kicky costumes and futuristically inspired food and drink are the order of the night, as couples do their thing on a multilevel dance floor. One rock-'n'-rolling miss clad in a splitting image of herself makes the Playboy Bunny sign, while another, garbed in an aluminum dress, momentarily foils her date's not-too-strong-arm tactics. That global strategy also comes into play is clearly evidenced by the funky Broadwaying blonde in a Lucite bubblekini

The wild and woolly rock band below scores as one of the evening's more attractions, setting the pace for the switched-on terpsichorine in the see-through minidress, while another comely bird, garbed in balloons, stands clear, so that her one-girl show won't be a bust. The party hits high gear, at right, as spirited spacemen blast into orbit, occasionally zapping out on the thickly carpeted floor to sip champagne-fraise cocktails. For the highflying festivities, the girls merrily go the Barbarella route in way-out costumes, while the men opt for tight-fitting 2001 style space suits or flowing Flash Gordonesque spangled robes.



A bountiful buffet of such out-of-sight delicacies as Ursa Major (bear scaloppine) and Neptune's Delight (octopus chowder) stands ready for the guests to sample at their leisure. Decorations for the evening include helium-filled weather balloons, flashing psychedelic light films, battery-operated "zap guns" and blow-up vinyl cushions; the last, of course, precipitate the pitched pillow battle shown below. A brimming bowl filled with Interplanetary Punch proves to be the black-light showstopper of the evening (bottom), as couples take turns ladling out the luminescent liquid refreshment in their kinetic kingdom of futuristic sights, tastes and sounds.



or bubble helmet. It also helps to suggest to guests that they style their garb after the far-out fittings worn in science-fiction flicks and TV shows: perhaps *2001*, *Barbarella*, *Star Trek* or the campy Buster Crabbe *Flash Gordon* series.

Chances are, most girls will take their costume cue from the most avant women's fashion magazines and show up in transparent attire worn with—or without—a body stocking. Other alternatives include yards of cotton that have been glued to a foundation garment, thus transforming the wearer into a "cloud," lounging pajamas with multicolored baubles sewn on, microdresses made of mirror or aluminum sheeting, tights combined with a see-through blouse, balloons attached to a bikini or a one-piece bathing suit, op-patterned paper dresses, maxi-length sequined sideless gowns and vinyl space boots or lace-up Roman-style sandals. Wholesale plastic suppliers make a good hunting ground for such accessories as Lucite spheres that can be easily converted into space helmets or bubblekinis.

Guys will probably prefer to go the spaceman route and make their grand entrance in lamé astronaut type togs or Ming the Merciless capes and tights. Either style of outfit can be sewn up for the occasion by a girlfriend or rented from a costume company. Electronic wizards may wish to wear a battery-powered blinking light box as part of their ensemble or wire a bulb to the top of their space helmet. Way-out footwear can run the gamut from sandals to wrestler's shoes or combat boots painted gold, and it's a cinch that a sequined, ultrawide motorcycle belt will jazz up a jump suit—and give the wearer a "superman" look. Also have on hand a few cans of aerosol-spray Day-Glo body paint to use under a black light, some inexpensive battery-powered "zap guns" that shoot a beam of light, several squirt guns loaded with champagne, plenty of vinyl blow-up pillows and balloons (including supersized ones used by the Weather Bureau), some swinging mobiles hanging from the ceiling and a projector that flashes psychedelic lights on the walls. For serving up the galaxy of food-and-drink suggestions listed below, we recommend that you use plastic champagne goblets and serving dishes, since they will withstand the unrubbited high jinks and spirited dancing that are sure to follow.

If your apartment is too small to serve as a launching pad for a high flying zap in, you and a few friends might chip in and lease a *discothèque* or a small night club for the evening. A less costly alternative is to rent an artist's loft or an empty store and make them space shipshape for your far-out fling. A live rock group, of course, is the ideal accompaniment to any New Year's ball, but on the off-chance that all the groups are booked, a good stereo rig turned up to supersonic level, plus the right LPs (Jimi Hendrix, Jefferson Airplane, Country Joe and the Fish, The Doors, etc.), will do the job almost as well.

When laying out a holiday buffet for your costume revelry, consider the fact that futuristic larders will be stocked with foodstuffs that are still considered ultraexotic today but not difficult to obtain. The best gourmandial rule of thumb is for you to visit a store that specializes in unusual delicacies. The fact that such items as bear and elk meat aren't served regularly throughout the year gives them additional lift-off power at a New Year's celebration. Remember, however, that wild game has a limited freezer life—usually two to three months. Although venison or elk is more tender and flavorful after being kept in cold storage for 90 days, the practice of hanging game up for aging is gradually being discarded in favor of freezing the party-sized meat chunks.

Of course, it isn't necessary to transform your entire menu into a zoo story. Serving a well-known staple with a classic sauce or garnish will also garner encores from your hungry guests. Veal, for example, sautéed in butter, *flambéed* with gin and then simmered with juniper berries and cream is a traditional European treat that opens new taste horizons for most Americans.

As your holiday bash roars on toward dawn, carousing guests will crave the revival power of a steaming bowl of hot soup. One of the best examples is canned kangaroo soup made from kangaroo tails. To serve, flavor it with both madeira and cognac and then take the teeming tureen directly to the table. Another bizarre tidbit is the canned broiled octopus now being shipped to these shores. Octopus meat is delicately soy flavored and, when made into a chowder, is sure to hold the interests of your guests to the very last drop.

At traditional New Year's blowouts, bottles of champagne usually keep the party spinning into the wee hours. But for your out-of-this-world saturnalia, set out liqueurs, fruits, bitters and other additives that can be used to magically transform dry bubbly into champagne cocktails (see recipes that follow). Later, you can lift the party to even more heavenly heights by offering a delicious Interplanetary Punch instead of dessert.

Here, then, are some suggestions by PLAYBOY's Food and Drink Editor, Thomas Mario, on how to shape your feast to come. All food recipes serve six.

VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA
(CREAMED CRAB MEAT, BLACK MUSHROOMS AND QUAIL EGGS)

1 lb. cooked fresh crab lump, deluxe grade
6 large black dried mushrooms (available at Oriental stores)
2 cups milk
½ cup light cream
Instantized flour
¼ cup butter
2 tablespoons *fino* sherry
1 tablespoon finely minced fresh chives
Salt, pepper
3 2-oz. jars quail eggs
Dijon mustard
Salad oil
1 egg, beaten
Bread crumbs

Examine crab meat carefully. Remove any pieces of shell or cartilage. Pour hot water over mushrooms; let them soak 1 hour. Drain and cut them into slivers about ¼ in. thick and about 1 in. long. Pour milk and cream into a heavy saucepan. Add ¼ cup flour and stir until flour dissolves. Add butter; cook over a low flame, stirring constantly, until sauce is thick and smooth. Add sherry, chives, and salt and pepper to taste. Add crab meat and mushrooms and simmer very slowly about 10 minutes. Store in refrigerator and reheat at serving time. Drain quail eggs and dry with paper toweling. Coat with mustard. Add 1 teaspoon salad oil to beaten egg, mixing well. Dip quail eggs in flour, egg and bread crumbs, coating thoroughly with each step. Chill in refrigerator until serving time. Heat ½ in. oil in electric skillet preheated to 370°. Fry quail eggs until golden brown. Drain on paper toweling and place on top of hot crab meat in chafing dish or serving casserole.

ALL STAR GAME
(ELK STEW WITH ORANGE)

3 lbs. boneless leg or rump of elk (not shoulder)
2 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon salad oil
½ cup finely minced onion
2 medium cloves garlic, minced extremely fine
¼ cup flour
1 quart game broth or chicken broth, fresh or canned
2 slices orange, ½ in. thick
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 small bay leaf
6 whole cloves
8 whole allspice
8 whole peppercorns
12 sprigs parsley
2 tablespoons madeira or sherry
1 tablespoon grated orange rind
Salt, pepper

Cut elk into 1 in. cubes. Melt butter and oil in a stewpot over a low flame. Add meat and sauté, stirring frequently until meat loses raw color. Add onion and garlic and sauté about 5 minutes more, stirring frequently. Stir in flour, blending well. Slowly stir in broth; bring to a boil; reduce flame and simmer. Add orange slices and lemon juice. Tie bay leaf, cloves, allspice, peppercorns and parsley in a small bag of cheesecloth and lower into pot. Simmer until meat is

(concluded on page 222)

"Hey, man, there's a hair in my eggnog!"

the talking trees

(continued from page 96)

with our own eyes?" And he threw them into excited discussion by mentioning a name. "Daisy Bolster?"

• • •

Always, near every school, there is a Daisy Bolster, whom everybody has heard about and nobody knows. They had all seen her at a distance. Tall, a bit skinny, long legs, dark eyes, lids heavy as the dimmers of a car lamp, prominent white teeth, and her lower lip always looked wet. She could be as old as 17. Maybe even 18! She wore her hair up. Dick told them that he had met her once at the tennis club with four or five other fellows around her and that she had laughed and winked very boldly all the time. Georgie said that he once heard a fellow in school say she went with boys. Gong Gong bubbled that that was true, because his sister Jenny told him that a girl named Daisy Bolster had been thrown out of school three years ago for talking to a boy outside the convent gate. At this, Georgie flew into a terrible rage.

"You stupid slob!" he roared. "Don't you know yet that when anybody says a boy and girl are talking to each other, it means they're doing you know what?"

"I don't know you know what," Gong Gong wailed. "What what?"

"I heard a fellow say," Jimmy Sullivan revealed solemnly, "that she has no father and that her mother is no better than she should be."

Dick said in disapproving tones that he had once met another fellow who had heard her telling some very daring stories.

"Do you think she would show us for a quid?"

Before they parted on the pavement that night, they were no longer talking about a real girl; for once a girl like that gets her name up, she always ends up as a myth; and for a generation afterward, maybe more, it is the myth that persists.

"Do you remember," some old chap will wheeze, "that girl Daisy Bolster? She used to live up the Mardyke. We used to say she was fast."

The other old boy will nod knowingly, the two of them will look at each other inquisitively, and neither will admit anything, remembering only the long, dark avenue, dim gas lamps, stars hooked in the trees.

Within a month, Dick had fixed it. Their only trouble after that was to collect the money and to decide whether Gong Gong should be allowed to come with them. Dick fixed that, too, at a final special meeting in the sweetshop.

Taking his pipe from between his lips, he looked speculatively at Gong Gong, who looked up at him with eyes big as plums, trembling between the terror of being told he could come with them and the equal terror of being told that he could not.

"Tell me, Gong Gong," Dick said politely, "what, exactly, does your father do?"

"He's a tailor," Tommy said, blushing a bit at having to confess it, knowing that Jimmy's da was a bank clerk, that Georgie's was a head constable and that Dick's had been a district commissioner in the Punjab.

"Very fine profession," Dick said kindly. "Gentleman's tailor and outfitter I see. Flynn and Company? Or is it Flynn and Sons? Have I seen his emporium?"

"Ah, no," Tommy said, by now as red as a radish, "he's not that sort of a tailor at all, he doesn't build suits, ye know, that's a different trade altogether, he works with me mother at home in Tuckey Street, he lets things in and he lets things out, he's what they call a mender and turner, me brother Turlough had this suit I have on me now before I got it, you can see he's very good at his job, he's a real dab. . . ."

Dick let him run on, nodding sympathetically—meaning to convey to the others that they really could not expect a fellow to know much about girls if his father spent his life mending and turning old clothes in some side alley called Tuckey Street.

"Do you fully realize, Gong Gong, that we are proposing to behold the ultimate in female beauty?"

"You mean," Gong Gong whispered, "she'll only be wearing her nightie?"

Georgie Watchman turned from him in disgust to the fruit machine. Dick smiled on.

"The thought had not occurred to me," he said. "I wonder, Gong Gong, where do you get all those absolutely filthy ideas. Do you think, if we three subscribe seventeen and sixpence, that you can contribute half a crown?"

"I could feck it, I suppose."

Dick raised his eyelashes.

"Feck?"

Gong Gong looked shamefully at the tiles.

"I mean steal," he confessed.

"Don't they give you any pocket money?"

"They give me three pence a week."

"Well, we have only a week to go. If you can, what was your word, feck half a crown, you may come."

The night chosen was a Saturday—her mother always went to town on Saturdays; the time of meeting, five o'clock exactly; the place, the entrance to the Mardyke Walk. On any other occasion, it would have been a gloomy spot for a rendezvous; for this adventure, perfect. a long, tree-lined avenue with a few houses and enclosing walls along one side and, on the other side, the sunken little canal whose deep dike gave the place its name. Secluded, no traffic allowed inside the gates, complete silence, a place where men came every night to stand with their girls behind the elm trees, kissing and whispering for hours. Dick and Georgie were there on the dot of five. Then Jimmy Sullivan came swiftly loping. From where they stood under a tree just beyond the porter's lodge, shivering with excitement, they could see clearly for only about 100 yards up the long tunnel of elms lit by the first stars above the boughs, one tawny window streaming across a dark garden and, beyond that, a feeble procession of pendent lamps fading dimly away into the blue November dusk. Within another half hour, the avenue would be pitch black between those meager pools of light.

Her instructions had been precise. In separate pairs, at exactly half past five, away up there beyond the last lamp where they would be as invisible as cockroaches, they must gather outside her house.

"You won't be able even to see one another," she had said gleefully to Dick, who had stared coldly at her, wondering how often had she stood behind a tree with some fellow who would not have been able to see her face.

Every light in the house would be out except for the fanlight over the door.

"Ooh!" she had giggled. "It will be terribly oohey. You won't hear a sound but the branches squeaking. You must come alone to my door. You must leave the other fellows to watch from behind the trees. You must give two short rings. Once, twice. And then give a long ring and wait." She had started to whisper the rest, her hands by her sides, clawing her dress in her excitement. "The fanlight will go out if my mother isn't at home. The door will open slowly. You will step into the dark hall. A hand will take your hand. You won't know whose hand it is. It will be like something out of Sherlock Holmes. You will be simply terrified. You won't know what I'm wearing. For all you'll know, I might be wearing nothing at all!"

He must leave the door ajar. The others must follow him one by one. After that . . .

It was now 11 minutes past five and Gong Gong had not yet come. Already three women had passed up the Mardyke carrying parcels, hurrying home to their warm fires, forerunners of the home-for-tea crowd. When they had passed out of sight, Georgie growled, "When that slob comes, I'm going to put my boot up his backside."

Dick, calmly puffing his corncob, gazing wearily up at the stars, laughed tolerantly and said, "Now, Georgie, don't

(continued on page 136)

portfolio

THE TWELVE MONTHS OF LOVE

with delicacy, wit and charm, a contemporary artist depicts the ancient japanese rituals of floral and erotic celebration for the coming year

Woodcuts by CLIF KARNU

Introduction by HENRY MILLER

[illegible] in these erotic puzzle prints is the work of an American of Finnish origin who has lived and studied with the masters of the woodblock print in Japan the past seven years and who, needless to say, is thoroughly imbued with the Japanese spirit. An important aspect of these prints is the flower design of the kimono that varies with the months. What is significantly missing are the genitalia of the participants in this love game. Also concealed are the faces of the man and the woman, thus leaving the viewer to imagine for himself the nature and extent of the emotional drama that takes place.

Though I understand that many of the ancient print makers, including such masters as Hiroshige and Utamaro, often hid from view the genitalia of their subjects, to some this approach may come as a surprise. For most Westerners, the Shunga prints, as they are called, are better known for the fantastic exaggerations of the sex organs, particularly the male's, as well as for the variety of bewildering acrobatic positions assumed during coitus.

As a people, the Japanese are—to the Western mind, at least—full of contradiction, fantasy, ambiguity, secrecy and other qualities that perplex and confound as well as intrigue us. Lovers of simplicity, they seem to delight in creating provocative and complicated intricacies. When it comes to their sex life, we of the West are often at a loss to interpret their behavior. The elements of reserve, modesty, control, discipline,

curiosity and passion are so intermingled that to attempt to describe and explain them defeats us.

It has been said by some that the sliding paper doors that separate room from room account for much of the restraint and control involved in their lovemaking, in other words, the lack of privacy. Others maintain that it is their training, their skill in the art of making love, that explains so much. One thinks more particularly of the woman's role, of her seeming passivity, her complete subjection to the male. It is said of the Japanese woman that she not only knows how to give her partner the utmost pleasure and satisfaction but that she herself knows how to obtain more pleasure and satisfaction than her Western counterpart. Yet when we do catch a glimpse of her face in the erotic prints, it seems devoid of expression. Nor do we see her pictured as writhing in ecstasy or agony. Almost never do we see her naked, though under her beautiful kimono she is, of course, quite naked. Always we are obliged to wrestle with the kimono, which is an aesthetic delight though a tantalizing one. Her passion, we are told, is revealed by the blush that spreads from bosom to brow, or by the tightly curled toes. As for the male, what seemingly excites him most, what brings him to full erection, is the sight of the nape of the neck, which he bites in the same fashion as does the stallion.

In these prints we see *text concluded on page 119*

JANUARY • PINE

FEBRUARY • PLUM

MARCH • CHERRY

APRIL • IRIS

MAY • LILY

JUNE • DAFFODIL

JULY • MORNING-GLORY

AUGUST • SUNFLOWER

SEPTEMBER • ROSE

OCTOBER • MAPLE

NOVEMBER • CHRYSANTHEMUM

DECEMBER • CAMELLIA

nothing of all this. We see only the back of the man enveloped in his elegant kimono and portions of the couple's arms and legs. The setting is simple and austere, with special emphasis on beauty of line and purity of color. What a contrast to European erotic art, with its clutter of wood nymphs, creatures of the wild, gods and goddesses, antique ruins, jungle growths and other paraphernalia of cosmic or terrestrial derivation!

One wonders sometimes what is the ideal setting, the most inspiring ambiance for making love. Is it the bedroom with plush rose-colored walls and mirrors everywhere, or is it the igloo, soundproof, weatherproof, isolated from the world, in which the lovers lie naked and warm between thick bearskins? Or is it the parked car in a vacant lot with the radio turned on full blast? Could it be that with all the artistry and skill, all the aesthetic surroundings that civilized man has introduced to render this simple act more enjoyable, he has lost what any mongrels in the street enjoy when helplessly coupled, one pulling north and the other south, as they wait patiently for someone in the crowd to throw a pail of cold water over them?

One of the strange arcanae in the relations between Japanese who are courting each other is that rarely pronounced phrase, "I love you." Naturally, there are a thousand ways of conveying the idea, but the words themselves are never uttered until very late in the game. Certainly the Japanese woman would never

dream of saying to her lover, "Sock it to me!" Nor would the man think of saying, as does Aretino in the opening line of one of his sonnets, "Let's fuck!"

In a letter of instructions on how to behave as a married woman, which Lady Nogi wrote for her niece before departing this world, there is sage advice on the most intimate details connected with sexual conduct between husband and wife. One of them is that after finishing intercourse the wife, when wiping herself with paper towels, should take care lest the paper crackle, for this would be offensive to the ear of her consort. The letter, incidentally, is to my mind the most wonderful recipe for successful marital relations that I have ever read. The only trouble with it is that to live it out in the manner prescribed the man would have to be king and the woman queen, king and queen in the true sense—and where are such individuals to be found today? If they exist at all, I feel certain they are more likely to be found in Japan than in any other country.

This said, it still remains a mystery—or a puzzle, if you like—that a people who have lived for centuries in a state of turmoil, internecine strife, poverty and desperation can exhibit such delicacy, such tenderness, such beauty and simplicity in their love life. One feels that it is a triumph on the part of the Japanese woman, whom every distinguished visitor to Japan has praised from earliest times. And so I say, let us keep her clothed in the mystery that enshrouds her.

CIVIL LIBERTIES

(continued from page 94)

the Fourth Amendment and use any short cut to convict any unpopular person.

The much misunderstood self incrimination clause of the Fifth Amendment had a similar history: "No person . . . shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself." At one time in England, the oath that one takes to tell the truth was used against the accused with devastating effect. If he refused to take the oath, he was held in contempt and punished. If he took the oath and then refused to answer a question, the refusal was taken as a confession of the thing charged in the question. Thus were men compelled to testify against themselves.

A widely heralded defiance of this practice was that of John Lilburne, who was charged with sending scandalous books into England. He refused to be examined under oath, saying that the oath was "both against the law of God and the law of the land." He announced that he would never take it, "though I be pulled to pieces by wild horses." Lilburne was held in contempt, publicly whipped, fined and placed in solitary confinement. That was in 1638. On February 18, 1645, the House of Lords set aside that judgment as "against the liberty of the subject and law of the land and Magna Charta." And in 1648, Lilburne was granted damages for his imprisonment.

The idea spread to this country. The Puritans who came here knew of the detested oath that Lilburne refused to take. They, too, had been its victims. *The Body of Liberties*, adopted in 1641 by Massachusetts, afforded protection against self-incrimination either through torture or through the oath. The high-handed practices of the royal governors who believed in law and order and who sought to compel citizens to accuse themselves of crimes also whipped up sentiment for the immunity. A majority of the colonists, therefore, as part of their programs for independence, adopted bills of rights that included the immunity against self incrimination. Later, it was written into the Fifth Amendment and into most state constitutions.

The immunity has been broadly interpreted. It extends to all manner of proceedings in which testimony is taken, including legislative committees. It was early held by the Supreme Court to give immunity from testifying not only to acts or events that themselves constitute a crime or that are elements of a crime but also to things that "will tend to criminate him" or subject him to fines, penalties or forfeitures. As Chief Justice John Marshall put it at the beginning, immunity protects the witness from supplying any "link" in a chain of testimony that would convict him. Yet in spite of this long history, the law and order propagandists denounce the decisions that forbid the police from using coercion to obtain confessions from people in custody.

The protection against double jeopardy, the right to counsel, the right to confront the person who accuses one, the guarantee against cruel and unusual punishment—these all have a similar specific and detailed history of abuse by government. Each reflects a clear and calculated design to prevent government from meddling with individual lives.

The law-and-order people say that "criminals" and "Communists" deserve no such protection. But the Constitution draws no line between the good and the bad, the popular and the unpopular. The word is "person," which, of course, includes "aliens." *Every* person is under the umbrella of the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. The Bill of Rights purposely makes it difficult for police, prosecutors, investigating committees, judges and even juries to convict anyone. We know that the net that often closes around an accused man is a flimsy one. Circumstantial evidence often implicates the innocent as well as the guilty. Some countries have the inquisitorial system, in which the criminal case is normally made out from the lips of the accused. But our system is different. It is accusatorial. Those who make the charge must prove it. They carry the burden. The sovereignty of the individual is honored by a presumption of innocence.

• • •

The principle of *equality* entered our constitutional system with the Civil War amendments, which banned discrimination based on race, creed, color or poverty. So today we stand for both *liberty* and *equality*. The Russians who protested the 1966 Ukrainian trials came out strong for *liberty*: "The highest saturation of material goods, without free thought and will," creates "a great prison in which the food rations of prisoners are increased." Whatever continent one visits, he finds man asserting his sovereignty—and usually receiving punishment for doing so. There are few places in the world where man can think and speak as he chooses and walk with his chin held high. Yet in spite of our commitment to both, we are confronted with tremendous internal discontent. Some are in rebellion only to obtain control over existing institutions so that they may use them for their own special or selfish ends. But most of the discontent, I think, comes from individuals who clamor for sovereign rights—not rights expressed in laws but rights expressed in jobs and in other dignified positions in our society. We face civil disobedience on a massive scale.

Civil disobedience, though at times abused, has an honored place in our traditions. Some people refuse to pay taxes because the money raised is for a purpose they disapprove. That is *not* a permissible course of conduct; for, by and large, the legislative branch has carte blanche to prepare budgets and levy taxes. It would paralyze government to let each taxpayer exercise the sovereign right to pay or not to pay, depending on whether he approves of the social, economic or political program of those in power. The same is true, in general, of most other laws imposed on the citizen, whether it be observing a speed law or obeying a zoning ordinance or a littering regulation.

Gandhi's much publicized civil disobedience was quite different. It expressed a universal principle. Gandhi had no political remedy to right a wrong. Disobedience of the law embodying the wrong was his only recourse. Colonial India, like Colonial America, was under a foreign yoke. Regulations were often imposed from overseas or taxes exacted by the fiat of the colonial ruler. The subject had to submit *or else*. "Taxation without representation" was one of the complaints of both Sam Adams and Mahatma Gandhi. Our Declaration of Independence stated the philosophy—all men are created equal, they are endowed by their Creator with certain "inalienable rights." Governments derive their just powers from "the consent of the governed"; and whenever a form of government becomes "destructive to those ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it." Thus, the right of revolution is deep in our heritage. Nat Turner did not get the benefit of our Declaration of Independence. But he moved to the measure of its philosophy. These days some people are caught in a pot of glue and have no chance to escape through use of a political remedy. Civil disobedience, therefore, evolves into revolution and is used as a means of escape.

Revolution is therefore basic in the rights of man. Where problems and oppression pile high and citizens are denied all recourse to political remedies, only revolution is left. Sometimes revolution with violence is the only remedy. Violence often erupts these days in Latin America and Southeast Asia, where feudal and military regimes hold people in a vise, making it impossible for them to be freed from oppression by the political processes. In some nations, a trade union organizer is considered an enemy and is shot. So is a person who tries to organize the peasants into cooperatives. In those extreme situations, there is no machinery for change except violence.

We have had civil disobedience accompanied by violence, the bloodiest one

(concluded on page 223)

PLAYBOY POLLS THE PROPHETS

THE MORE PARLOUS the time we live in the more people yearn for answers, for some insight into the future that will tell them what to expect—whether good or bad. It is *uncertainty* that is intolerable and it is in fractious and uncertain periods in man's history that he has turned to oracles, seers and prophets, seeking to obtain from them some glimpse of things to come. Today, recourse is most often to science: Sophisticated computers are fed reams of data to process and it is hoped will then spew forth the encoded mysteries of what lies ahead. All that's required, then, is simple decoding, so that the riddles of the machines can be made sensible to mere men. Alas, machines have an incurable habit of being uncooperative when it comes to simple

six offbeat oracles—human and otherwise—lay their prescience on the line with a collection of unabashed predictions for the coming year

ILLUSTRATION BY ALTON KELLY

answers: they talk not only in riddles but in probabilities wrapped in cautionary cop-outs dealing with "if so-and-so, then so-and-so" predictions, the net of which is often to replace one big question with a lot of smaller ones that are equally nettling. Little wonder that people turn from the hedged and unsatisfying logic of machines to the gratifying certitudes of magic and of super- and supranatural prophecy with no ifs and buts. *Belief* is the key to such gratification, of course, and that's often the rub. To help you determine how credulous you can be—and to give you some occult answers against which to test your credulity—PLAYBOY conducted microinterviews and consultations with prophets, both human and otherwise, who, whatever they lack in scientific validity, can't be accused of reticence in clearing up any doubts you may have about what lies ahead.

SYBIL LEEK

—Witch—

Although she is a world-famous witch, British-born Sybil Leek is no daughter of Satan. She's a very jolly psychic, a white witch (white magic only) who has been a ghost-hunting medium and a lecturer in matters occult for many years. With uncanny foresight, she has predicted such natural disasters as earthquakes and floods; and some of her predictions have proved so accurate that the military men at Cape Kennedy and elsewhere have actually been consulting her. A prolific writer whose latest book is "Diary of a Witch," Miss Leek calls herself "the reluctant medium." She doesn't get her prophetic insights at séances or in trances. "Predictions literally have to catch up with me," she says, "generally at some inconvenient time, because I'm always busy writing. But when they come, there's no mistaking that something different is happening. I see an event as clearly as anything else in the material world. It's important for me not to think about predictions.

The following predictions came to Miss Leek in the course of several weeks and then were given to PLAYBOY *in one interview in New York.*

Q: Will anyone reach the moon in 1969?

A: America will *circle* the moon in 1969, as the Russians did in 1968, but the Russians will be the first to land. However, the date I have is 1970.

Q: What will financial conditions be during 1969?

A: My main impression is one of a very depressed financial state, a real slump in money starting in late February but reaching its climax in April. Not just a few rich people losing money on the stock exchange, but a slump affecting many, many people.

Q: Will America pull out of Vietnam?

A: I do not see any end to the Vietnam war, although 1970 is a time that sticks in my memory right now.

Q: Do you see any assassinations of political leaders in 1969?

A: Not yet. But without tooting my own horn, I must tell you something that happened in 1968. Some time during the spring, I saw an assassination of a famous person coming on June 22 that would have the same earth-shattering effect as the assassination of President Kennedy. I first saw this thing the night before Martin Luther King was killed, but I definitely saw the date as June 22. Then I saw it again about 11 days later, and the date of June 22 was the same.

Q: In other words, you missed the assassination of Robert Kennedy by about two weeks.

A: That's right.

Q: Do you see any great scientific discoveries coming in 1969?

A: Yes, I see the discovery of a new source of energy, one that gives the push to the moon. This new source of energy will cause a revision of our present ideas about gravity.

Q: Speaking of space, what about UFOs?

A: This is quite interesting. In 1969, there'll be a very different attitude toward flying saucers. Most people now either laugh at them or ignore them. But in the early part of the year, events will make a valid case for flying saucers. From March 19 to March 27 of 1969, there'll be many sightings of UFOs around the world—so many, in fact, that the Government will set up a new commission to investigate them.

Q: Any other psychic feelings about anything we haven't covered?

A: Yes. I'm not completely clear about this, because while I was seeing it, someone interrupted me and then I couldn't get back to it. But in 1969, I see large groups of military forces being used in this country.

CARROLL RIGHTER

Astrologer—

America's leading astrologer, Carroll Righter is the author of two books regarded as milestones in the science of astrology: "Astrology and You" and "Your Astrological Guide to Health and Diet." His syndicated column reaches more than 100,000,000 people and he appears frequently on radio and television.

A deeply religious man who believes that God did not create the earth just for man's benefit, Righter says, "The stars impel, they do not compel. What an individual makes of his life is largely up to him."

Righter is constantly traveling around the world to counsel statesmen, business leaders, movie stars and those he calls "just people." His American home is in Hollywood, where he runs the Carroll Righter Astrological Foundation to study the effects of health, diet and weather on the moods of individuals.

To learn what's ahead for America in 1969, Righter drew the nation's horoscope: born at 2:15 A.M. *local mean time at Philadelphia on July 4, 1776 (see chart on page 126), the time when the Declaration of Independence was adopted. Using this horoscope, Righter then discussed the coming year in an interview with* PLAYBOY *at a hotel in New York.*

Q: Will 1969 bring war or peace?

A: There should be some definite moves for real peace in 1969, because Mars, the planet of war, is not so placed as to indicate war. America's horoscope shows no major war this year, although there may be mopping-up operations. We've had seven years of upsets and unpredictability, but 1969 should be a leveling off—except for the period of May 20 to June 20, when people may go back to belligerent ways.

Q: Will there be any major evil force in this calmer world?

A: Well, the nation that will be most effective in 1969 is China. A very powerful man will arise there, possibly through assassination. To be strictly accurate, China won't dominate the international scene for the *whole* year, just until October 22. Then, for the rest of the year, Russia comes into the picture.

Q: Will there be a moon landing?

A: Not only will there be a moon landing in 1969 but it will be a year of great new scientific achievements. There will be many interesting inventions, some involved with planes and space.

Q: Will violence continue to explode in our cities?

A: Urban strife will continue but decrease. However, with the sun in Mars and Aries exalted, there *may* be more chance of using the military to stop any urban violence.

Q: Do you see any major changes in fashions?

A: Yes, in 1969, people will become more elegant. The hippies will be out.

Q: What about the financial health of the country?

A: Well, the mortgage situation will be very confused. And the stock market will constantly be fluctuating, because all the criteria and systems that worked in the past will no longer apply. There will also be more inflation. Jupiter is the planet of inflation and it's badly aspected for America in 1969.

Q: Do you see any other trends for the nation?

A: The health of America will generally be better next year, though there'll be occasional outbreaks of virus. And there'll be great gains in the fight against air pollution.

Uranus conjunct Jupiter means that America will have speedier transportation and communication next year. Even

(continued on page 126)

NICK-OF-TIME SAINT NICK

last-minute yule largess to tote, dispatch or promise

Presents perfect and portable. 1. Leather liquor caddy and bottles, by Edwin Jay, $25. 2. Six-pack carrying case, by Glacierware, $10. 3. The Baton transceiver has a range of five to ten miles on land, by Toshiba America, Inc. $120 the pair. 4. Howard Miller clock in walnut case, from Raymor, $35 electric, $45 battery. 5. Dave Doty decorative blocks, from Beylerian, $6. 6. The ConverTable, an 11 transistor radio housed in the walnut cabinet shown, can also be used as a portable, by Toshiba America, Inc., $94.50. 7. Anorakki men's ski jacket of Marimekko silk screened cotton, from Design Research, $52. 8. Adjustable Visa V sunglass visor, by Bernard Kayman, $10. 9. "The Best from Playboy II" in hardcover, as shown, $4.95, or paperback, $2.50, and "The Playboy Cartoon Album II," $2.50 paperback, both from Playboy Products. 10. Teakwood tower game, from Bonniers, $27.50. 11. Corduroy "Field Kit" comes with assorted grooming gear, by Aramis, $17.50. 12. Peter Max designed plate and mug, by Iroquois China, $3.50 a plate, $2.50 a mug. 13. Automatic egg cooker by Salton, $19.95. 14. Marble cutting block with stainless steel knife by Etco Industries, $10. 15. Celius pipe, a Danish import, from Snug Harbour, $100. 16. Antique-style wooden boat whistle, from The Company, $10.50. 17. Battery powered Mod clock, from Bonniers, $35. 18. Bistro stainless-steel and enamel utensils, from Bonniers, $1.25 each. 19. AM/FM portable clock radio, by Panasonic, $69.95.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEXAS URBA

Bell ringer gifts that make for a special delivery. 1. Nest of three clear plastic benches, designed by Oscar Igersheim Plastic Fabricators, $240. 2. Stainless steel bouquet sculpture designed by Tom McAllister, from John Strauss, $225. 3. Scene FM tuner converts any four- or eight track cartridge player into an FM radio, by Goodway, Inc., $29.95. 4. Eight track cartridge player for a car, by Lear Jet Stereo, $144.95. 5. Direction finder for push-button navigation accuracy, by Raytheon Marine Products, $1330. 6. Austrian-made buckle ski boots, $55, and Boot-In carrier, $4.95, both from Garcia Ski. 7. Gerald Laing original screen print is one of six in a limited-edition portfolio, from the Richard Feigen Graphics Gallery at Bonwit Teller, $225 the portfolio. 8. Globe in walnut-and-aluminum stand, by Replogle Globes, $100. 9. TDC 33 tape deck and AM/FM receiver, by Harman Kardon, $550. 10. Christen chrome and rosewood fireplace tool set, from Raymor, $100. 11. Gourmet fry pans of heavy-gauge stainless steel, copper and brass, by Gense Import, $300 for set of five. 12. Model 450 cassette recorder, $99.95, can be synchronized with either the Model 458 Super 8 projector, $169.95, or the Model 442 Super 8 camera, $159.95, thus providing a complete sight-sound home-movie system, all by Bell & Howell. 13. Mallet head putter, from Playboy Products, $25. 14. Console houses color TV, slide projector and cassette; slides are projected onto screen from inside the set, by Sylvania, $995.

A promising package of goodies and services yet to come. 1. A custom made suit by Meledandri, from $285, depending on fabric. 2. Gift of a New Year's Eve band from about $500 for a minor rock group to $20,000 for the Jefferson Airplane. 3. A complimentary dinner for two at affiliated restaurants, from Be-My Guest service through American Express. 4. One first-class ticket for a high-flying trip around the world, from TWA, about $2200, depending on itinerary. 5. A two-week "total immersion" course in the language of one's choice, from Berlitz, $1250. 6. For oenophiles, the gift of a different bottle of wine each month during the coming year; price varies according to vintages selected and delivery charges. 7. Courses at either Bob Bondurant's School of High Performance Driving in California or the North American branch of Brands Hatch Motor Racing Stables at the Michigan International Speedway, about $100 a day. 8. A gift certificate to an art bookstore. 9. A Lifetime Subscription to PLAYBOY, $150. 10. One-year membership in Harry and David's Fruit-of-the-Month Club, about $60. 11. The gift of a different cheese each month for the coming year, from Cheese Unlimited, $27. 12. A 12-month personalized investment advisory service, from Equity Research Associates, $8000. 13. One week at the Golden Door, a luxurious West Coast health spa that specializes in unwinding keyed-up executives, $675. 14. Season tickets to a symphony, opera or theater.

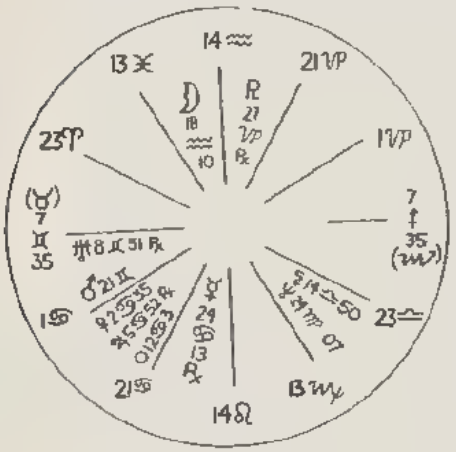
though some railroads are shutting down passenger service, I see faster trains—like that new high-speed express between New York and Washington.

However, Uranus opposes the sun in 1969 and this means that many partnerships will break up, partnerships in marriage and even among nations. But these should lead to improved alliances.

The year 1969 will be the one in which you get what you earn, in which you get your just deserts, especially at the Aries ingress (spring), when America's horoscope has Venus conjunct Saturn. It will also be a more international year, with everyone looking at what the other fellow is doing and trying to project new methods and philosophies for dealing with him.

ASTROLOGICAL HOROSCOPE OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Born July 4, 1776, at 2:15 A.M. local mean time, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, 40° north, 75° west



MADAM SORINA

—Gypsy Fortuneteller—

Operating from a small storefront in New York's garment district, Madam Sorina is one of America's vanishing gypsies. Long hounded by the law for often being prostitutes or racketeers (some are both), gypsies are now hard to find. The first two PLAYBOY *found in New York turned out to be Spanish hookers and not Romany mystics.*

In Madam Sorina's window were flowers, candles, beads, playing cards and a sign saying EARRINGS FOR SALE. *We went into the small front room, which was separated from the back of the store by a curtain. There we met Madam Sorina, a small, dark-haired young woman, who took us into the back and had us sit down on a couch. She looked at us the way gypsies through the ages have done, wondering if we were the law. She would not predict with either a crystal ball or tea leaves but preferred to use tarot cards, which she feels are a more legitimate prophetic mechanism than a sphere of glass or some shreds of tea. (Gypsies who use only crystal balls or tea leaves are usually fakes, though there are those who would call the term "fake gypsy" a redundancy.)*

Tarot cards are as old as the Hebraic and Egyptian worlds and may come from both, though the gypsies claim to have brought them from India. Tarot's numerology is tied to the numerology of the cabala. There are 78 cards in a deck and they are about as wide as regular playing cards but much longer. There are two kinds of cards: the major arcana (which have names like The Star, The Tower, The World, The Chariot, The Judgment) and the minor arcana, which are broken into four suits, like playing cards: Wands are like clubs, swords are like spades, cups are like hearts and pentacles are like diamonds.

Madam Sorina shuffled the cards and then PLAYBOY *cut three times left to right with our left hand, to produce an interaction of her subconscious and ours. Then she dealt the cards into the spread shown in the illustration on page 128, after first putting down a card to stand for the person about whom the forecast was being made. This card is called a significator. (In the illustration, it is completely hidden by the covering card, the knight of cups.) Madam Sorina picked the king of swords to stand for the United States, because it's a card indicating the active, masculine role this country plays.*

After the whole pattern had been dealt, she discussed the meaning of each card. You cannot ask a tarot deck specific questions, such as "Will the teamsters strike?" The cards indicate only general trends, traits and influences, and some are quite complex. Nevertheless, Madam Sorina was able to describe the following picture of 1969 in America.

"Now, you see that the knight of cups is the covering card, and he's a searcher, someone in quest. This means that America is still a country that's searching, aware that it doesn't have the answers. The smugness is gone.

"The crossing card is the queen of wands, who controls sexuality and creativity. Therefore, the country is crossed by the fact that neither its creative energy nor the meaning of flesh and sexuality has been assimilated and given its proper place in our culture. So these qualities appear here as crossing rather than helping our development.

"What we call the card above—in other words, the card above the significator—is the Wheel of Fortune. The card above stands for the most you can aspire to in the immediate situation. In this case, the Wheel of Fortune represents change and flux; and so there'll be many changes in American society in 1969, but they won't be menacing.

"The card beneath stands for the structure on which all is built. Now, here we have the knight of swords, who's a man of action and blood, a man ruled by his emotions and moving very fast. He's involved in struggle: he's in a state of what the Hindus call karmic action. And this is the state of America: war abroad, black-power battles at home and a struggle between the money of the East and the money of the West.

"The card behind America is the eight of cups. This is quite interesting. You see, the cups stand for knowledge and all this knowledge is behind us. I believe it was the knowledge held by Thoreau and others in early America: that man is put on this planet to live simply under the sky with his fellows and the animals. This was the dream, the hope for a simple, equitable life, but now it's all behind us.

"In front of America is the five of cups. You see that three of the cups are spilled and this means a waste of earlier knowledge; but two cups are upright, so a bit of the old knowledge still remains. The man on the card looks upset. Well, he's shaken by the loss of truth and the old knowledge. But perhaps he'll find his way again by using the two cups still upright.

"The six of pentacles stands for the role that America has been playing as an almsgiver and protector. But you'll notice that there's a distance between the man on the card and the poor he's helping. This means that the alms are given through pride and not humanity. America still doesn't know the true meaning of charity.

"The two of swords is the card that stands for the significator's house—sort of the whole picture. It's hard to describe this meaning precisely, but it's sort of a balance achieved by a negation of almost everything. There's no looking outward here. It's a card of tense peace through emptiness, a state of tenuous equilibrium. But it's short lived, because the Wheel of Fortune is turning.

"Now, just above the two of swords is the sun, and that stands for your hopes and fears. What America hopes for and fears is power and the light of the full truth of what the universe is about and why man is on earth, because then we'd see ourselves as young children. We fear this and yet we hope for it, because it's our only chance of resurrection and salvation as a country.

"The page of wands is our future. The page is a child in the service of the creative power, the queen of wands. So after coming through all the disaster, pride and emptiness, we finally do, in a different way, have the same new beginning that we once turned our back on. It's really a hopeful reading."

Q: It's absolutely fascinating. May we

(continued overleaf)

"Oh, hi, dear. Pam and I were just lying here wondering what the new year will bring."

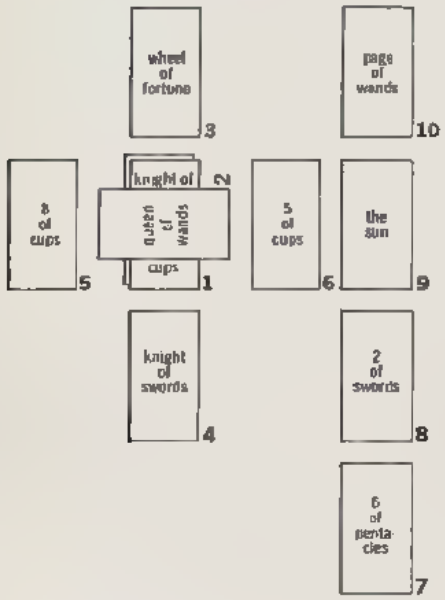
say something that we hope you won't find rude?

A. Of course.

Q. You sound much too intelligent to be a gypsy.

A. Oh, I'm a real gypsy, all right—on both sides; but being one doesn't exclude having brains. You know what I do with the money I make from readings? I take courses at NYU.

TAROT CARD READING FOR
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
Significator: King of Swords
(completely covered by Knight of Cups)



1—This is what covers you.
2—This is what crosses you.
3—This is what is above you.
4—This is what is beneath you.
5—This is what is behind you.
6—This is what is in front of you.
7—This is you.
8—This is your house.
9—These are your hopes and fears.
10—This is your future.

I CHING

—Book of Oracles—

The "I Ching" or "Book of Changes" (the Richard Wilhelm translation from Chinese into German, rendered into English by Cary F. Baynes) is part of the Bollingen Series of the Princeton University Press and is sold in practically all bookstores. With prehistoric origins the "I Ching" evolved from a collection of oracles into a book of wisdom that provided the common roots for Confucianism and Taoism, the chief branches of Chinese philosophy. The "I Ching" is based on the belief that the forces of yin (feminine) and yang (masculine) exist in a never-ending tension that produces constant change; but events are more the result of chance than of cause. The "I Ching" interprets chance events. It does not prophesy the future but gives the reader a metaphor to understand the questions at hand—and suggests proper courses of future action.

PLAYBOY *went to New York's Albert Hotel and visited Miss Diane Di Prima, head of the Poets Press and an "I Ching" authority, who agreed to use the book for coin oracles about America in 1969. Taking three coins, she assigned the number three to heads (or yang side) and the number two to tails (or yin side). She then asked* PLAYBOY *to clear our head of all extraneous thoughts and to concentrate on a single question, one not too specific and involving no hope of gain, for desire can act as an agent. She said the book would produce oracles that might cover the next two or three years, but which would all start right now. Unlike witches, astrologers and gypsies, the "I Ching" can predict only from the present moment on.*

Therefore on October 8, 1968, PLAYBOY *sat on the floor of Miss Di Prima's office and concentrated on this question: "What forces will dominate the course of the American nation until the end of 1969?"* PLAYBOY *Miss Di Prima and her assistant editor then threw the coins, using three people instead of one to get a better cross section of America. Each person threw the three coins six times, once for each line of a six-line hexagram that Miss Di Prima drew. She then looked in the back of the "I Ching" at a chart that gave the number 28 to the hexagram we had produced. The oracle for this hexagram, called Preponderance of the Great, was on page 111.*

Alternately reading from the "I Ching" and interpreting it, Miss Di Prima then explained our oracle, whose hexagram looked like this:

"Now, every hexagram is composed of two trigrams that stand for things. In this one, the bottom trigram stands for the gentle or wind or wood, and the top one stands for the joyous or lake. So it's like a floodtime, when the lake rises above the treetops. This is, first of all, an oracle of great urgency. Forces are in the wrong place and everything is out of balance. Therefore be gentle and joyous and don't attempt to change things by forcible methods. This is the wrong time for a revolution. As the book says, 'The problem must be solved by gentle penetration to the meaning of the situation. It demands real superiority; therefore the time when the great preponderates is a momentous time.'

"The book goes on to explain this. It says, 'The lake rises above the trees. Thus the superior man, when he stands alone, is unconcerned; and if he has to renounce the world, he is undaunted.' Here the book is telling the superior man who stands for American leaders how to act in a world situation that is urgent but temporary. This superior man may find himself standing alone, but he must be unconcerned about whether or not people are with him. If things get too bad, he may even have to withdraw from the scene, but he must be undaunted and ready to return and lead again. The symbol of the gentle is the tree, which stands firm even if it stands alone, and the symbol of the joyous is the lake, which remains undaunted."

This oracle was interesting but vague, so we decided to ask the "I Ching" a more specific question. Miss Di Prima now invited a fourth person to join us in the coin tossing, so we could have a still larger cross section of America. Concentrating on the question "Will America pull out of Vietnam by the end of 1969?" three of the four of us threw single coins six times in a rotation until we got this hexagram.

"This is hexagram number 18 and it's called Work on What Has Been Spoiled (Decay). The lower trigram is the gentle or wind, and the upper is keeping still or the mountain. The Chinese character for this hexagram, ku, represents a bowl in which worms are breeding and thus means decay, a rather amazing application to Vietnam.

'As the book says, this decay has come about because the gentle indifference of the lower trigram has come together with the rigid inertia of the upper, and the result is stagnation.' Since this implies guilt, the conditions embody a demand for the removal of the cause. Hence the meaning of the hexagram is 'Work on what has been spoiled.'

"There are two kinds of corruption involved here and two ways to deal with them. The first is the kind caused by weakness, and you must handle that gently and with consideration. But the other kind is corruption caused by neglect in earlier times, and this is a real challenge for the superior man or American leader. As the book says, 'To do away with this corruption, the superior man must regenerate society. His methods likewise must be derived from the two trigrams, but in such a way that their effects unfold in orderly sequence. The superior man must first remove stagnation by stirring up public opinion as the wind stirs everything, and must then strengthen and tranquilize the character of the people, as the mountain gives tranquility and nourishment to all that grows in its vicinity.'

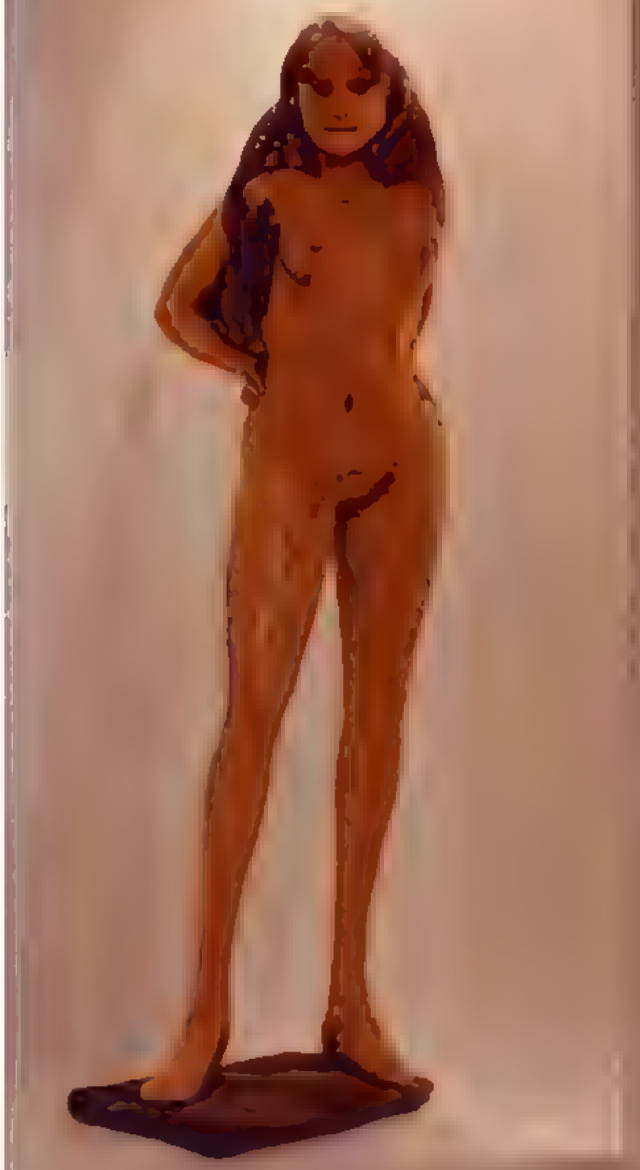
"The book is here saying that to end

(continued on page 220)

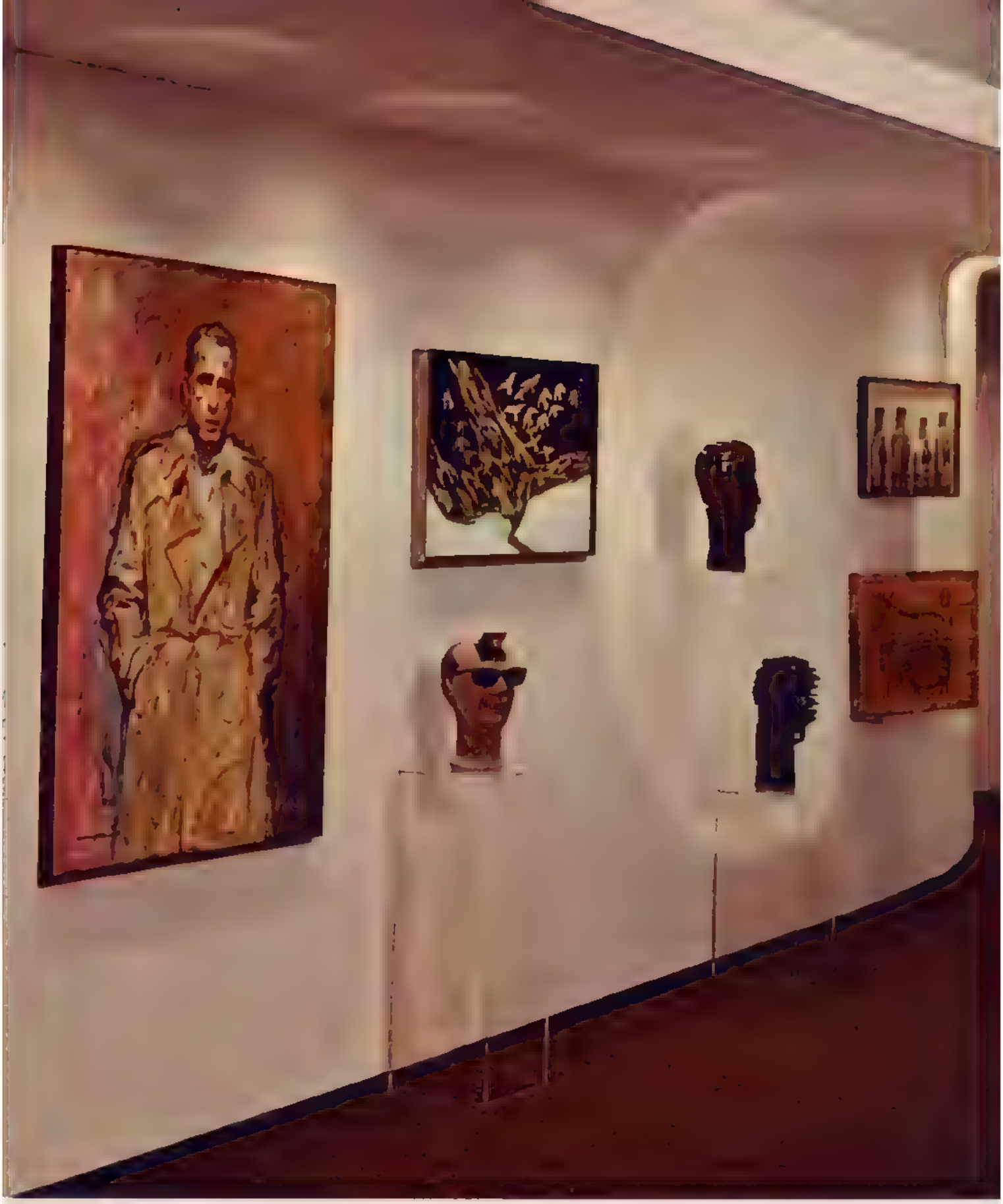
fifteen years of award-winning art

playboy's unique melding of fine art and contemporary illustration not only wins prizes but constitutes a permanent exhibit enriching our building's decor

IN LATE 1953, when Arthur Paul—then and now PLAYBOY's Art Director—was the sole employee of Editor Publisher Hugh M. Hefner, the two men determined that their projected magazine's artwork had to be every bit as exciting as its editorial content and its photography. In a day when, for example, a story about a racing driver would

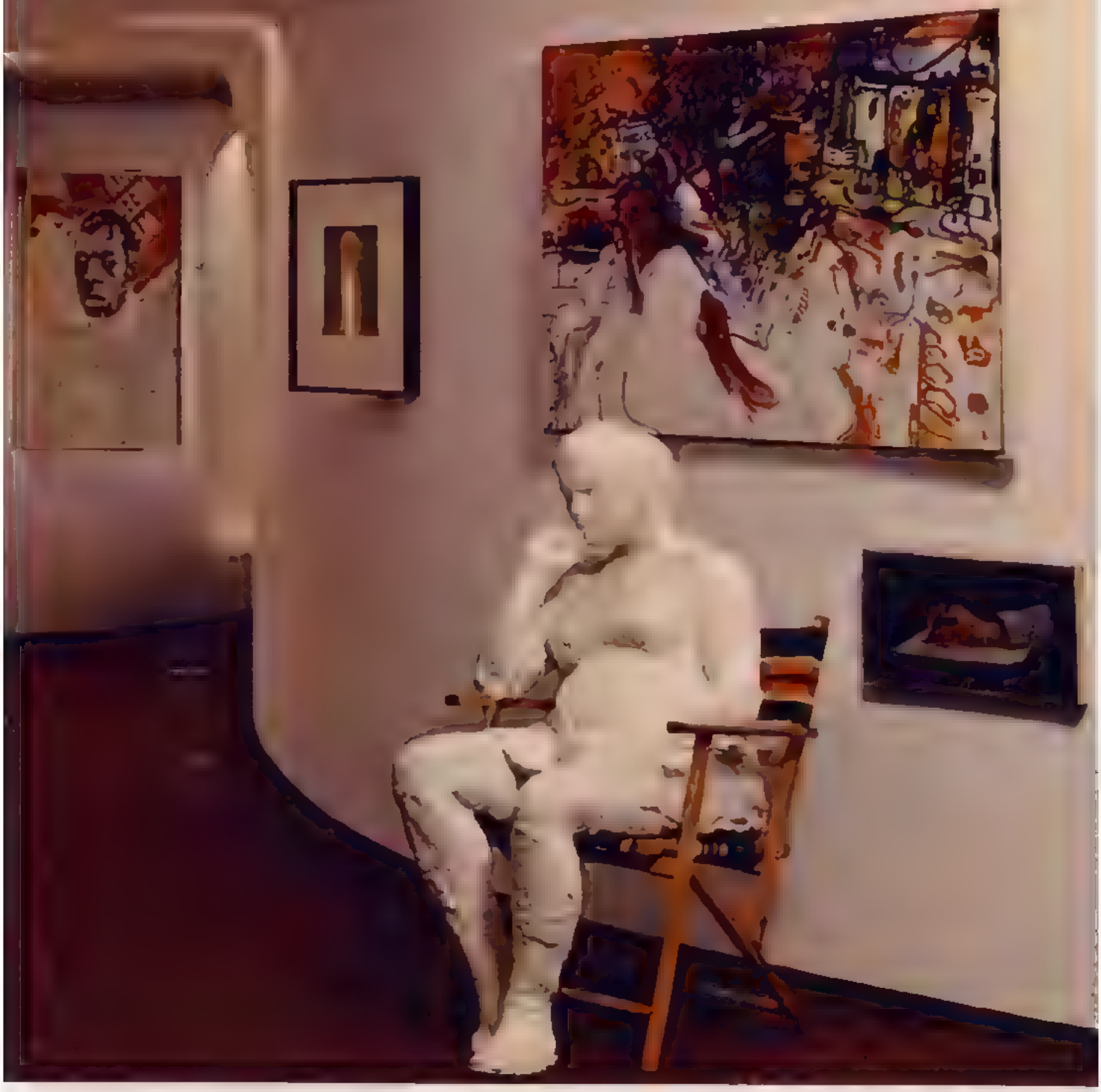


The curvilinear reception area of the Playboy Building's new tenth-floor editorial offices is the setting for: Frank Gallo's epoxy-resin casting of a youthful beauty (for The Playmate as Fine Art, January 1967); a dramatic Roy Schnackenberg oil (Chronicle of an Event, April 1966), and a circular oil painting and collage by Tom Daly (Room 312, August 1967).



Photographed in the entranceway to PLAYBOY's Art Department—also on the tenth floor of our Chicago headquarters—are: a life-size oil painting of Bogey by Richard Froemon (for *"Here's Looking at You, Kid"—The Bogart Boom*, June 1966); an impressionistic oil by Charles Schoore (*The Ninth Upland Game Bird*, November 1966); Paul Davis' papier-mâché head of a devilish columnist (*Bertram and the Networks*, September 1964); in the niche, two grotesquely effective heads in wood by David Packard, who met an untimely death last year (*The Ninth Score*, October 1961), a painted construction of bottles, these, too, by Paul Davis (*Proofs Positive*, May 1965); a humorously realistic oil painting by Lionel Kalish of three barnyard animals (*Chop Talk*, May 1961); Phill

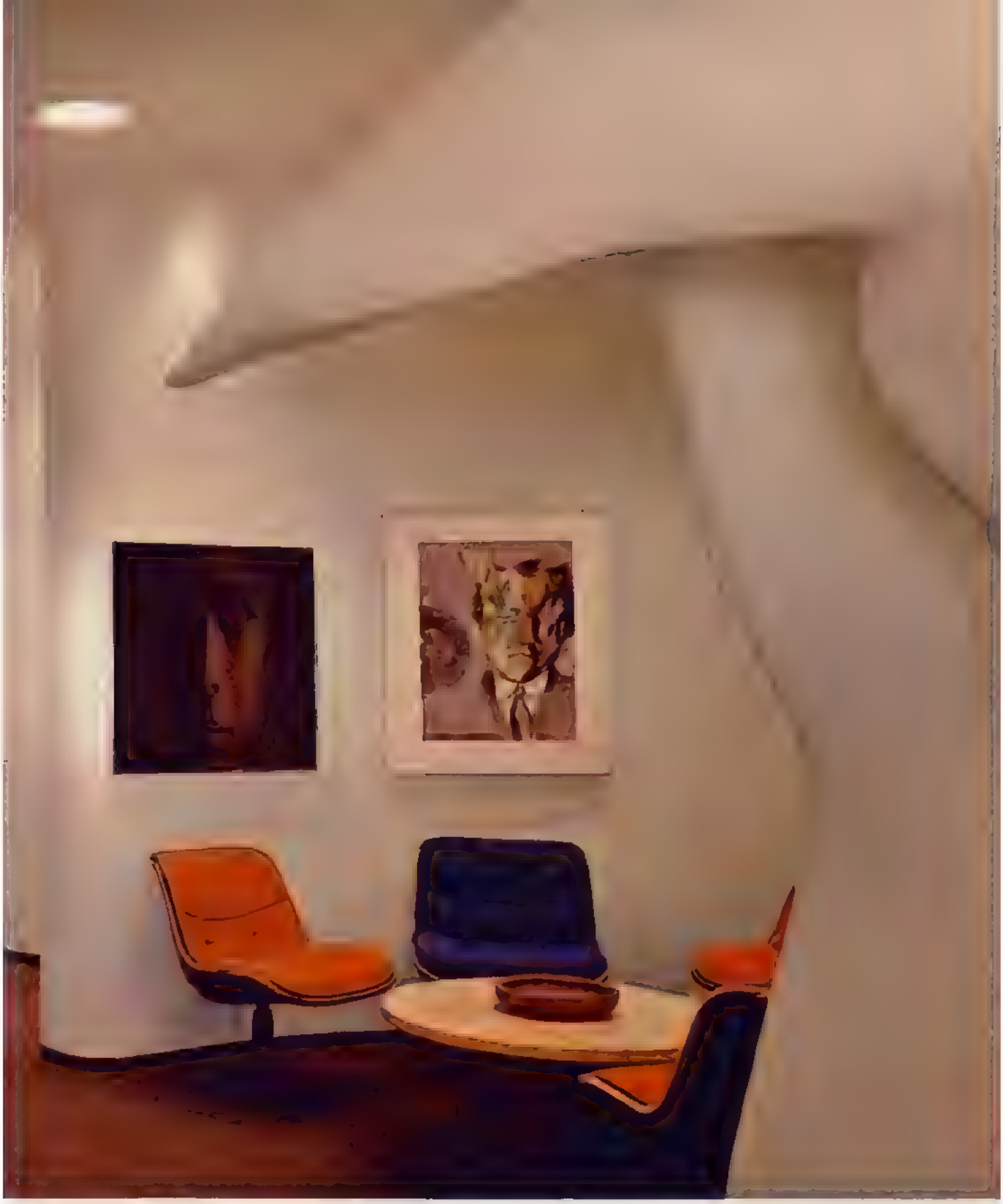
commonly be illustrated with a completely realistic drawing of the protagonist, Paul sought out young illustrators and fine artists alike (LeRoy Neiman was an early find) who could communicate the essence of a story, rather than its literal picturing, while retaining their individuality. Today, PLAYBOY often commissions world renowned artists such as George Segal, Salvador Dali and Larry Rivers, but its openness to the work of new artists continues. Paul has twice asked art school students to illustrate a short story. In each case, the best of the student paintings were published with the text, demonstrating that a story may convey disparate but equally valid visual ideas and that



Renaud's fascinating James Baldwin collage, assembled from clippings about racial strife and pages from the writer's books (*Words of a Native Son*, December 1964); to its right, a simple yet compelling drawing in crayon on paper by PLAYBOY's Arthur Paul (*The Tie That Binds*, May 1963); and directly to its right, another expansive Roy Schnackenberg oil painting, for a Jack Kerouac story (*Good Blonde*, January 1965); a pensive woman, one of the famous George Segal sculptures that he creates by covering a live model with plaster (*The Playmate as Fine Art*, January 1967); and, farthest right, an oil by Herb Davidson in which the features of the central character appear surrealistically on his thumb (*The Man Who Wrote Letters to Presidents*, August 1967).

PLAYBOY finds new ways to encourage new talent. Beginning with an award from the Art Directors Club of New York to Chicago artist Franz Altschuler for an ink drawing in its second issue, PLAYBOY's artworks through the years have won 152 honors, including eight special citations to Paul. From such professional associations as the Society of Illustrators, the Artists Guild of Chicago and the *Commercial Art Magazine*. Writers of the stature of Vladimir Nabokov, Carl Sandburg and Ray Bradbury have praised the way the magazine's illustrations have visually captured or enhanced the portent of their words. A PLAYBOY illustration was included in the State Department's

The reception area of the Playboy Building's seventh floor—headquarters for Playboy Clubs International and home base for the extensive line of Playboy Products—functions here as a gallery for: top left, a Roy Schnackenberg ode in oil to the mood of horse racing (for *Horse Sense*, June 1967); an oil painting by Martin Hoffman of the lost woman on earth, whose outline contains her lost two suitors (*The Better Man*, July 1966); another Arthur Paul painting, this one acrylic on canvas, capturing teenagers in an emotional confrontation (*A Father's Gift*, June 1962); a blurred, driven writer in tempera on paper, by Phill Renaud (*The Song of the Four-Colored Sell*, March 1963); Isadore Seltzer's oil-on-wood painting of a narrow-gauge guitar (*Folk Songs for Moderns*, April



1962), on the receptionist's desk —which, like most others in the building, is topped by Florentine marble—a humorous oil painting on two rocks, by George Suyeoka, for a story about a nudist colony (*To Paradise*, by Ferry, December 1963) above the rocks, Misch Kohn's powerful etching of a mammoth figure for a major Carl Sandburg feature (Six New Poems and a Parable, October 1960), in oil on canvas, a haunting face by Gilbert Stone (Barbara, August 1965), and one of the six Roland Ginzel oils for PLAYBOY's five issue serialization of a Vladimir Nabokov novel (Despair, Part III, February 1966). The free forms overhanging the lobby at right exemplify the imaginative work of architect Dirsmith and sculptor Charlie Moelter throughout PLAYBOY's striking home offices.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DWIGHT HOOKER

Art Director Arthur Paul is shown in PLAYBOY's 11th-floor photographic studio with a dozen three-dimensional examples of the prize-winning illustrations he has commissioned over the past 15 years: at top left, a wordy construction by Ron Bradford for a humorous piece on semantics (*A Little Chin Music, Professor*, July 1967); beneath it, an elaborate and macabre construction by the late David Packard (*Love, Death & the Hubby Image*, September 1963), to the right of the Bradford piece, a third construction, this one featuring faces trapped in plastic, by Tom Strobel (*Naked in Xanadu*, November 1964), a painting on a bottle (*The French Myth*, December 1964), by Paul Davis, whose direct visual effects have earned him numerous professional awards; beneath the bottle, two

"Art in the Embassies Program," and others have been lent to museums here and abroad. "One of the most exciting trends in the art world," Paul says, "is the breakdown of the distinction between the illustrator and the fine artist. Time and again, we have discovered that an illustration that succeeded brilliantly in the context of its text becomes something different but equally successful when viewed by itself." As the selection of prize-winning artwork on these pages shows, the walls of the Playboy Building—whose functionally avant-garde interior is the work of architect Ron Dunsmith—themselves function as a gallery that proclaims the successful melding of illustration and fine art.

modeled and painted mugs (*Hot and Spirited*, November 1967) and, at the top in the next group, a highly detailed wood sculpture (*The Fuzz*, July 1967), both illustrations by Bill Bryan, beneath the night stick, a construction by Harry Bouras featuring a sectioned brandy cask (*Brandy*, March 1963); at bottom center, a second Bradford construction, this for a Nat Hentoff article (*We're Happening All Over, Baby!*, March 1966); a painted wooden mallet by Miyo Endo (*The Supreme Court*, November 1966); a George Suyeoka rock painting (*Sex in the Stone Age*, January 1966); directly in front of Paul, a hinged oil painting by Carl Schwartz (*Buddy-Buddy*, September 1966); finally, a Paul Davis painting on a barrel (*The "Noble" Experiment*, December 1963).

the talking trees

(continued from page 104)

be impatient. We shall see all! We shall know all!'"

Georgie sighed and decided to be weary, too.

"I hope," he drawled, "this poor fraul isn't going to let us down'"

For three more minutes, they waited in silence, and then Jimmy Sullivan let out a cry of relief. There was the small, round figure hastening toward them along the Dyke Parade from one lamppost to another.

"Puffing and panting as usual, I suppose," Dick chuckled. "And exactly fourteen minutes late."

"I hope to God," Jimmy said, "he has that pound note. I don't know in hell why you made that slob our treasurer."

"Because he is poor," Dick said quietly. "We would have spent it."

He came panting up to them, planted a black violin case against the tree and began rummaging in his pockets for the money.

"I'm supposed to be at a music lesson, that's me alibi, me father always wanted to be a musician but he got married instead, he plays the cello, my brother Turlough plays the clarinet, me sister Jenny plays the viola, we have quartets, I sold a Haydn quartet for one and six, I had to borrow sixpence from Jenny, and I lecked the last sixpence from me mother's purse, that's what kept me so late . . .

They were not listening, staring into the puckered handkerchief he was unraveling to point out one by one a crumpled half note, two half crowns, two shillings and a sixpenny bit.

"That's all yeers! And here's mine. Six threepenny bits for the quartet. That's one and six. Jenny's five pennies and two ha'pence. That makes two bob. And here's the tanner I just lecked from me mother's purse. That makes my two and sixpence."

Eagerly, he poured the mess into Dick's hands. At the sight of the jumble, Dick roared at him.

"I told you, you bloody little fool, to bring a pound note'"

"You told me to bring a pound."

"I said a pound note. I can't give this dog's breakfast to a girl like Daisy Bolster."

"You said a pound."

They all began to squabble. Jimmy Sullivan shoved Gong Gong. Georgie punched him. Dick shoved Georgie. Jimmy defended Georgie with, "We should never have let that slob come with us."

Gong Gong shouted, "Who's a slob?" and swiped at him.

Jimmy shoved him again, so that he fell over his violin case, and a man passing home to his tea shouted at them, "Stop beating that little boy at once!"

Tactfully, they cowered. Dick helped Gong Gong to his feet. Georgie dusted him lovingly. Jimmy retrieved his cap, put it back crookedly on his head and patted him kindly. Dick explained in his best Ampleforth accent that they had merely been having a trifling discussion and "our young friend here tripped over his suitcase." The man surveyed them dubiously, growled something and went on his way. When he was gone, Georgie pulled out his pocketbook, handed a brand new pound note to Dick and grabbed the dirty jumble of cash.

Dick at once said, "Quick, march! Two by two!" and strode off ahead of the others, side by side with Tommy and his crooked cap and his dusty violin case, into the deepening dusk.

They passed nobody. They heard nothing. They saw only the few lights in the sparse houses along the left of the Mardyke. On the other side was the railed in dike stream, but that made no more noise than a canal. When they came in silence to the sudden, wide expanse of the cricket field, the sky dropped a blazing veil of stars behind the outfield nets. When they passed the gates of the railed in public park, locked for the night, utter darkness returned between old high walls to their left and overgrown laurels glistening behind the tall railings on their right. Here Tommy stopped dead, looked fearfully toward the laurels.

"What's up with you?" Dick snapped at him.

"I hear a noise, my father told me once how a man murdered a woman in there for her gold watch, he said men do terrible things like that because of bad women, he said that that man was hanged by the neck in Cork Jail, he said that was the last time the black flag flew on top of the jail, I don't want to go on!"

Dick peered at the phosphorescent dial of his watch and strode ahead, staring at the next feeble lamp hanging from its black iron arch. Tommy had to trot to catch up with him.

"We know," Dick said, "that she has long legs. Her breasts will be white and small."

"I won't look!" Tommy moaned.

"Then don't look!"

Panting, they hurried on past the corrugated iron building that had once been a roller-skating rink and was now empty and abandoned. After the last lamp, the night was impenetrable, but presently a house rose slowly to their left against the starlight. It was square, tall, solid, brick fronted, three-storied and jet-black against the stars, except for its half-moon fanlight. They walked a few yards past it and halted, panting, behind a tree. The only sound was the squeaking of a branch over their heads. Looking backward, they saw Georgie and Jimmy approaching under the last lamp. Looking forward, they saw a brightly lit tram, on its way outward from the city, pass the far end of the tunnel, briefly light its maw and black it out again. Beyond that lay wide country fields and the silent river. Dick said, "Tell them to follow me if the fanlight goes out," and disappeared.

Alone under the tree, backed by the park, Tommy looked across to where the far heights of Sunday's Well gleamed with the eyes of a thousand suburban houses. He clasped his fiddle case before him like a shield. He had to force himself not to run away toward where another bright tram would rattle him back to the city. Suddenly, he saw the fanlight go out. Strings in the air throbbed and faded. Was somebody playing a cello? His father bowed over his cello, jacket off, shirt sleeves rolled up, entered the Haydn; beside him, Jenny waited, chin sideward over her viola, bosom lifted, bow poised, the tendons of her frail wrist hollowed by the lamplight, Turlough, facing them, lipped a thinner reed, his mother sat shawled by the fire, tapping the beat with her toe.

Georgie and Jimmy joined him.

"Where's Dick?" Georgie whispered urgently.

"Did I hear music?" he gasped.

Georgie vanished, and again the strings came and failed. Jimmy whispered, "Has she a gramophone?" Then they could hear nothing but the faint rattle of the vanished tram. When Jimmy slid away from him, he began to race madly up into the darkness, and then stopped dead halfway to the tunnel's end. He did not have the penny to pay for the tram. He turned and raced as madly back the way he had come down past her house, down to where the gleam of the laurels hid the murdered woman and stopped again. He heard a rustling noise. He looked back, thought of her long legs and her small white breasts and found himself walking heavily back to her garden gate. He entered the path, fumbled for the dark door, pressed against it, felt it slue open under his hand, stepped cautiously into the dark hallway, closed the door, saw nothing, heard nothing, stepped onward and fell clattering on the tiles over his violin case.

A door opened. He saw firelight flicker on shining shinbones and bare knees. Fearfully his eyes moved upward. She was wearing gym knickers. Then he saw them: two small birds, white, beaked, soft, rosy-tipped. Transfixed by joy, he stared and stared at them. Her black hair hung over her narrow shoulders. She laughed down at him with white teeth and wordlessly gestured him to

(concluded on page 240)

"You name it, I've got it!"

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

THE LOST ART OF DOMESTIC SERVICE

whatever happened to those wondrous gentlemen's gentlemen of yesteryear?

humor **By P.G. WODEHOUSE**

WHEN THE EDITORS of this magazine asked me to do a piece for them on domestic service, they came, if I may say so, to the right man, for it is a subject on which I can be really informative. In the matter of domestic service, I have run the gamut of the emotions, as you might put it, sometimes up to my waist in butlers and footmen, at other times doing the thing on a more modest scale, not because there was no money in the old oak chest to pay the weekly envelopes but owing to a lack of applicants for the vacant posts. In London between the Wars, the Wodehouse staff consisted of a valet, a parlormaid, two housemaids, a scullery maid, an odd-job boy and a butler whose "Dinner is served" was like the note of a dignified dove calling to its mate. On my return to America, the establishment dwindled to a cheerful old lady from down the road, who had got her training on a duck farm and when

announcing the evening meal preferred to use the formula "Come and get it," adding, as she withdrew, "If you want anything, holler." And I may say at once that her methods suited me to perfection. I had hated the pomp of London, but I loved the chumminess of Long Island. It may seem odd, coming from one who has written so many Jeeves stories, but I hope never to see another butler, and the last thing I want about the home is a valet.

The extraordinary thing about valets is that they are always eating but never put on weight. Mine was a slender young fellow without an ounce of superfluous flesh, but this, if you will believe me, is how he passed *(continued on page 152)*

BUNNY BY THE BAY

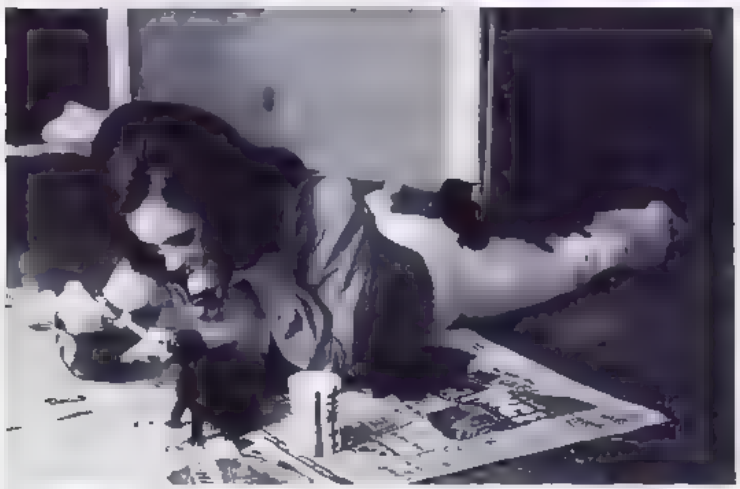
playboy rings in the new year with san francisco belle leslie bianchini

"Sometimes I feel like this whole area was made just for me," says Leslie Bianchini, a self proclaimed addict of northern California, who's equally turned on by tackling the craggy coast line, grooving along the shore of a nearby lake (below) or just strolling through San Francisco

CAN THE DAUGHTER of an Illinois turkey farmer find happiness as a Playboy Bunny in San Francisco? "Definitely," says January Playmate Leslie Bianchini, who is precisely that. "Even though we left the farm and moved to California when I was ten," she explains, "down deep, I'm still a country girl. You know, the great outdoors, horses, exercise, all that. I don't especially like most cities, but San Francisco is different, somehow. It has a unique personality, happy and melancholy all at once. It's an endlessly refreshing place that I just love to explore." Following graduation from high school in Woodside, California, Leslie tried her hand as a business major at Foothill College, worked as a salesgirl at Saks and then "loafed for a while" before becoming the Door Bunny at her favorite city's hutch. "It's the perfect job for me and I'd like to stay with it for some time. I've met all sorts of interesting people and the great thing is that my days are my own." Since Leslie is the enthusiastic owner of a pet pony named Toby, she spends several afternoons a week out at the stables, exercising him; on other days, Miss January—who commutes from nearby San Carlos—is likely to indulge her passion for clothes by embarking on a shopping trip to the city. "I spend an embarrassing amount of money on clothing," she admits, "but I'm crazy about the new fashions. They're so bright and ingenious that I can't get enough of them." Her rambles through the Bay City often become dusty searches through resale shops for antiques ("I keep hoping to find a five-dollar Tiffany lamp, but still, junky things I can fix up are fun"), and they frequently turn into impromptu sightseeing tours. "I guess it's my version of wanderlust. I've always wanted to go to Europe; but until I do, I suppose I'll always be a hometown tourist." A practice, we're sure you'll agree, that should encourage travelers to see San Francisco first.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

Beginning a day's outing with a cable-car ride to Fisherman's Wharf, Leslie selects the basics for dinner—fresh crab and sourdough bread—and then has a quick exercise session at a health spa before hurrying home to feed her four kittens. Later, while on her way to the Club, Leslie is interrupted by a friendly pigeon—but she's there and dressed in plenty of time. Next morning, Leslie s up early to meet the plane of her stewardess sister, Karen, and give her a lift into town



MISS JANUARY

After dropping off her sister, Miss January decides to visit her pony, Toby, but first picks up a pair of Toby fans—her niece and nephew—and all head for the stables. "Toby's like a big dog," says Leslie. "I occasionally ride him, but usually I take walks in the woods and he just tags along. He's great—but I'd love to have an Arabian horse, too." Later, Karen and two friends join the group for an alfresco lunch at Rosati's, near Stanford. That night, a family dinner party is capped with a bit of nostalgia, home-movie style.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

I think I've finally cured my husband of coming home in the wee hours of the morning," the wife proudly announced on New Year's Day. "Last night, when I heard him fumbling downstairs, I yelled, 'Is that you, Harold?' "

"How has that cured him?" questioned her friend.

"His name is Charles."

Am I the first man who ever asked you to make love with him?" inquired the bachelor.

"Yes," answered his attractive date "All the others did it without asking."

The two career girls were discussing plans for their forthcoming vacations. "I don't know about you," bubbled one enthusiastically, "but I'm going to Monaco for the Grand Prix."

"I'm afraid you're in for an awful letdown," remarked her friend. "For one thing, that's not even the way it's pronounced."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *paranoid* as a couple interrupted by a cop in lovers' lane.

Two young girls were returning home from church one night when they were accosted by a pair of hoodlums in a dimly lit alley. "Dear Lord," prayed one girl. "Forgive them, for they know not what they do."

"Sh," whispered the other. "This one does."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *remarriage* as the triumph of hope over experience.

The voluptuous miss was perched on the examination table when the doctor placed his hand on her bare breast. "You know what I'm doing, of course," he said, reassuringly.

"Yes," the patient murmured. "You're checking for breast cancer."

Encouraged, the doctor proceeded to caress her stomach. "Of course," he continued, "you know what I'm doing."

"Yes," she smiled. "You're checking my appendix."

At this point, the doctor could no longer control himself. He stripped off his clothes and began to make passionate love to her. "You know what I'm doing, don't you?" he gasped.

"Yes," his patient answered. "You're checking for V. D.—and that's what I came here for."

As the horror movie was about to reach its terrifying conclusion, the coed began fidgeting in her seat. The man sitting behind her leaned forward and inquired, "Excuse me. Are you feeling hysterical?"

"No," she whispered. "He's feeling mine."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *titillate* as a tardy meal for a breast-fed baby.

Do you believe in clubs for women?" the young thing asked her dinner companion.

"Yes," he responded, "if kindness fails."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *stalemate* as a moldy spouse.

After several unsuccessful advances, the bachelor asked his alluring but standoffish date: "Do you shrink from making love?"

"If I did," she sighed, "I'd be a midget."

Then there was the aging playwright who, no matter how hard he tried, could never get beyond the first act.

I went to a Chinese abortionist," the tuneful receptionist confided to a friend. "Everything worked out fine, but thirty minutes later, I was pregnant again."

All right, you bastards, fall in—on the double!" barked the sergeant as he strode into the barracks. Each soldier grabbed his hat and jumped to his feet, except one—a private who lay in his bunk reading a book. "Well?" roared the sergeant.

"Well," observed the private. "There certainly were a lot of them, weren't there?"

When the well-molded secretary entered her boss' office one morning, he looked out the window and announced idly, "It's certainly going to be a beautiful day."

"I don't think so," replied the secretary. "The weather forecast is for snow."

"It's not going to snow," contradicted the exec. "I'll lay you twelve to one."

"I'd rather not," she remarked. "That's my lunch hour."

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a post card to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill 60611. $50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"Boy, talk about naughty!"

TOPICAL TROPICALS

the newest good news in formal garb for the jet-away townsman southward bound

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN

COME JANUARY, cosmopolitan cliff dwellers are wont to split their wintry environs and jet away from it all to a tropical Elysium where they're free to go native or don the latest styles in dinner jackets. By the dawn's early light, the three well-tanned and -tailored night owls here treat their dates to a champagne breakfast near the rocks at Dunn's River Falls, Jamaica (just a Bunny hop from the Playboy Club-Hotel), while wearing formal garb that clearly reflects the costume influence—a look that's definitely what's happening in today's fashions. The gentleman at left opts for the East in an acetate brocade tunic-type dinner jacket, by Robert Weil for After Six, $150, and mohair and worsted formal trousers, by After Six, $45. Center fellow goes grandee in a Spanish-style mohair and worsted formal suit with sash, by Oleg Cassini, $225, worn over a brocade shirt, by After Six, $25. Chap at right stylishly rises to the occasion in an elegant Edwardian double-breasted formal suit, by Lord West, $175, a pleated cotton broadcloth shirt, by Excello, $14, and a silk-satin formal tie, by R. Meledandri, $8.50

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PHOTOGRAPH BY ALEXAS URBA

DOMESTIC SERVICE

(continued from page 139)

the day when he was not looking after my socks and shirts. He rose at six-thirty and at seven was having coffee and buttered toast. Eight o'clock saw him breakfasting, the meal consisting of cereal, cream, eggs, bacon, jam, bread, butter, tea, more eggs, more bacon, more tea and more butter, finishing up with a slice of cold ham and a sardine. At eleven, he had his "elevenses"—coffee and bread and butter. At one, luncheon, with every form of starchy food and lots of beer. At three, a snack. At four, another snack. At seven, dinner, probably with floury potatoes and certainly with more beer. At nine, another snack. At ten-thirty, he retired to bed, taking with him a glass of milk and a plate of sandwiches, in case he got peckish in the night. And yet he remained from start to finish as slim as a string bean. Curious.

The celebrated Beau Brummell, by the way, had a valet on whom he relied for unusual services.

"Tell me, Mr. Brummell," someone said to him once, "which of the English lakes do you admire most?"

The Beau rang the bell. His valet appeared.

"Oh, Robinson."

"Sir?"

"Which of the English lakes do I admire most?"

"Windermere, sir."

"Ah yes, Windermere. Thank you, Robinson."

America has never taken kindly to domestic service, so it is to England that one's thoughts automatically turn when the subject crops up, for it was there—before it expired with a low gurgle—that the institution came to full flower. The peak was reached perhaps in the 19th Century, but employers did not do themselves any too badly in the early days of the 20th. Come with me to Welbeck Abbey and let us see how the Duke of Portland was making out around the beginning of the Edwardian era. His income was $20,000,000 or so a year, and he considered that home was not home unless you had

A steward
A wine butler
An underbutler
Twenty footmen
Two page boys
A head chef
A second chef
A head baker
A second baker
A head kitchenmaid
Four underkitchenmaids
A vegetable maid
Three scullery maids
A hall porter
Six hallboys
A kitchen porter
Eight odd-jobmen
and
Fourteen housemaids.

These in addition to more engineers, governesses, librarians, resident chaplains, firemen, night watchmen, coachmen, grooms and gardeners than you could shake a stick at in a month of Sundays. In the matter of putting on the ritz, the Duke of Portland was probably topped by some of his predecessors; but all the same, you can't call that sort of living squalor.

Domestic service in a house like Welbeck Abbey, where the staff had their own billiard tables, ballroom, skating rink, theater and pianos, must have been very pleasant for those below stairs, but a grimmer picture presents itself as one descends in the social scale. We now come to the prosperous middle class, and there is only one word to describe them as regards their dealings with their employees. They were stinkers. Most middle-class houses were staffed from orphanages. There was apparently a loophole in the Emancipation Act of 1833, by means of which you were allowed to keep anything coming out of an orphanage that you could catch on the first bounce. And when an orphan entered a middle-class home, it was not long before he found himself wondering why Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe had given such prominent billing to the slaves who worked under the guidance of Simon Legree.

One would prefer not to dwell on the treatment of domestic servants by the middle classes in the Seventies, Eighties and even up to the time of the First World War. They kept them in damp basements and dark attics. They made them work 16 hours a day. They allowed them only one evening off a month; and if on that one evening the poor peon happened to return a few minutes late, she found herself locked out and had to spend the night in the coal shed.

There were employers who went about the house turning off the gas to stop their maids' reading in bed and even intercepted their letters at the front door in an effort to discover if they were carrying on clandestine affairs or trying to get a better job. Visitors were not permitted, caps and uniforms were obligatory, deductions from wages were made for breakages and a groveling respect was demanded. The head of the house was always "Your master," the children had to be addressed as "Master George" or "Miss Mabel," and even the six-month-old baby was "Master Percy." I am not sure about the dog. It may or may not have been addressed as "Master Fido." The 16-hour day was spent in answering bells and carrying coals and bath water up flights of steep stairs. It was difficult for employers to persuade their servants that they had never had it so good.

Not that they didn't try. There is something pathetic in the records that have come down to us of the efforts made by the employing classes to instill contentment with their lot into the cooks and housemaids of those bad old days. One writer, who, according to him, wrote "with the aid of divine guidance," had this to say:

"The rich cannot do without servants any more than servants can do without the rich. God has arranged that they shall mutually help each other. There is no sphere in life in which we may not glorify God by being serviceable to others. Servants are situated in the very sphere intended by their Creator and should not fail to answer that end. Let us always strive to honor and glorify God by faithfully performing the duties allotted to us."

This must have come as a comfort to many a housemaid as she carried the coals upstairs for the tenth time that day.

God, it appeared, strongly disapproved of the restlessness that drove household workers to go off and look for another place. A periodical called *The Servant's Magazine* printed a slogan "suitable for hanging in a cook's quarters." It ran

NEVER CHANGE YOUR PLACE
UNLESS THE LORD CLEARLY SHOWS YOU
IT WILL BE
FOR YOUR SOUL'S GOOD

One doubts if it had much effect on the cooks who hung it on their walls. They were good cooks, as cooks go, and as cooks go, they went.

In the smaller houses, the semi-detached villas of the suburbs, living conditions were a little better, but there the trouble was the loneliness. Owners of suburban villas could afford only one maid, a cook-general she was called, who was probably a girl of 14 or thereabouts, anxious to get some fun out of life and depressed by finding herself marooned in a small house where it was made clear to her from the outset that she was not to look on herself as a member of the family. There was a novel published over 60 years ago called *Maud Emily* that dealt with a girl of the cook-general class employed by three maiden ladies who lived in Lucella Road, Peckham, which is one of the lowlier suburbs of London. It gives a good idea of what the suburban cook-general had to go through.

(concluded on page 245)

THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS

tongue-in-cheek remembrances of sundry news makers who in word or deed made or hogged the headlines in '68

By JUDITH WAX

Faye Dunaway and Warren B.
Left movie fans in shock.
So freely flowed the catsup gore
It hiked up Heinz' stock.

Where have all your powers gone,
Maharishi Yogi?
The Beatles and the Beach Boys say
You're just a rich old fogy.

Pat Paulsen's bid for President
Was well thought out and tricky
The press called him unqualified:
Picky, picky, picky.

P. M. Wilson wooed the pound,
Trudeau, the ladies fair.
But oh, alas, poor Harold
Wasn't lucky, like Pierre.

Miriam and Stokely C.
Found marriage such a kick
That when they joined in wedded bliss,
He got divorced from SNCC.

Dr. Spock, he wrote the book
That calmed new mothers' fears.
But when he counseled grown-up kids,
The judge proclaimed, "Two years!"

Norman Mailer, armed with pen,
Victory was bent upon.
Thus it was, he fought and won
The Battle of the Pentagon.

The cops clubbed down photographers,
The Yippies did their thing,
And Richard Daley softly sighed,
"It's tough to be the king."

Brezhnev and Kosygin
Were turning nervous wrecks.
They had to watch their bank accounts
For fear of bouncing Czechs.

Tiny Tim, O dearest lad,
Falsetto-voiced and hairy,
You made the big time in a flash
Are you your own good fairy?

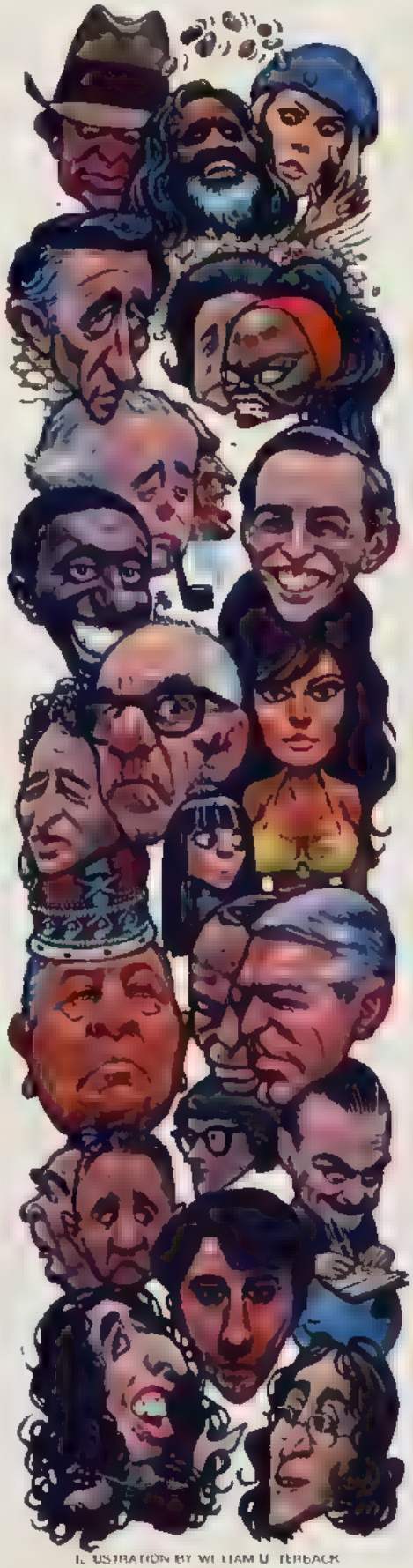


ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM U. TERBACK

Humphrey vied with Nixon
Border unto border;
Bloodily they battled o'er
Who best loved law and order

Lady Bird had all the girls
Home to lunch one day.
Eartha Kitt was naughty
And won't come back to play.

Dr. Barnard thrilled the world
With transplants of the heart.
But when they filmed the great man's life,
Vince Edwards got the part.

A rare performer, that Miss Welch,
Hard-working and sincere.
Raquel, before she spoke one line,
Was actress of the year.

Penelope hath frightened stare
And nest of robins in her hair.
'Twas Villeneuve caused Twig to be,
But only Vogue could make a Tree.

Frankie S. and Cary G.
Would rather not remember:
Divorce courts overflowed last year,
With May against December.

To Bali and to Maidenform:
"A plague on both your houses,"
And saying this did St. Laurent
Create transparent blouses.

Proudly o'er Nevada
The Hughes flag is unfurled.
Now Howard rules Las Vegas;
Tomorrow comes the world!

Dustin Hoffman's guileless charm
Sent young girls into comas,
While young lads dreamed of Mrs. R.s
To go with their diplomas.

Beatle Lennon had a wife,
He left her by the phono
And now her former master's voice
Sings just for Yoko Ono.

the sicilian bandits hadn't a hope in hell of success until they blundered upon the english demolition expert— now he would help them even the odds in order to save the girl

Part II of a Novel

By FRANCIS CLIFFORD

ANOTHER WAY OF DYING

SYNOPSIS: *Last night Forrester had seen the dazzling blonde and the stumpy little fat man playing roulette in Messina—and the man was losing recklessly. Next morning Forrester was awakened by a hysterical cry from the girl, who was in the next room. The fat man, Nolan, lay dead there; under the circumstances, Forrester felt obliged to soothe Inger and to interpret for her during the police investigation that followed. When the coroner finally pronounced Nolan a suicide and they were free to go, they started for Palermo in Forrester's rented Fiat.*

At a lonely crossroads, Forrester picked up two Sicilian hitchhikers. It was a mistaken act of charity, as he found when one of them pulled a pistol and forced him to drive off the highway to a remote mountain hut. There they were met by the villainous Salvatore, who was under the impression that they had kidnaped the local manager for Esso and his wife to hold for ransom—the 5,000,000 lire that was the asking price for slipping Salvatore's convicted nephew, Angelo, out of the Montelusa jail. When Forrester finally convinced his captors that he was not the Esso man but only the moderate-income director of a demolition firm in England, Salvatore suddenly cooked up a new scheme, an astonishing piece of madness. The ingredients were those desperate Sicilians, Forrester's explosives expertise, the jail enclosure—and it all added up to dynamite. Then, locked up in one room of the hut, the Englishman and the girl overhear a question: "Where's Margherita?" And it registers on them that there is still one more member of the gang.

AS FAR AS FORRESTER COULD TELL, he and Inger weren't locked in; he didn't check, nor did he re-examine the windows. There was no point. And for the time being, he wanted to be alone with Inger, unhurried. He lay there thinking back, thinking forward, grappling with the sheer preposterousness of the situation, trying to get on terms with it, the endless lava flow of his thoughts occasionally spilling over into audibility.

Once he said: "It's monstrous, just bloody monstrous." And later: "This can't happen . . . *can't.*" Yet for the life of him he couldn't see what would stop it. Salvatore had already stamped on Giuseppe's objections; Salvatore, whose eyes were sometimes filled with a fierce and chilling light. There was no chance of sowing discord. In the next room, Salvatore was warming the others to his argument, now cajoling, now with contempt. For the most part, the voices were

muffled, yet their very persistence underlined the uselessness of Forrester's continuing to rack his brains. At one stage, he reverted fretfully to the possibility of raising the money after all, only to discover that the arguments he'd used held water; at best they might get it, but never in time.

He lay there, fingering his throbbing jaw. And Inger said: "Why must we be here forever? They can't make you help them." She was sitting at the end of the bed, living her version of the nightmare, nervous and impatient at one and the same time. "Without you, their hands are tied."

"I've no option."

"Why?"

Did she still suppose that Nolan could have refused? Nolan, who apparently had such a way with him. The dead became giants and others were measured against the legend.

"Because," Forrester answered with sudden spite, "they will kill us if I don't cooperate. It's as simple as that." He watched the shock of it on her face—the lips quiver, the pupils momentarily transfix. "Now d'you see? I'm sorry," he said, "but you had to know."

A new voice began to join with the others as he stood with his back turned. He went to the door and listened. "Did you have trouble? . . . *Ciao*, Margherita . . . What did you get?" The replies were brisk, the voice young. "What about you?" he heard. "What did *you* get?" And at once, Salvatore took over, urgently, as if to placate her: "Everything's changed, but don't alarm yourself. We'll have Angelo out—quicker, maybe." She came back at him, cutting out his explanations; he seemed to be following her along the room. There was some confused talk that Forrester couldn't catch, three or four of them speaking at once; and when Salvatore again predominated, he was being charitable. "What's done is done. Anyone could have made the mistake. But we aren't empty-handed. . . . Yes, in there. . . ." Forrester could almost see his gesture. "But listen, *ragazza*, listen. It might be worse. He is a dynamiter. . . . A dynamiter, yes. We can break Monteliana open. . . . But we can. We can. We have been going into it. The main gate, the cell window. . . ."

A stifled sound from Inger drew Forrester back to her. "Don't," he said. "Please don't." He had no armor against tears. He moved in front of her and cupped her chin in his hands, tilting her face firmly toward his. "We'll be all right—honestly. Wait and see. We'll laugh about this one of these days. . . . You know, 'Visit beautiful Sicily and its friendly people.'"

• • •

It was four when Carlo opened the door. He was nothing if not resilient; his grin was fixed in place again with its awful lack of meaning.

"*Ha fame?*" Forrester was famished, he hadn't eaten since a light breakfast.

He went with Inger into the main room. He'd heard the scrape and clatter of plates during the past half hour and now there was bread on the table, a saucepan of soup, some figs. Salvatore was already seated.

"Here is our dynamiter, Margherita."

She was at the sink, rinsing her hands in a bucket. She acknowledged them with her eyes only, gravely, first Forrester, then Inger. So many Sicilian women wore their hair tied severely back, but hers was loose, very dark against the olive skin, and the hard life showed in her features, more even than in Salvatore's;

yet she must have been barely half his age. Black blouse, gray skirt, black woolen stockings—the dress was that of any village girl.

"Margherita," Salvatore said with evident pride, "is Angelo's wife. She is also a fine cook." He indicated the empty chairs. "Come and see. *Si accomodi.*"

Forrester sat beside Inger. He was too hungry to care about sharing the table with the rest of them, but Inger met their glances with self-conscious defiance. Carlo was on Forrester's right, Giuseppe and Luigi opposite, Salvatore at one end. They helped themselves from the saucepan, filling their bowls in turn, the thin, garlic-laced soup contained pellets of pasta and traces of stringy meat.

"Join us, Margherita," Salvatore called, tearing bread. She had filled her bowl and returned to the dramboard, eating there. He paused expectantly, then shrugged, mystified. "What is wrong with us suddenly?"

"It's the Englishwoman," Carlo said out of a crammed mouth.

Forrester wheeled on him. "Cut that out." "Englishwoman" was slang for whore.

"You know too much," Carlo retorted. "And you're too touchy. If only I spoke her language. . . ."

"You wouldn't have the nerve to tell her to her face, so don't sneak it in behind her back. She thinks you're contemptible enough as it is."

Luigi leaned forward, soup spilling from his spoon. "I speak English. Not so good, but I speak."

Surprised, Forrester looked across at him; Inger, too. "Is that so? Then you tell the *signorina*," Forrester said in Italian. "Translate for your brother. Carlo doesn't care, so why should you?" He couldn't seem to let go. "Go on," he needled, but Luigi shifted awkwardly. "You're all the same. Salvatore's right. And she hates your guts—all of you."

Salvatore's eyes twinkled. "How d'you like our dynamiter, Margherita? *Simpatico*, eh? Not a vegetable." He blew hot and cold, now friendly, now threatening.

To Forrester, Salvatore growled. "We can get explosives—all we need. There are sulphur quarries within fifteen kilometers of here."

"You'll want more than blasting powder."

"We'll get whatever's necessary—don't you worry. Your job will be to tell us what's required."

"How the hell do I know what will be required?"

"That is for you to find out. And this you will do tomorrow. You will take the car to Montelnana and reconnoiter."

"Don't be ridiculous," Forrester said.

"Would you prefer to decide blind, then?" Impatiently: "All right—tell me here and now what you require and save yourself a journey. But be sure you're right."

"Look," Forrester argued. "You're asking for a demolition survey. What am I expected to do? Walk round the place, openly taking measurements?—making calculations? Because that's what a survey entails. I thought you said this place is a jail?"

"A lockup. You can see it from the hill. It is laid out like a map—a model. And you can drive past the main gate."

Derision and incredulity seemed to tie Forrester's tongue. In the pause, he heard Luigi ask Inger: "Do you know America? We have an aunt in America—Syracuse, New York." Siracusa, he called it.

"You can get very close to the main gate," Salvatore insisted. "And you can study the general layout from the hill."

Forrester stared at him. "This is lunacy. One look isn't enough. God Almighty, you keep talking about explosives and the main gate and the geography of the place as if they are the be-all and the end-all of everything. If you're hoping to take someone out of there, you need a plan, a detailed, workable plan, and I need to be told what it is. Otherwise, you're heading for disaster."

Salvatore's fists were clenched on the table. "There'll be no mistakes this time, friend. In case you've forgotten, let me remind you that it wouldn't pay you to fail us. You also have everything at stake."

"What is 'M. C.'?" Luigi was asking. "It is against his name. First his name, then 'M. C.'"

"I don't know," Inger said.

Forrester dragged his mind from his rear guard with Salvatore's unreasoning obsession. "Don't know what?" He'd heard, but it hadn't registered.

Luigi asked him direct: "Is 'M. C.' a degree?"

Dismissively, without pride or interest, Forrester answered: "It's a Military Cross." And even as he spoke, he remembered how his father had argued that it ought to be on his business card. "Damn it, Neal, why not? It's a cachet and—well—it can't fail to help once in a while. You know how I mean."

Salvatore touched his arm. "Luigi has fine English, eh? He will be company for the *signorina* tomorrow when you go to Montelnana. She won't feel so deaf and dumb with him around." His pale eyes reflected amusement of a sort. "You see, we have your welfare at heart."

"You're so bloody clever, aren't you?"

"More than you imagine, perhaps." Salvatore drew his free hand across his lips. "If things go against you in this country, you become as clever as God allows and twice as desperate. They are a powerful combination, those two; they can remove mountains."

When he spoke in this fashion, something ferocious showed itself to Forrester. It bore the hallmark of a philosophy and a way of life that had molded these people. Corruption and deceit and indifference and death—these were the sum of Salvatore's hard, cruel knowledge of the world and the people in it. All his years, it had been so. Other things changed, oh, yes—now droves of foreigners came, for instance—and stayed in hotels and swam in the sea and drank the wine; but what did they know of the realities? Nothing.

"Nothing," he said bitterly. "Like you."

Carlo waited awhile, then said: "About the car—it will want the other number plates. It's rented, don't forget."

"When is it due back?" Salvatore asked Forrester.

"Tomorrow."

"Better put them on."

Forrester's tone was wooden. "If I'm going to Montelnana, I have to know precisely what to look for." Incredibly, it had come to this.

"Concentrate on the main gate." For the first time, Salvatore spoke as if he might admit to a plan of sorts. "And in case you should be confused by which gate is which, Margherita will ride with you in the car."

• • •

The light was already losing its brilliance. Long shadows through the pines, a resurgence of birdcalls, dark would be swift.

There was no lavatory. Giuseppe moodily accompanied Forrester when he left the hut and Margherita went with Inger, stiffly, keeping her distance as if Inger carried a contagion. When it came to a wash, Forrester walked to the falls and stripped and stood under them, the shock and force of the water only beginning to produce a glow by the time he returned inside. Behind the hut, Carlo and Luigi were at work changing the plates on the Fiat. Inger used the sink to wash in, the men withdrawing at Salvatore's insistence: it was bizarre politeness from one who threatened so much.

The sun set behind clouds, like veins in marble. As the light drained out of the air, Margherita dragged the sacking over the windows and lit candles: inside, the place seemed to shrink and the world became more remote than ever.

Forrester retreated with Inger into the barred room, taking a candle with him. When he told her what was expected of him next morning, she said: "Oh, no!"

"I won't be away long. Perhaps a few hours."

The yellow glow emphasized the bone structure of her face; her eyes looked enormous, alarm dilating their physical beauty.

"Please don't go without me."

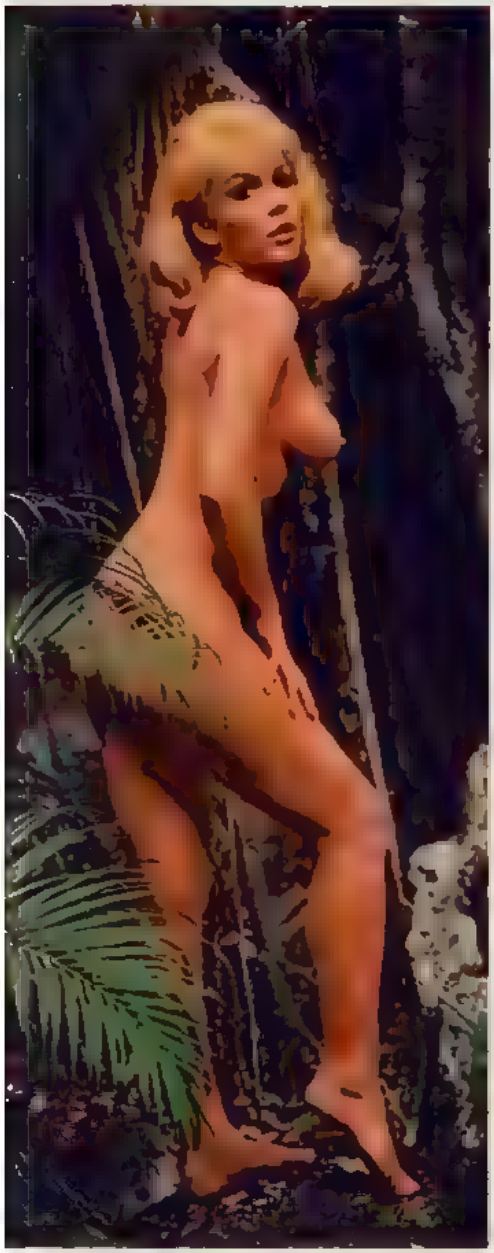
He took her hands. "They've got me on a string this way, don't you see? They know I'll come back."

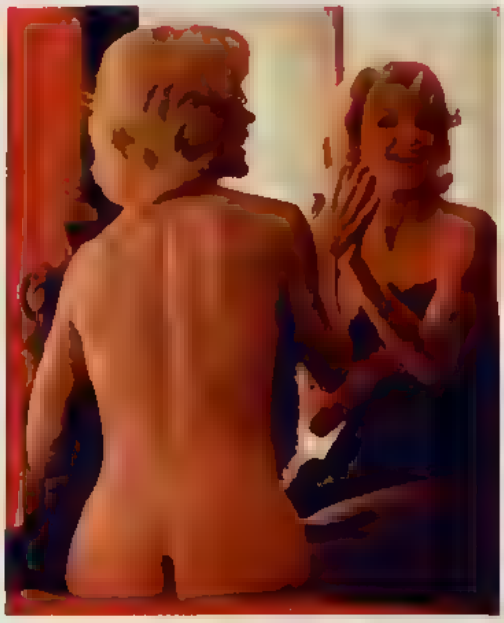
(continued on page 208)

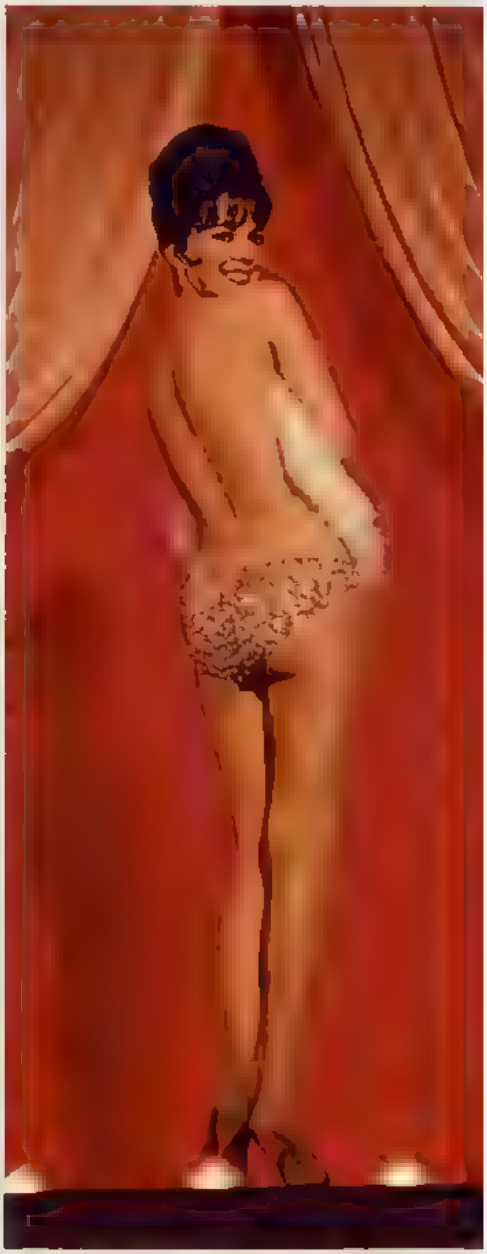
the star establishment is challenged—and eclipsed—by a bold new generation of erotically unconventional idols

WHEN 20TH CENTURY-FOX filed a suit for $50,000,000 against Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton in 1964 for damaging the box-office receipts of *Cleopatra*, as well as their own reputations, with their highly publicized off-screen liaison during the production of that epic disaster, it represented a last gasp on Hollywood's part to control the private lives of its stars through financial penalties. In previous decades, the power of the studios to do so had been potent. Ingrid Bergman, for one, had all but been drummed out of her career for "moral turpitude" with Roberto Rossellini during the late Forties. But stars during the Sixties breathed freer, if not purer, air. Indeed, Fox' suit was patently absurd on its face, for the soporific spectacle would probably have fared far worse if the two headstrong stars had not created an avalanche of titillating gossip during the making of the picture. *(text continued on page 166)*

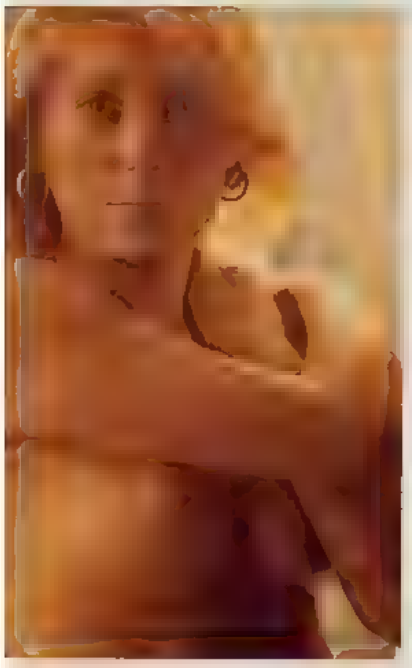
INTERNATIONAL EXCHANGE: *Sixties newcomers aiming for sex star status found that epidermal exposure—in and out of films frequently pronded the ticket for a speedy ride to the top. Swiss-born Ursula Andress (left), who began her career in an undistinguished string of Italian movies, achieved sex stardom only after relocating in Hollywood -and unveiling her considerable assets in an exclusive* PLAYBOY *pictorial For Vassar girl Jane Fonda (below left), the ascent began with a series of chaste sex comedies that seemed to tag her as a budding Doris Day type But then the pert comedienne headed for the more erotic land of French cinema, where she worked for and wed director Roger Vadim –who re created her as a New Wave sex kitten* ***THE AMERICAN BREED:*** *An ample nymph in the Monroe tradition, Stella Stevens (opposite, top left) parlayed a walk on in "Li'l Abner" and a 1960* PLAYBOY *gatefold appearance into a solid screen career. Carroll Baker (top center) also did her in-the-buff best to emulate MM, but such sexpotboilers as "The Carpetbaggers" proved she was short on equipment—Thespian and anatomic A saucy ingénue during the Fifties, Natalie Wood (top right) graduated to more sophisticated roles in the Sixties, including that of "Gypsy," a leggy bump 'n grinder. Exuding smoldering sexuality, Ann Margret (center) torch-sang and frugged her way into the limelight Carol Lynley (bottom left) started out as a virginal sub teen soda sipper, but by mid-decade, she was posing for nude pictorials and landing erotic adult parts Requiring no such transformation, the full-blown Faye Dunaway (bottom right) became an overnight sex goddess with her lusty portrayal of the bank-robbing Bonnie Parker*

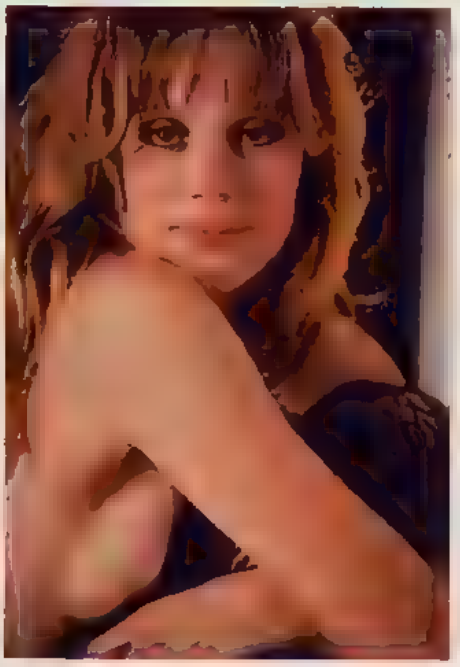


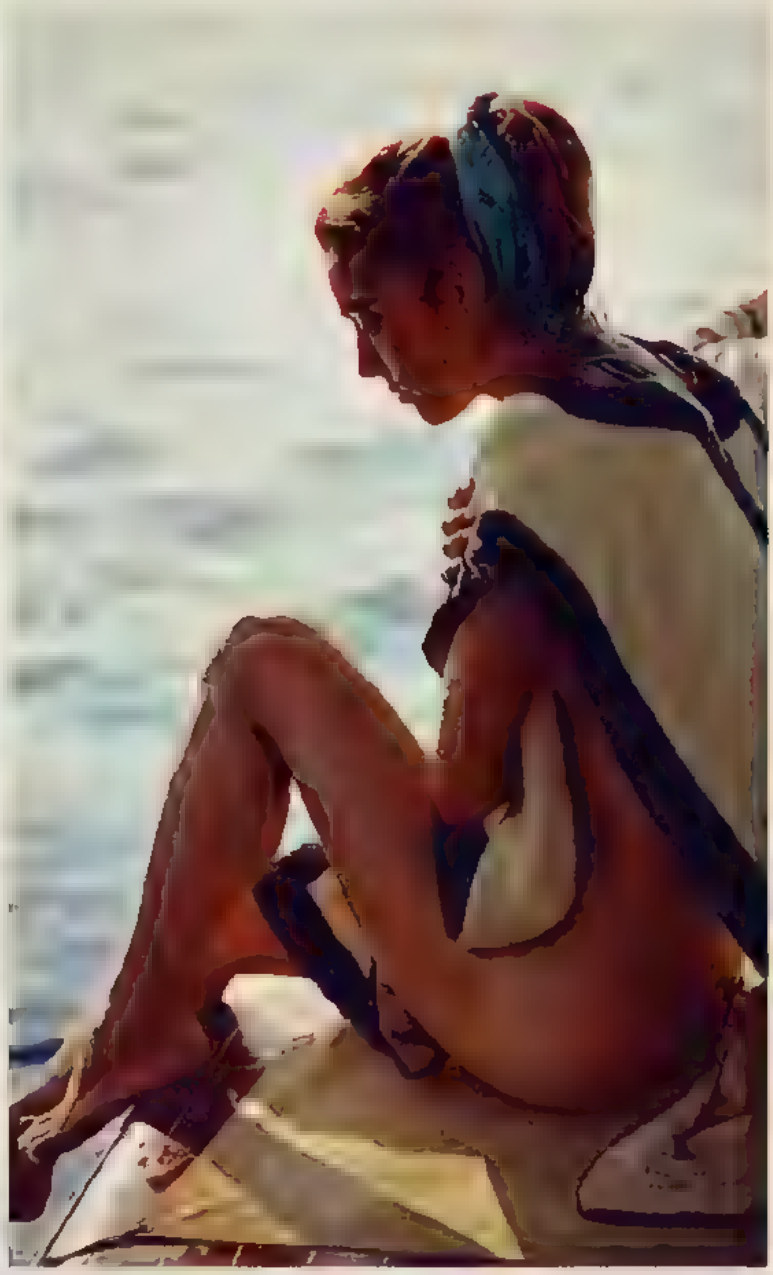




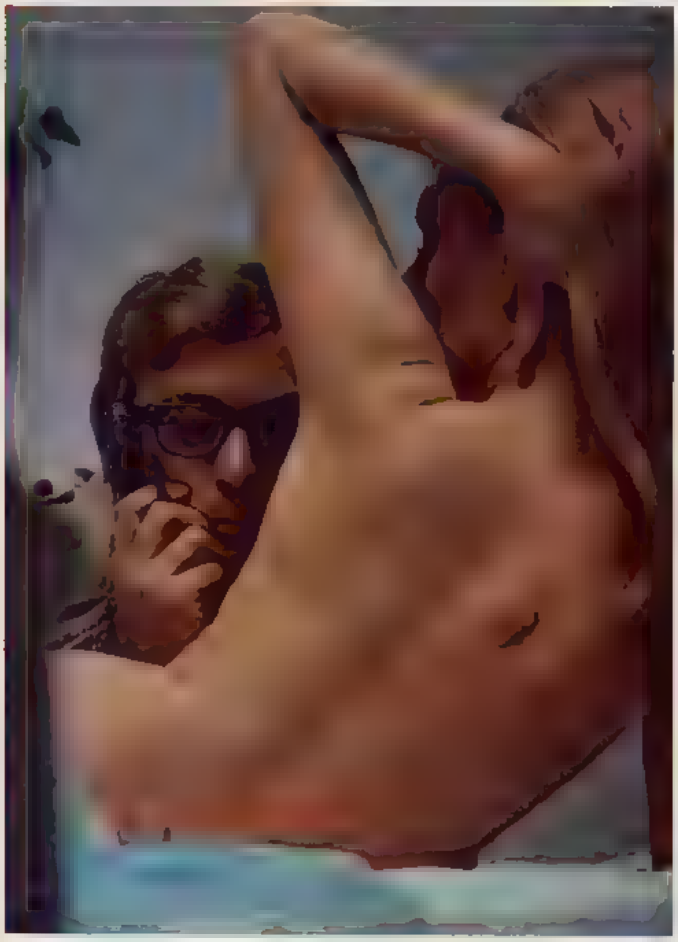
FOREIGN IMPORTS: *Typifying a sensuous new generation of Sixties sex stars, Julie Christie (left) earned an Oscar for her portrayal of the free-living "Darling." The animal sexuality of Claudia Cardinale (below) was captured—but not tamed by director Federico Fellini. Blonde Virna Lisi and the elegant Elsa Martinelli (opposite, both abandoned Italy for Southern California, but fled back to the Continent when their careers began fizzling. Stunning sisters Catherine Deneuve and Françoise Dorléac (bottom left and center) enjoyed parallel ascendancy until Françoise died in an accident and Catherine won fame in "Repulsion" and "Belle de Jour." Elke Sommer (bottom) tried the nude route in Hollywood, but even au naturel, she lacked the earthy charisma of Jeanne Moreau (opposite, bottom).*

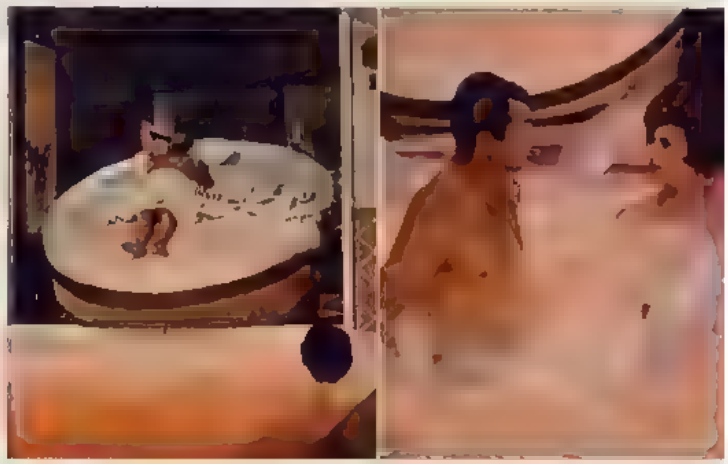




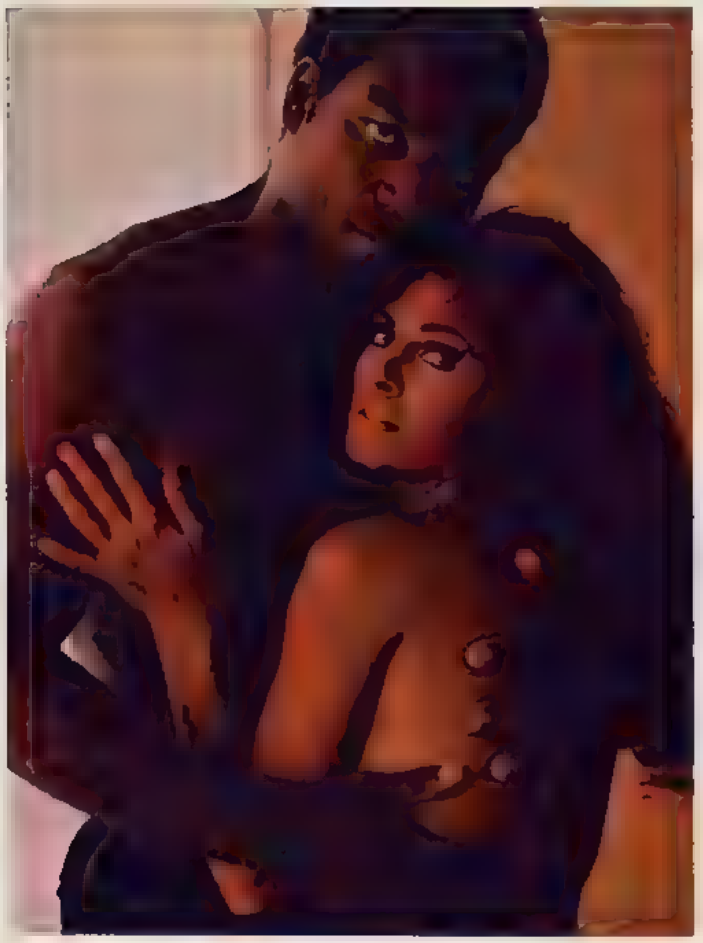


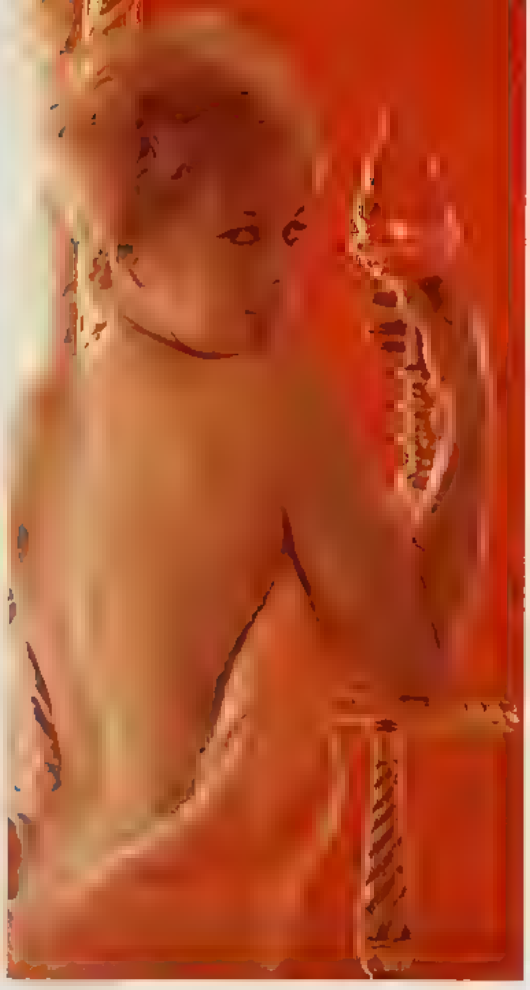
STOCKED WITH BONDS: *Riding high on the spy boom, Sean Connery hit his zenith as 007 in "Thunderball"—publicized by a promotional poster (above) epitomizing society's permissive new mood. Michael Caine (below left), as "The Ipcress File's" Harry Palmer, infused the flashy Bond prototype with an understated insolence. Armed with a Hefneresque bed that tilts its occupants into a giant sudsy bath, Dean Martin (center) as Matt Helm added tipsy humor to the genre, and as Derek Flint James Coburn (bottom right) further parodied the form by keeping no less than four willing assistants on tap at all times.*



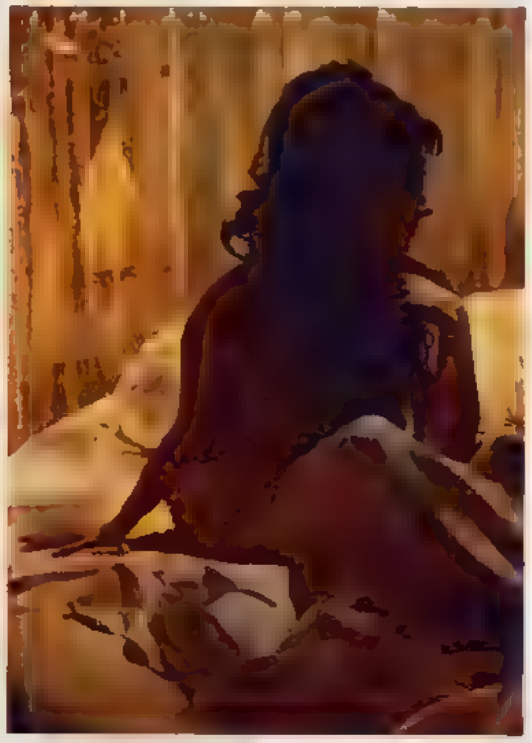


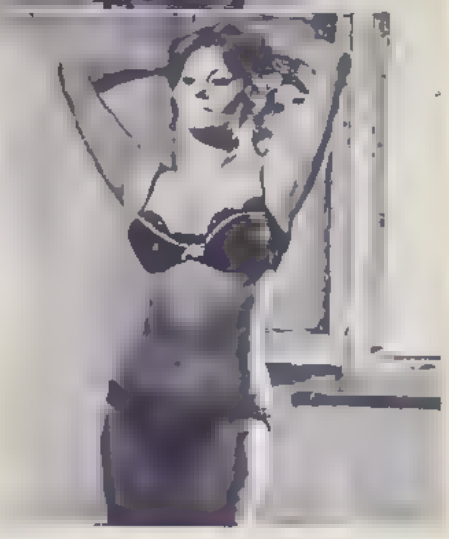
THE BAD, THE GOOD AND THE UGLY: *International and interracial, the top stars of the Sixties each fostered a unique image. Marcello Mastroianni (above left) projected an engaging variety of slightly tainted sexual ennui. Befitting his background, Omar Sharif (above right) came on like a caliph even in "Funny Girl"—to the delight of female fans everywhere. Switching from football to films rugged Jim Brown (below left, with Raquel Welch) paved the way for other black sex stars. Jean-Paul Belmondo (below right, with Brigitte Bardot), face battered from prizefighting days, evolved into the archetypal antihero.*



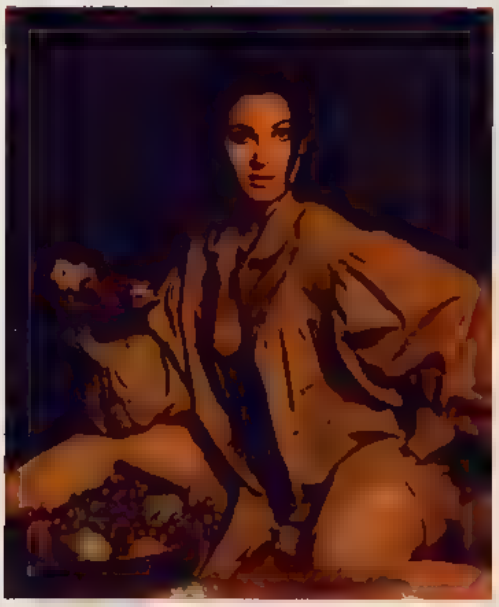


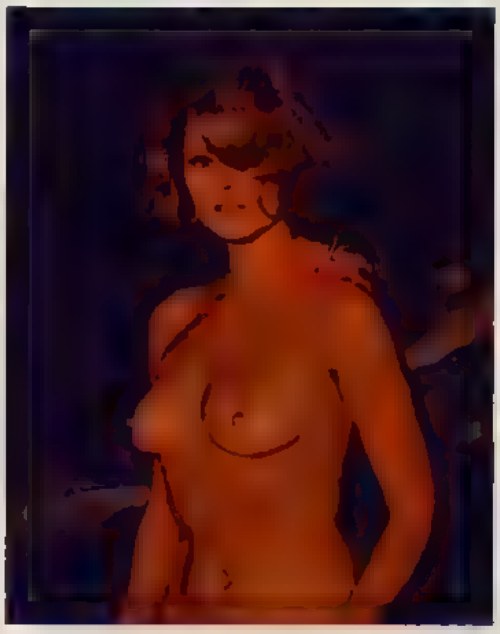
END OF AN ERA: *The flamboyant careers of Fifties superstar Marilyn Monroe (left) and would-be MM Jayne Mansfield (below left) ended in the Sixties—not with middle age but with death. Though "Cleopatra" proved to be her swan song as a sex star, Elizabeth Taylor (below) clung to fame through near-fatal illness and marital upheaval. Only Kim Novak (above) retained her erotic image—but her star waned anyway.*





EUROPE'S OLD GUARD: *Brigitte Bardot (above), who started out as a pouting hoyden in the Fifties, lost some of her little-girl allure in the Sixties but added a mature sensuality that enhanced her performances, if not her popularity. Though she clicked as an overripe Hollywood star in Fellini's "La Dolce Vita," Anita Ekberg (below left) soon faded into third-rate films when her talent failed to match her bust line. Gina Lollobrigida (below center), the Italian "lollopalooza" who soared from fleshy bit parts to star billing in the Fifties, also saw her career dim in the Sixties and drifted back into pedestrian costume dramas -while Sophia Loren (series at right), her onetime rival, blossomed from a sex star into an Oscar-winning actress and comedienne.*

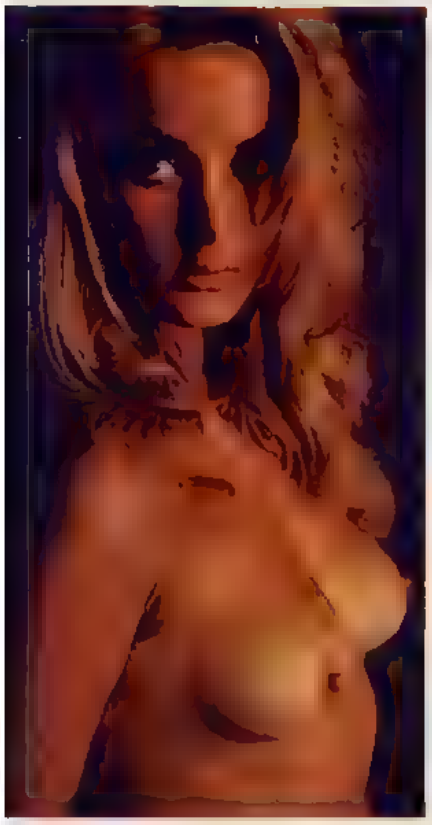


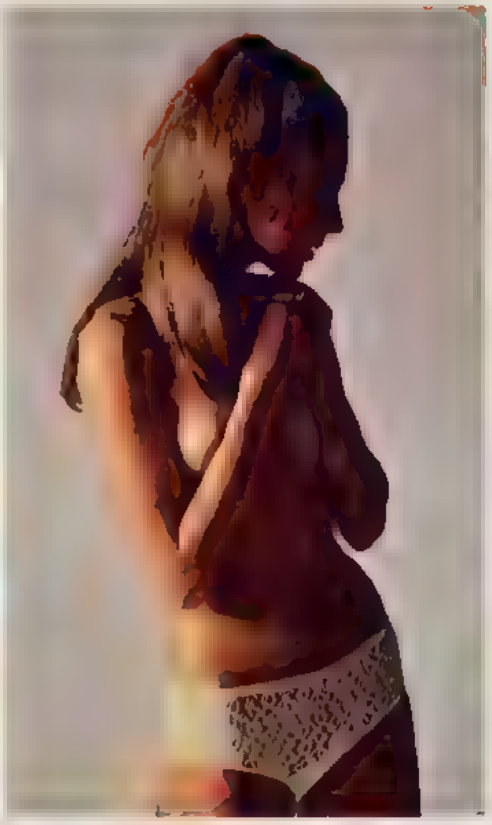


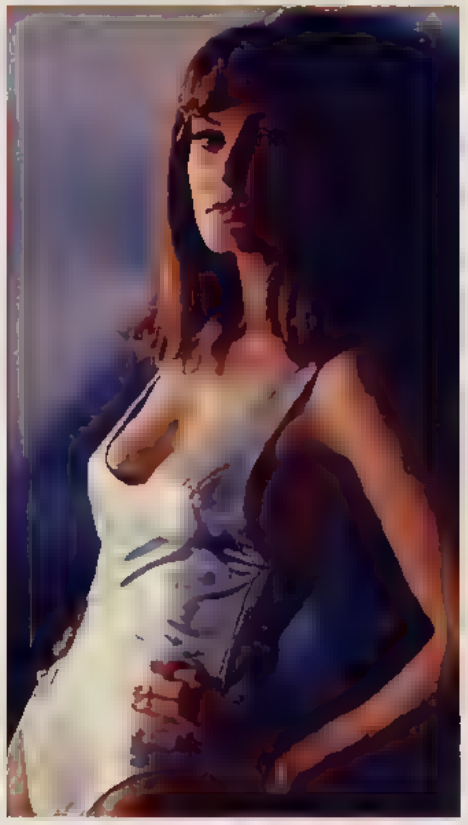
And the real life romance turned out to be far more sensational than the tepid affair between Mark Antony and the Queen of the Nile as dramatized in the film with the result that the movie was given an aura of sexuality that undoubtedly helped its success

In retrospect, it can be seen that the Burtons were in the forefront of what might be termed the second Hollywood revolution The first revolution had taken place during the Fifties, when the major stars seized control of their own financial destinies Buttressed by phalanxes of agents and lawyers, many became corporate entities of their own and dealt with the studios from a position of strength, even though morals clauses *(text continued on page 168)*

COMING ATTRACTIONS: *As the sex stars of the Fifties faded from view, hundreds of starlets vied to replace them—and a few seem on the verge of making it. Sharon Tate (top left) vaulted into the big leagues after three years of semi-invisibility in throwaway roles—such as that of a wet witch in the occult comedy farce "The Fearless Vampire Killers" but only with the aid of a $500,000 promotion campaign It paid off when she joined Barbara Parkins (top, near left), on a leave of absence from the neurotic suburbs of TV's "Peyton Place," as a pill popping co-star in "Valley of the Dolls." En route from a walk-on in "Two for the Road" to a seven-picture contract with Darryl F. Zanuck, England's statuesque Jacqueline Bisset (sequence at center left) took a monokinied splash in "The Sweet Ride." Songstress Barbara McNair (bottom left) broke down a new cinema color barrier when she took time out from the night-club circuit to strip for an erotic role in "If He Hollers, Let Him Go!" A onetime physics major at Naples University, Sylva Koscina (bottom near left) ornamented "Juliet of the Spirits" before heading for Hollywood—where she paused on her way up to pose fetchingly for a* PLAYBOY *pictorial. As Miss Moneypenny and Mata Bond, respectively, Barbara Bouchet and Joanna Pettet (opposite, top left and center) adorned the James Bond spoof "Casino Royale." Barbara made it mainly on the strength of a nude surfside smooch with Hugh O'Brian, most of which was snipped from "In Harm's Way"; but Joanna was already a veteran of two films, including "The Group." After gracing a series of low-budget European epics Viennese Marisa Mell (top right) flopped in a David Merrick musical—but without noticeable ill effect on her movie career Making her pulchritudinous screen debut as a paleolithic miss in "One Million Years B.C.," Raquel Welch (bottom right) appeared to possess the supersexuality required to assume the vacated Monroe throne; unhappily, uncharitable critics felt the resemblance was purely physical*







were suit written into their contracts. During the Sixties, however, they dropped all pretense of being homebodies and lived, loved, mated, divorced and even gave birth without undue regard for the shocked sensibilities of maiden aunts and elderly grammar school teachers. However belatedly, they separated their public and private lives.

So radically and speedily did public moral attitudes change during the Sixties that censure virtually became a thing of the past and movie marriages less of a necessity than a convenience—and when they were inconvenient, several stars made no bones about saying so. Thus, Julie Christie, one of the more luminous of the new breed, candidly told interviewers that marriage was an unsuitable state while she was involved with the frenetic exigencies of her zooming career and that she much preferred sharing a temporary abode with some congenial "mate" of her choice. Another dazzling newcomer, Faye Dunaway, declared categorically, "I think marriage is a hindrance to love." Such statements would have been almost unthinkable ten years earlier. On the other side of the Atlantic, Italy's Monica Vitti lived openly with her favorite director, Michelangelo Antonioni. And in France, Jeanne Moreau was frank when she told a reporter, "What I like most of all is to act and to make love. Is there anything more that a woman could ask?" Most male stars remained unwilling—out of a certain chivalry—to name their current attachments; but Michael Caine, the British smoothie, intimated he was close to being a well-heeled Alfie in real life as well as on the screen, and publicly proclaimed his disinclination to settle down with only one bird in a cage of domesticity; after all, he had tried marriage once and had found the relationship unsatisfactory. Albert Finney was another British luminary who developed a reputation as a bird fancier; and on these shores, Warren Beatty did his level best to emulate him, changing partners with near-frenzied abandon.

It was almost as though the achievement of stardom now gave the newly anointed an opportunity to lead the free-swinging lives of their juvenile dreams. But more remarkable than this was the absence of any condemnatory verbiage in the popular press. The mass-circulation magazines such as *Life*, *Look*, *McCall's*, *The Saturday Evening Post* and the *Ladies' Home Journal*, which had formerly taken it upon themselves to be the custodians of America's moral heritage, still ran "personality" pieces of film stars but now added distinctly gamy udbits to their portraits. In a recent issue of *Look*, for example, a picture-and-text story about Catherine Deneuve, the piquant French sex star, informed readers that "she often sees director Roger Vadim, whom she refused to marry when he became the father of her son Christian. . . ."

The wheel had not merely turned, this was a new era entirely. Sex was now regarded as so normal, natural and healthy a function that many of the female stars found it not only socially acceptable but downright essential to cultivate their sexual images. Where formerly only a brazen few, such as the late Marilyn Monroe and Jayne Mansfield, and minor stars of the Mamie Van Doren variety, had disrobed for picture spreads in men's magazines, PLAYBOY's pages were graced during the new decade by a shapely procession of female stars *au naturel*: Ursula Andress, Joanna Pettet, Sylva Koscina, Susan Strasberg, Kim Novak, Carroll Baker, Stella Stevens and Carol Lynley, among several others. Not only did these young ladies feel that the exposure was helpful to their film careers but producers were eager, through this kind of advance unveiling, to stress the nudity quotients in their pictures. With the rapid erosion of censorial restrictions in the Sixties, Hollywood's female stars and would be stars had the opportunity to display a good deal more than their acting ability.

Heading the parade was the beautiful, tragic Elizabeth Taylor, who, as early as 1959 gave some indication of things to come when she emerged from the Mediterranean in *Suddenly, Last Summer* clad in a clinging bathing suit that left little to the imagination. But more than her seductive curves, the drama of her personal life was the key to her continuing popularity. At times it seemed that someone at that Great Typewriter in the Sky was scripting an impossibly corny soap opera for her to suffer through. She was a beauty, she was the acknowledged queen of the movies, she was rich, she was showered with attention and gifts and even the critics grudgingly acknowledged her professionalism as an actress. Yet this woman who had everything that an $80-a-week typist might dream of was sorely tried by sorrow, bereavement and a near fatal illness. Four times married, twice divorced and once widowed—all by the age of 28—she moved elegantly through life like a daily participant in a gossip column, a target of voracious photographers and reporters wherever she went.

She was also judged by 20th Century-Fox to be worth $1,000,000, plus ten percent of the proceeds, as the Queen of the Nile in *Cleopatra*—with such extras as a personal hairdresser and $3500 weekly toward living expenses thrown in. Arriving in London in September of 1960, where production headquarters was at first located, she was soon laid low with a series of complaints that included pneumonia, various viruses and infected teeth. She was declared well enough to begin work in January—but then she came down with a cold, within days the word spread that Elizabeth Taylor was "at death's door." It was true, she had contracted double pneumonia and was gasping for every breath.

A tracheotomy was performed and her weakened lungs responded, although the accompanying fever zoomed to 108 degrees, she rallied and eventually pulled through. Two months later, still shaky, only partially recovered—but her eyes as lustrous as ever and her scarred throat clearly visible above the neckline of her gown—she managed to mount the stage at Hollywood's Academy Award ceremonies to accept an Oscar, voted to her less for her performance as the unhappy trollop in *Butterfield 8* than for her triumphant struggle for life in a London hospital.

Meanwhile, *Cleopatra*'s expensive sets in England were dismantled and filming was rescheduled for the following September in Rome. By now, the bedeviled project had a new director—Joseph L. Mankiewicz—and a new cast that included Rex Harrison as Caesar and Richard Burton as Antony. In Ruth Waterbury's biographical panegyric, *Elizabeth Taylor*, the historic moment of meeting between the two stars was highlighted by Burton's opening remark to Elizabeth: "You're too fat." The effect on Mrs. Eddie Fisher was cataclysmic; not only did her poundage melt away but so did her affections for her husband—and rumors that they had been transferred to Burton began flying around the world.

Suppression of the story by ulcerated studio press agents proved impossible, thanks to the hordes of Italian *paparazzi* who plagued the pair with long-lens cameras and the battalions of reporters who checked their every movement. Denials were issued—by Burton, by his wife, Sybil, by Elizabeth, by Eddie—but all to no avail. Sybil fled in one direction, Eddie in another—and eventually Fisher took refuge in a New York hospital bed, "tired, overwrought and in need of a sedative," according to his manager, who also stoutly claimed that Eddie and Liz were as devoted as ever. Liz, however, made her feelings fairly clear when Eddie put a call through to her in Rome and she relayed the message that she was "too busy" to bother answering the telephone.

Despite disapproving editorials—including one in the Vatican newspaper—Burton and Taylor continued to keep each other's company and soon co-starred in another film: *The V.I.P.s*, for which Elizabeth received her customary $1,000,000 plus percentage; and Burton's fee shot up to $500,000. Eddie Fisher was now mentioning divorce from his absent

(continued on page 172)

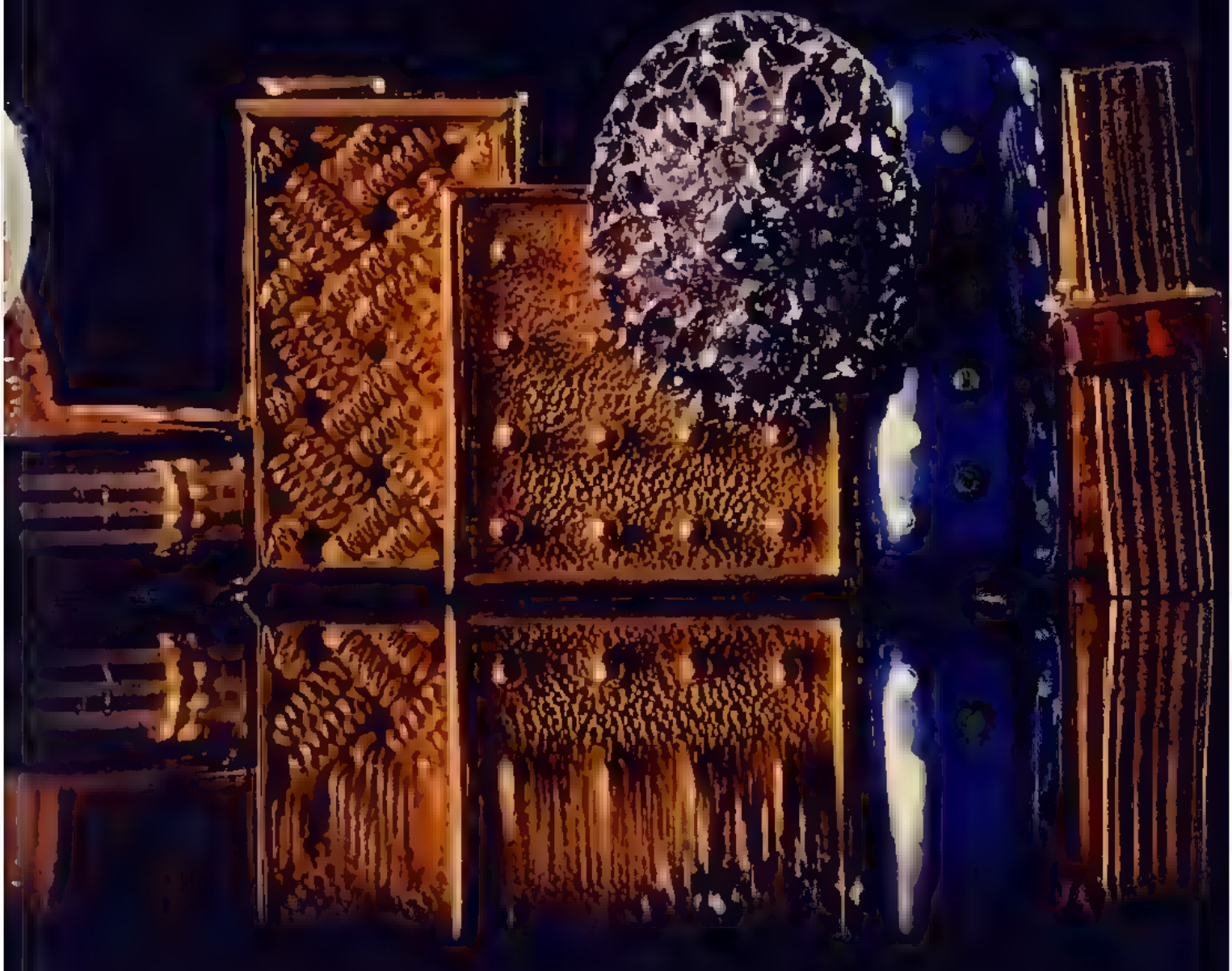
" . . Er, Frank, you remember Mr. Simpson, the public defender."

LINK UP

eye-catching jewelry adds a tasteful dash of on-the-cuff urbanity

accessories By ROBERT L. GREEN Today, the cuff that cheers is decidedly French. Deep-tone solids, stripes and white dress shirts demand an equally elegant set of links for an opulent—but not ostentatious—finishing touch. Select styles that fit the occasion: A carved Medusa head or diamond-studded oval will add sparkle to an evening out, while for office hours you may prefer the subtle, yet sophisticated look of a mother-of-pearl button type. By taking to the links shown below, you'll play the fashion field properly accoutered. From left to right:

Coral and 18-kt. yellow-gold lattice-rope links, by Cartier, $385. Enamel and 14-kt. yellow-gold links with an enamel dot design, by Ralph Destino, $100. Carved 18-kt. yellow-gold Medusa-head links with Greek-column backs, by Le Beau, $150. Mother-of-pearl buttons linked with 18-kt. gold-plated threading, by Ralph Destino, $10. Enamel and 18-kt. yellow-gold circular links that clip closed to form a ring, by Cartier, $220. Rope-textured 18-kt. yellow-gold links, by Tiffany, $225. Satin-finished 18-kt. yellow-gold square links with a raised bead design, by Cartier, $115. Diamond-set 18-kt. white gold oval links in an openwork design, by Mario Buccellati, $1200. Enamel and 14-kt. yellow-gold links in a dot design, by Cartier, $130. Ruby and 18-kt. yellow-gold links, by Tiffany, $460. Most of these are prize specimens—and priced accordingly—for the links man to whom money is no object. If your own on-the-cuff budget is more modest, use this princely collection as a guide to contemporary good taste when making your selections from the wealth of good-looking links at most haberdashers.



PHOTOGRAPH BY ALEXAS URBA

SEX IN CINEMA *(continued from page 168)*

wife, and Sybil Burton also began to exhibit distinct symptoms of rejection. After protracted negotiations, in which a considerable amount of cash changed hands with their spurned partners, Richard and Elizabeth made it legal in March 1964.

Although the public began to evidence signs of satiety at the avalanche of publicity attendant on all these events, *Cleopatra* was a stellar attraction during its first months of exhibition, despite reviews that ranged from mixed to shattering. But Elizabeth probably could not have cared less. Finishing *The V.I.P.s* quickly, she played opposite Burton again in MGM's *The Sandpiper*, a drama of transcendent mawkishness, with Elizabeth as a bohemian beachnik and Burton as a ministerial headmaster who leaps from the pulpit into a guilt-laden affair with her.

Both were more careful about their vehicles thereafter—and neither could have chosen better than *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, directed by the gifted Mike Nichols. Deliberately despoiling her luxuriantly female image, Elizabeth transformed herself into a frowzy virago of 40, spitting out insults and epithets—some never heard before in American films—at her professor husband. She was suitably rewarded with another Oscar at the 1966 Academy Awards. Her subsequent performance as Kate in *The Taming of the Shrew* was a trifle fishwifey, but she was ultimately subdued admirably by Burton. Her incipient double chin and her matronly spread have since increased as she continues to share her husband's fondness for the cocktail hour; but at 36, she's still one of the world's most beautiful women—and a celebrity of the first rank.

Her chief rival during the previous decade, Marilyn Monroe, had also run into more than her share of tribulation. Increasingly moody and neurotic after her divorce from Arthur Miller, hung up on a variety of chemical soporifics, the blonde goddess finally removed herself from this world in August of 1962. Hardly had the eulogies and homilies been pronounced when a good many stars and agents realized that a distinct vacancy now existed in the ranks of sex stars. Jayne Mansfield might have been her chief beneficiary, but she was too gross a type for the current market, and her career continued to fizzle until fate struck at her, too; she perished in a car crash in 1967.

The rate of attrition among sex goddesses was growing increasingly high, but that didn't discourage Carroll Baker from making her bid to enter the pantheon. Thirty-one at the time of Marilyn's death and the mother of two children, she attempted to capitalize on her early reputation as a sizzler, achieved when she appeared in 1956 as the thumb-sucking tease of *Baby Doll*. A few mediocre films followed in which she revealed little flesh and less acting ability; so she returned to being a sex symbol—or trying to be one. In *Station Six-Sahara*, for example, she appeared, preposterously enough, as a visiting nymphomaniac at a North African oil-pumping station. Taking sun baths in the skimpiest of bikinis, displaying shapely legs and her so-so cleavage to the sex-starved crew of the pumping station, she made for a less-than-lush oasis in the desert.

Something of a disaster, the picture wasn't released in this country until after Miss Baker had found the opportunity to put even more of herself on display in Joseph E. Levine's *The Carpetbaggers*, made by Paramount from the lurid novel by Harold Robbins. During filming at the studio, word leaked out, hardly by accident, that Carroll was doing one of her scenes in the nude. In the hope of implying that the film was hotter than a stag reel, the studio barred reporters from the set.

When the press somehow managed to get to Carroll anyhow to learn the truth of the matter, she blandly admitted that she had, indeed, shown all for her art in several scenes. "The decision to appear nude was mine," she stated. "I am an actress. As such I am called upon to interpret a part. . . . The trend now is toward showing human emotions in more depth. This involves sexual instincts." Though her views were commendable, they might have been more convincing if the film in question had not been *The Carpetbaggers*, since it contained little that was recognizable as human emotion—and precious little nudity either, except for a hasty shot of Carroll's derrière while seated at her dressing table. Paramount had either thought better about violating the Code or the entire nude-scene routine had been a publicity put-on.

Nevertheless, Levine was quick to sign up Carroll for *Harlow*, and his publicity office ground out endless turgid releases proclaiming her America's new sex goddess. But the validity of this claim was widely questioned; *Time*, for one, described Carroll as a "middle-aged housewife." Carroll's wooden performance in *Harlow*—further hindered by a shoddy script—finally convinced even Levine and Paramount that she was not the erotic symbol they had touted her to be. They forthwith decided that their contract with her was less than binding. An out-of-court settlement soothed her wounded feelings and Carroll headed for the Continent, where she hoped to find more appreciation of her charms and abilities.

Another Hollywood glamor girl, Natalie Wood, successfully circumnavigated the professional reefs on which Carroll's career had foundered. A working actress since the age of four, the former Natasha Gurdin was 22 when Elia Kazan helped her epitomize the frustrated sexuality of a Midwestern girl raised by strait-laced parents in *Splendor in the Grass*. Slim but captivatingly curvaceous, Natalie achieved an early reputation as a swinger in her private life. Among her escorts was the idolized James Dean, with whom she appeared in *Rebel Without a Cause*, a role that made her an overnight teenage favorite. She was also squired about Hollywood by Elvis Presley, but she by no means confined her romantic life to the youngsters. In 1957, she spoke of a "definite understanding" with Raymond Burr and, later the same year, of a somewhat hazier understanding with Robert Vaughn. So frenetically did young Natalie live it up during this period that her Warner Bros. bosses felt it necessary to advise her to cut out the late hours and the champagne—and to tone down her longshoreman's vocabulary. At the end of the year, she reformed by marrying Robert Wagner—then one of Hollywood's ranking glamor boys—but her instinct for flamboyance and the wild life did not lie dormant for long.

Her large earnings were cannily invested, however, and Natalie's film schedule slowed down considerably, largely due to a reluctance to approve the slew of scripts then being proffered to her. Soon thereafter, she shed Wagner as a mate and resumed playing the field (one of her favorite swains, the ever-ready Warren Beatty) and periodically announcing or retracting her engagement to some rich manufacturer or other. It was evident by 1965 that her popularity had declined, particularly with the younger crowd—as was underscored when the staff of the *Harvard Lampoon* voted her the Worst Actress of 1966 and, unchartably, made it apply to 1967 and 1968 also. Wounded but still game, Natalie traveled to Cambridge to accept the award in person—something no other actor or actress had previously done.

Another recipient of the *Lampoon*'s uncoveted award was Jane Fonda, who was voted the 1962 dishonor for her performance as a frigid young widow in *The Chapman Report*. Jane remained undiscouraged—it was only her third film effort, after all—and if she has not gone on to scale the more rarefied heights of stardom, she has since achieved considerable popularity and acting ability. Being the daughter of the distinguished Henry doubtlessly lubricated her career; but her patrimony, in a way, was also a handicap, for the physical resemblance was so close as to cause

(continued on page 254)

MARTYRS OF HOPE:

MARTIN LUTHER KING AND ROBERT KENNEDY

a posthumous testament and tandem tributes to america's murdered champions of human liberty

When Senator Robert F. Kennedy was informed of the murder of the Reverend Martin Luther King last April fourth, he was dining at an elegant restaurant in Indianapolis. As a group of prosperous bigots at a nearby table joyously toasted the assassination, Kennedy raced to the city's black ghetto, which was already beginning to seethe with unrest, and told a tense crowd, "I can understand your feelings, a member of my family was killed by a white man, too." Kennedy added, however, that violence was not the answer, that a human reconciliation could overcome both the assassin's rifle and the inequities of racial injustice. There was no violence in Indianapolis that night—but eight weeks later, Robert Kennedy lay dead in Los Angeles. The two men died under dramatically dissimilar circumstances. King had returned to Memphis in a desperate effort to salvage the remnants of his nonviolent movement. Kennedy had just delivered a ringing victory speech to euphoric followers after winning the California primary. King was unjustly scorned and dismissed by radical young Negro militants as an Uncle Tom whose Gandhiesque preachments masked a sellout to the white power structure. Kennedy, whose tardy entry into the race after Senator McCarthy's victory in New Hampshire had alienated some activist students, was galvanizing behind his campaign a growing segment of the nation's youth—as well as the overwhelming majority of Negroes, who trusted him as they did no other white politician. On the surface, the son of an Atlanta minister had little in common with the heir to a wealthy and high-powered political dynasty. Yet of all American leaders, the two men most dramatically and sincerely articulated the aspirations of America's second class citizens—Indians, Mexican-Americans, Puerto Ricans and poor whites, as well as the angry masses of black Americans. The tragic coincidence of their deaths was rife with ominous implications concerning not only America's deepening climate of violence but the survival of their mission to bind the nation's racial wounds and heal its deep social and political divisions. Yet, despite the massive shock waves of their assassinations, their lives, like their deaths, will have been meaningless—and our prospects will be dark—if we allow the ideals and aspirations they embodied to be buried with them. The following three essays—a final testament of hope from Dr. King and moving remembrances of the public and the private Kennedy—eloquently articulate the dreams for which they lived and died, and appeal for a national rededication to their fulfillment.

A TESTAMENT OF HOPE

In his final published statement, the fallen civil rights leader points the way out of America's racial turmoil into the promised land of true equality

By DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.

WHENEVER I AM ASKED my opinion of the current state of the civil rights movement, I am forced to pause. It is not easy to describe a crisis so profound that it has caused the most powerful nation in the world to stagger in confusion and bewilderment. Today's problems are so acute because the tragic evasions and defaults of several centuries have accumulated to disaster proportions. The luxury of a leisurely approach to urgent solutions—the ease of gradualism—was forfeited by ignoring the issues for too long. The nation waited until the black man was explosive with fury before stirring itself even to partial concern. Confronted now with the interrelated problems of war, inflation, urban decay, white backlash and a climate of violence, it is now *forced* to address itself to race relations and poverty, and it is tragically unprepared. What might once have been a series of separate problems now merge into a social crisis of almost stupefying complexity.

I am not sad that black Americans are rebelling; this was not only inevitable but eminently desirable. Without this magnificent ferment among Negroes, the old evasions and procrastinations would have continued indefinitely. Black men have slammed the door shut on a past of deadening passivity. Except for the Reconstruction years, they have never in their long history on American soil struggled with such creativity and courage for their freedom. These are our bright years of emergence; though they are painful ones, they cannot be avoided.

Yet despite the widening of our stride, history is racing forward so rapidly that the Negro's inherited and imposed disadvantages slow him down to an infuriating crawl. Lack of education, the dislocations of recent urbanization and the hardening of white resistance loom as such tormenting roadblocks that the goal sometimes appears not as a fixed point in the future but as a receding point never to be reached. Still, when doubts emerge, we can remember that only yesterday Negroes were not only grossly exploited but negated as human beings. They were invisible in their misery. But the stubborn and silent slave of 110 years ago, an object of scorn at worst or of pity at best, is today's angry man. He is vibrantly on the move, he is forcing change, rather than waiting for it in pathetic futility. In less than two decades, he has roared out of slumber to change so many of his life's conditions that he may yet find the means to accelerate his march forward and overtake the racing locomotive of history.

These words may have an unexpectedly optimistic ring at a time when pessimism is the prevailing mood. People are often surprised to learn that I am an optimist. They know how often I have been jailed, how frequently the days and nights have been filled with frustration and sorrow, how bitter and dangerous are my adversaries. They expect these experiences to harden me into a grim and desperate man. They fail, however, to perceive the sense of affirmation generated by the challenge of embracing struggle and surmounting obstacles. They have no comprehension of the strength that comes from faith in God and man. It is possible for me to falter, but I am profoundly secure in my knowledge that God loves us; He has not worked out a design for our failure. Man has the capacity to do right as well as wrong, and his history is a path upward, not downward. The past is strewn with the ruins of the empires of tyranny, and each is a monument not merely to man's blunders but to his capacity to overcome them. While it is a bitter fact that in America in 1968, I am denied equality solely because I am black, yet I am not a chattel slave. Millions of people have fought thousands of battles to enlarge my freedom, restricted as it still is, progress has been made. This is why I remain an optimist, though I am also a realist, about the barriers before us. Why is the issue of equality still so far from solution? *(continued on page 194)*

R.F.K.—HARBINGER OF HOPE

his political philosophy and his deep humanity are recalled by a distinguished colleague and a family friend

THE STATESMAN

By ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

IT IS HARD to write about a man murdered on the threshold of his highest possibility—hard because one recoils from the horror of the deed, hard because all one has left is speculation. Abraham Lincoln and John Kennedy at least had their time in the White House before they were shot down. Robert Kennedy was denied the full test ng of his gifts. No one can say now what sort of President he might have been. But one can say something, I believe, about the nature of his impact on American politics and the character of his legacy.

When he was killed, Robert Kennedy was seeking the Presidential nomination of the Democratic Party. This fact automatically defines the traditions with which he began. He was, first of all, a Kennedy, and that is a tradition by tself It meant that he was committed to courage, public service, self-discipline, ambition, candor, asking questions, getting things done, finishing first, children, banter, dogs, physical fitness and other life-enhancing goals.

It also meant that this total and ardent commitment to life was enveloped by a somber apprehension of human mortality. His oldest brother was killed in the War, his next oldest by an assassin; his sister and three of his wife's family died in airplane accidents; his younger brother nearly died in an airplane accident. Every Kennedy had to make his personal treaty w th tragedy. Robert Kennedy read Aeschylus and Camus and evolved a sort of Christian stoicism and existentialism that gave him both a fatalism about life and an understand ng that man's destiny was to struggle against his fate. No one would have been less surprised by the way his own life came to an end.

He also inherited a tradition as a Democrat In this century, the Democratic Party has been the popular party in America, the party of human rights and social justice. His father had been a conservative Democrat who first supported and then deplored Franklin Roosevelt. The

THE MAN

By BUDD SCHULBERG

I FIRST MET Bob Kennedy eight years ago, through an unlikely intermediary—the late, irrepressible Hollywood producer Jerry Wald. Wald called me at my home in Mex co City to ask me if I would be interested in writing the screenplay of Kennedy's then-recent best seller, *The Enemy Within*. He told me that the Attorney General had chosen me from a list of five likely screenwriters Jerry had sent him. I said that was interesting. I was curious to know why.

"Bobby"—Jerry began, being the kind of bubbly character who would, on first meeting, have called De Gaulle "Charley" and Einstein "Al"—"Bobby says he loved *On the Waterfront* and he's read quite a few of your pieces in magazines and he feels you haven't lost your zing for social causes." So I'd like you to fly up right away—I'll meet you in Washington tomorrow and then, if Bobby likes you personally, we can fly right back to Hollywood and work out the terms; so call me back and let me know what time you're coming in—I'll meet you at the airport or send the limo for you—what hotel do you like—Hay Adams? The Carlton?—I'll reserve a suite for you and——"

"Jerry—wait a minute! I'm glad he likes *Waterfront* and the other stuff, but I need time to think. I have to reread the book in terms of how I feel it could work as a picture——"

"You can be doing that on the plane," Jerry broke in.

"Hold it, Jerry—I need time. And then—this thing about personally liking me goes both ways. You say he has to have screenplay approval——"

"Budd, it's his book, and he is the Attorney General and——"

"Jerry, I need the kind of creative freedom I've had with Kazan, like a playwright in the theater It could be that the Attorney General is too——"

I didn't use the word "arrogant," but of course it was on my mind All those news

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SHELLY CANTON

THE STATESMAN

Kennedy sons grew up with a broad faith in the political and economic ends of liberalism, along with a prickly suspicion of liberals. The New Deal background saved the Kennedy family from the primitive business mistrust of government. But something about the assumptions and manners of New Dealers set their teeth on edge. "I was caught in crosscurrents and eddies," John Kennedy once said. "It was only later that I got into the stream of things."

It was later yet for Robert Kennedy, who was born in 1925 and for whom the Thirties were a time of faint offstage noises. The smallest of the Kennedy boys, he had no doubt early resorted to pugnacity as a means of survival. Norman Mailer's description in 1960 accurately conveyed the impression Robert Kennedy made as a young man. He looked, wrote Mailer, like "one of those unreconstructed Irishmen from Kirkland House one always used to have to face in the line in Harvard house football games. 'Hello,' you would say . . . as you lined up for the scrimmage after the kickoff, and his type would nod and look away, one rock glint of recognition your due for living across the hall from each other all through freshman year, and then bang, as the ball was passed back, you'd get a bony king-hell knee in the crotch."

I had been a friend of his two older brothers but did not know Bobby in his youth. His fling with the McCarthy committee confirmed one's worst suspicions. (Need one point out now that his investigation had to do with the trade of our allies with Communist China during the Korean War and not with McCarthyism as it is generally understood today?) My first encounter with him was an altercation. In 1954, he wrote a letter about Yalta to *The New York Times*; I denounced it in a subsequent letter, and a further irritated exchange, ignored by the *Times*, passed between us privately. (All this highly entertained his brother John.) When I finally met him in Adlai Stevenson's 1956 campaign we looked on each other with vigorous suspicion. But the vicissitudes of campaign travel threw us together and, to my astonishment, I found him entirely agreeable and even funny. We quickly became friends. Later, I always found it hard to take seriously the picture of Robert Kennedy the implacable grudge bearer.

The circumstances of the Fifties cast him in the public mind as a prosecutor—first with McCarthy and then as the counsel of the racket-investigations committee. He was good at it, too—tough, resourceful and persevering. But he had qualities that distinguished him from the other prosecutors in our politics—from Thomas E. Dewey, for example, or from Richard M. Nixon. Above all, he was curious, open-minded and prepared to learn. The rackets committee exposed him to the labor movement, but it exposed him to the United Auto Workers as well as to the Teamsters. *(continued on page 241)*

THE MAN

stories about the hard-nosed, ruthless younger brother of the wise and sophisticated President. Instead, I said something like, "If he turns out to be difficult, or if he wants to tell me how to write it, or if it turns out just plain don't like him . . ."

"Don't *like* him! You're talking about the number-two man in the whole United States! Do you realize when this picture comes out, it will be the biggest thing in America, we'll open it in Washington, we'll invite the entire Senate, the whole Cabinet, we'll probably have dinner with the President in the White House and——"

"For God's sake! Jerry, let me call you after I've had a chance to think it over."

Naturally, Jerry called me every day during that week, more often twice than once. On the last day, he called at eight o'clock in the morning, saying it was becoming increasingly embarrassing for him to find ways of explaining to the Attorney General why we would not rush to Washington as soon as we heard that he was willing to meet with us.

"Tell him I can't come until I'm ready." I held my ground, but I was beginning to feel as if I were clinging to a mast in a hurricane.

It was in that mood that I finally met Bob Kennedy, not exactly with a chip on my shoulder but neither like the endearingly frenetic Wald, ready to salaam to "the number-two man in America."

About a week later, Jerry and I were having dinner at the big, lived-in white farmhouse called Hickory Hill. The Attorney General could not have looked younger or more unlike an Attorney General of the United States if he had been played by Paul Newman or Warren Beatty. There were quite a few of us at that dinner table. Mrs. Kennedy, and Pierre Salinger and a number of Kennedy aides, some of them members of the Justice Department, like Walter Sheridan, later a key figure in the Hoffa case. Others were members of his "kitchen" cabinet, or one might more accurately describe it as "touch football" cabinet—bright and well-informed young journalists. Nothing much was said in the first ten minutes of our dinner. Small talk. Jerry being both anxious and amusing. Pierre entertaining. Ethel Kennedy open and friendly. Young Mr. Kennedy seemed extremely pleasant, if far more reserved and shy than I had imagined. I had expected to get through dinner in an atmosphere that might be described as defensive congeniality and that we would not get down to the business of the book until the coffee and the cognac. But we barely had begun on the main course when I heard a reedy, rather wistful voice, challenging me with a quiet directness for which I was not prepared. "Well, Mr. Schulberg, of course we are all waiting to hear what you think of the book. Did you like it?"

All those eyes around the table turned from the Attorney General. *(continued on page 246)*

a ribald classic-to-be—written by the eminent biographer for his friends' private delectation and never before published—in which two very proper victorian misses exchange confidences on the way of men with maids

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The era of the whalebone corset, plush and horsehair, pomp and circumstance and Rule, Britannia! got its most skeptical going-over in the work of Lytton Strachey, son of a distinguished British family and biographer to the age. In his two major works of personalized history, "Queen Victoria" and "Eminent Victorians," Strachey took the towering figures of the time and brought them down to the scale of fallible human beings. Few people outside his witty and fashionable Bloomsbury set, however, knew that this eminent Edwardian writer was also the author of the secret work "Ermyntrude and Esmeralda." Written in 1913, existing in manuscript only, shared by a few of Strachey's friends and whispered about in the salons of London, this story could never be published in Strachey's lifetime. It was reputed to be a wild and scandalous mockery of Victorian notions about sex, and it remained hidden for 55 years, until a mention of it in Michael Holroyd's excellent "Lytton Strachey" inspired the English *(continued on page 184)*

ILLUSTRATION BY EDWARD GOREY

HOW PLAYBOY CHANGED AMERICA

who remembers that deplorable era when boobus americanus was mired in puritanical primordial ooze?

humor By ART BUCHWALD

IT'S VERY HARD to imagine what America was like 15 years ago, before PLAYBOY came on the scene. In order to put it in its proper perspective, you have to remember that 15 years ago the United States was an agricultural society and the deep puritan instincts of its people dominated the land.

A "good" woman neither smoked nor drank and stayed at home while her menfolk spent their time in clubs and taverns. A "lady" of the late Forties and early Fifties didn't go out on a date without a chaperone, who stayed discreetly in the background, but nevertheless was there to prevent any hanky-panky.

Social life for young people was organized around church dances and occasional

hay rides, but any kind of necking or outward display of emotion was frowned upon and very quickly discouraged.

A "lady" never spoke unless she was spoken to, and she always retired from a room when men entered it, unless she was specifically asked to stay.

The fashion of the time was quite strict for women. Skirts were down to the ankles, corsets were the order of the day, and if a woman showed any part of her leg (the word was never used in mixed company), she was considered "loose" and not fit company to be brought home to the family.

I'm sorry to say that there *were* some "loose" women in the United States 15 years ago. They could be found in restaurants and night clubs, smoking and drinking until all hours of the morning. But they paid a price for their wild behavior and frivolous conduct. They were scorned by the good people of the town and it was made known in no uncertain terms that they were not welcome in decent society. Some taboos were breaking down, even in the early Fifties. "Good" women

were permitted to go to the cinema, but only if their fathers or brothers approved of what they saw. Walt Disney was the most popular family type of entertainment and so, of course, was Andy Hardy.

The automobile was just coming into its own in 1953 and occasionally you would see one roaring down Main Street in a cloud of dust, with everyone screaming after the driver, "Get a horse." But it was considered very bad for a girl from a good family to go driving off with a man alone.

The sexual taboos of the early Fifties were numerous and fierce. The word "sex" was never used nor the subject discussed in the household. Anything to do with sex was said or done behind locked doors, out of earshot of the children and the servants. Premarital sex was unheard of, and the sex act, as we know it today, did not exist. Marriages were consummated solely to have children, and any pleasure derived from it was strictly an unwelcome by-product. As a matter of fact, in some towns, such as New York, Chicago and San Francisco, if a woman experienced *anything* during intercourse, she was considered a nymphomaniac and in need of psychiatric therapy. Men had it a lot easier during the puritan Fifties. They could go to a bar and pick up a woman to relieve their physical desires.

Some women accepted payment in cash, others took gifts and yet others could be seduced after being fed a number of drinks. The men of the time were never severely censured for this behavior, providing they didn't brag about their peccadilloes at home.

This was the state of the country in 1953, and America might have stayed that way except for a young man who came on the scene. His name was Hugh Hefner and he was a rugged fighting revolutionary who was fed up with the hypocrisy that was rife in the land. One night in a beer hall in the German section of New York City, Hefner met with a small group of men who thought the way he did. They decided to bring about a sexual revolution in the United States of America, even if it would cost them their lives.

They named themselves the Playboy Party, after a free-sex martyr named Eric Playboy, who had been kicked out of the FBI for sleeping with his secretary. Hefner felt the best way to take his message to the people was through a magazine,

a magazine that would tell the truth about sex, morality and breast feeding. Not only would Hefner use the magazine to liberate Americans sexually but the profits from it would go toward building clubs all over the country to enlist members in the fight for emancipation.

But before he could get the project under way, an informer from the United States Post Office tipped off the police, and Hefner and his little band were driven from the outskirts of New York. They wandered west from town to town, preaching their gospel of "Love thy neighbor's wife as you would thy neighbor," sometimes being jeered, sometimes being stoned and sometimes getting lucky.

Finally, one morning the little group, hungry and tired, reached a hill overlooking the town of Chicago, then an Indian trading post. Hefner stood on the top of the hill and as far as he could see were girls. He turned to his loyal followers and said, "This is the Playce."

He set up his headquarters in a bunker and started turning out his magazine, first by mimeograph, then by offset and finally by eight-color presses.

A dissatisfied and frustrated America was ready for his message, and before anyone knew it, women revolted against the system. First they started to smoke, then they started to drink and finally they decided to go all the way. They stripped themselves of their confining clothes, turned their backs on organized dances, took rides in automobiles without chaperones. The puritanical reactionary establishment shook its collective head in disbelief as one new freedom led to another. And then someone—Hefner denies it was he—invented a pill, and the last barrier to sexual freedom came tumbling down.

The dark days of the Forties and Fifties are behind us. Thanks to Hugh Hefner and his dedicated little coterie of freethinkers, sex is now something to be enjoyed by everyone, regardless of race, creed, religion *or* sex.

All of us owe him a debt of gratitude that we will never be able to repay. Hugh would be the last to remind anyone of this debt; but I think one way we could remember him is that the next time we're having a love affair, we say to ourselves, "Let's win this one for Hef."

A lot of chlorine has flowed into Hef's swimming pool since then; and as PLAYBOY has prospered, so has America. Hefner can look back with pardonable mellowness on the changes wrought in the past 15 years. Having invented a painless way to have a sex orgasm, this pipe-smoking, retiring genius refused to rest in his circular bed on his laurels. He went on to develop the two-way mirror, the supersonic bra and the underwater breast stroke.

Fearing that he would be criticized for cashing in on the sex craze of the Sixties, Hefner has poured back all the profits he has made on PLAYBOY into giving countless Christmas parties for orphaned movie stars and abandoned chorus girls.

What about the next 15 years? I was given an audience with the great man at 7:06 P.M. on October 6, 1968. Entering his bedroom, I found him sitting up in his famous bed, being fanned by two Bunnies while another was playing This Little Piggy Went to Market with his toes.

He dismissed them and said, in a gentle voice, "God has been good to me."

"Mr. Hefner," I said, "you have done everything that a man could do in his time. What is there left for you?"

He pressed a button and, as a mirror on the ceiling slid away, I saw a map of the world. He pointed up at it toward the Soviet Union and China and said, "I still have much work to do."

"You mean you're thinking of taking your *Playboy Philosophy* to the Communist world?"

"It's our only hope. Once they get interested in sex, they'll want to make love instead of war."

"It's worth trying," I agreed.

"You know Mao is a fag," he said.

"I knew Castro was, but I wasn't sure about Mao."

He pushed the button and the mirror came back into place.

"After that," he sighed, "I guess I'll have to go into space."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARNOLD ROTH

Ermyntrude and Esmeralda

(continued from page 179)

publisher Anthony Blond to hunt it down. Holroyd says, " 'Ermyntrude and Esmeralda' was written as an exchange of letters between two fancifully naïve, nubile and inquisitive 17-year-old girls, one—Esmeralda—living in the country, the other in town. At school they had both pledged themselves to discover as much as possible about the untold and manifold mysteries of sex, and in their holiday correspondence they report to each other the dramatic results of their investigations."

MY DEAREST ERMYNTRUDE,

At last I have a moment to spare and can sit down and begin to carry out my side of our promise. How delightful it is! To have you to write to, my dearest Ermyntrude—you who are so lovely, so charming, so beautiful and so clever! Not that there is anything to write to you about. You will ask why, if that is so, I have only just managed to get hold of a spare moment. The truth is that a great deal is always going on here—a great deal of fuss and absurdity—but nothing that is of the slightest importance or that I could possibly write to you about. As you know, however many people there may be in the house, and whatever they may be doing, nothing ever really can happen in the country. How should it—with no parties, no plays, no concerts, no shops, no dances? But that is an exaggeration; there are dances, about two in a year, and there's to be one next month, at the Swinfords', and —what do you think?—I am going to it! Yes! It has been settled so. Mama at first said I wasn't to—although I'd danced all through the one we had here last winter—and had my hair up, too; but she said that I wasn't out and that I must wait till next year. But then yesterday at breakfast, when it was mentioned again, Papa suddenly put his head up from the newspaper and asked why I shouldn't go, and whether I wasn't 17, and whether that wasn't old enough, and whether—oh, all sorts of things—whether I wasn't a pretty enough girl and silly jokes like that. And so it was arranged, and I'm to wear a white silk dress that Carrie's making for me, and my Neapolitan sash and the tortoise-shell comb that Aunt Louise gave me on my last birthday. Won't it be fun? I can't help being rather excited about it, and the boys are so ridiculous—especially Godfrey, who says I'm already beginning to look like Lady Clare Vere de Vere—and this morning I caught the tutor, Mr. Mapleton, smiling at one of their jokes, but what does that matter? He's only a young man from Oxford, so he can be safely disregarded, can't he? I don't believe Oxford's as good a place as Cambridge, and light blue is my favorite color. Which is yours? When I said that to Godfrey, he spun round on one toe and wouldn't answer. He never will answer half the things I say. I suppose all boys are like that; but, as you have no brothers here, you won't know.

But I've been forgetting all this time to tell you the most interesting thing in the world. Who do you think is staying with us? The dean of Crowborough! And oh, my dear, he is the most charming, beautiful, clever man you can imagine. That sounds as if I meant to make out that he was like you—which would be very absurd, because, of course, he isn't in the least—for one thing, he's quite old—about 50, I should think—and for another, he's very polite. I don't mean that you're not polite, but he's so particularly so—so grave and courteous —almost severe at times, and yet you soon find that he's wonderfully kind and most attentive. He reminds me of those lines in Tennyson—

And in his dark-blue eye austere
A lighted welcome lurked and glowed—

except that his eyes are not dark blue but pale gray, but that doesn't matter. I simply adore him—almost as much as I adore you, my dearest Ermyntrude. Do you think it possible that—perhaps—I am in love with him? I sometimes think I must be. My heart beats when he comes into the room, and the other day, when he picked up my handkerchief, which I'd dropped without noticing, and said "Yours, I think, Miss Esmeralda?" in his lovely voice, I'm certain I blushed. Supposing I was in love with him, and supposing he asked me to marry him! Wouldn't that be enchanting? Which reminds me of that conversation of ours at the end of last term about love and marriage and how you have babies and all the rest of it, when we stayed up so long talking and made Miss Bushell so angry, and it was all so perfectly delightful. Well, have you found out any more about it? Do tell me, because I'm sure I don't know what to think, and you're so much cleverer than I am. Can you have babies without being in love, and can you be in love without—but oh, dear, the boys are calling me to come and play stump cricket this instant, and I can't put them off any longer; I must stop. Do write soon, my dearest Ermyntrude, about all your gay doings in London, to

Your ever most adoring
Esmeralda

P. S. We are to have charades this evening, and tomorrow General Marchmont is coming, which will be a great bore, as he will probably do nothing but talk to the dean.

* * *

My dearest Esmeralda,

I was very glad to get your letter. I think, although you live in the country, you have much more to write about than I have. Your idea of my "gay doings" is quite imaginary. I hardly ever see anyone, except, of course, the eternal Miss Simpson, with whom I spend (it seems to me) the whole of every day, sitting up here in this old dark schoolroom and only emerging for the family meals and the daily patrol in the park. My mother is always out and my father is always at the House of Commons; and as that makes up the household, you see there's not much opening for gaiety. It chills me to go down the staircase, with the dreadful dome at the top; and as for the drawing room, it's so big and so gloomy that I feel creepy whenever I go into it. You say that nothing ever happens with you; well, at least you have stump cricket and charades and deans and tutors to amuse you. I have racked my brains, and really the only thing I can think of that has happened here since I came back is—guess!—prepare your mind for something amazing—we have got a new footman. But please observe that the important point about this startling occurrence is—not that the footman is new, but that his name is. He is called Henry, and the last four were called George. Well! isn't that a change? I've also noticed that his fingernails are rather cleaner than those of the last two Georges. But those are details. To have to say Henry instead of George when one wants some more bread—that is the epoch. So you see you've no right to pretend that you live in a desert. And (I think) you've even less right to pretend that you're in love with the dean. How could anyone be in love with an old man of 50 with pale gray eyes, and I'm sure also with pale gray cheeks hanging in folds, and one of those horrid necks that have a flap of skin in the middle? The truth is I believe you're shamming a romance with the dean in order to conceal one with Mr. Mapleton. It's very suspicious. You say hardly anything about him. What is he like? Is he tall or short? Dark or fair? Is he good-looking? According as you answer these questions I shall judge. So take care. I have forgotten whether Godfrey is the brother who is a year younger than you, or another. Please tell me what he looks like, too. Has he got brown curly hair and large dark eyes in your style, I wonder?

I've tried to go on with our inquiries about love and babies, but I haven't got much further. The other day I began edging round the conversation in that direction with old Simpson, and naturally that didn't succeed. She shut me up when I was still miles off. Everyone always does—that is, everyone who knows. What can it mean? It is very odd. Why on earth should there be a secret about what happens when people have

(continued on page 202)

a portfolio of the past delightful dozen

Britt Fredriksen **MISS JUNE**

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

AS WE BEGIN 1969, evidence continues to mount that to be a Playmate is to capture an important key to success. In 1967, several of our bountiful beauties—notably, Playmate of the Year Angela Dorian, who appeared in *Rosemary's Baby*—were whisked to Hollywood to begin film careers. Of this past year's 12 girls, at least two—Connie Kreski (Miss January) and Michelle Hamilton (Miss March)—seem likely to emerge as full fledged cinema stars by the end of 1969. But not all of our gatefold graduates are intent on becoming actresses. June's memorable *Body and Skol* centerfold, Britt Fredriksen (above), is studying interior decoration at Foothill College in California's Los Altos Hills and plans to make it her profession. "I like Danish and Swedish furniture best of all," says this pretty Norwegian. "Scandinavian design and use of color is fantastic." Britt has lived in California for over a year and doesn't plan on ever leaving. "In Europe, I enjoy the forests and feeling close to nature. But here, the climate is always beautiful and there are no long, depressing winters to get through." And just in case wintry weather is getting *you* down, peruse our Playmates of 1968—and perk up.

Nancy Harwood **MISS FEBRUARY**

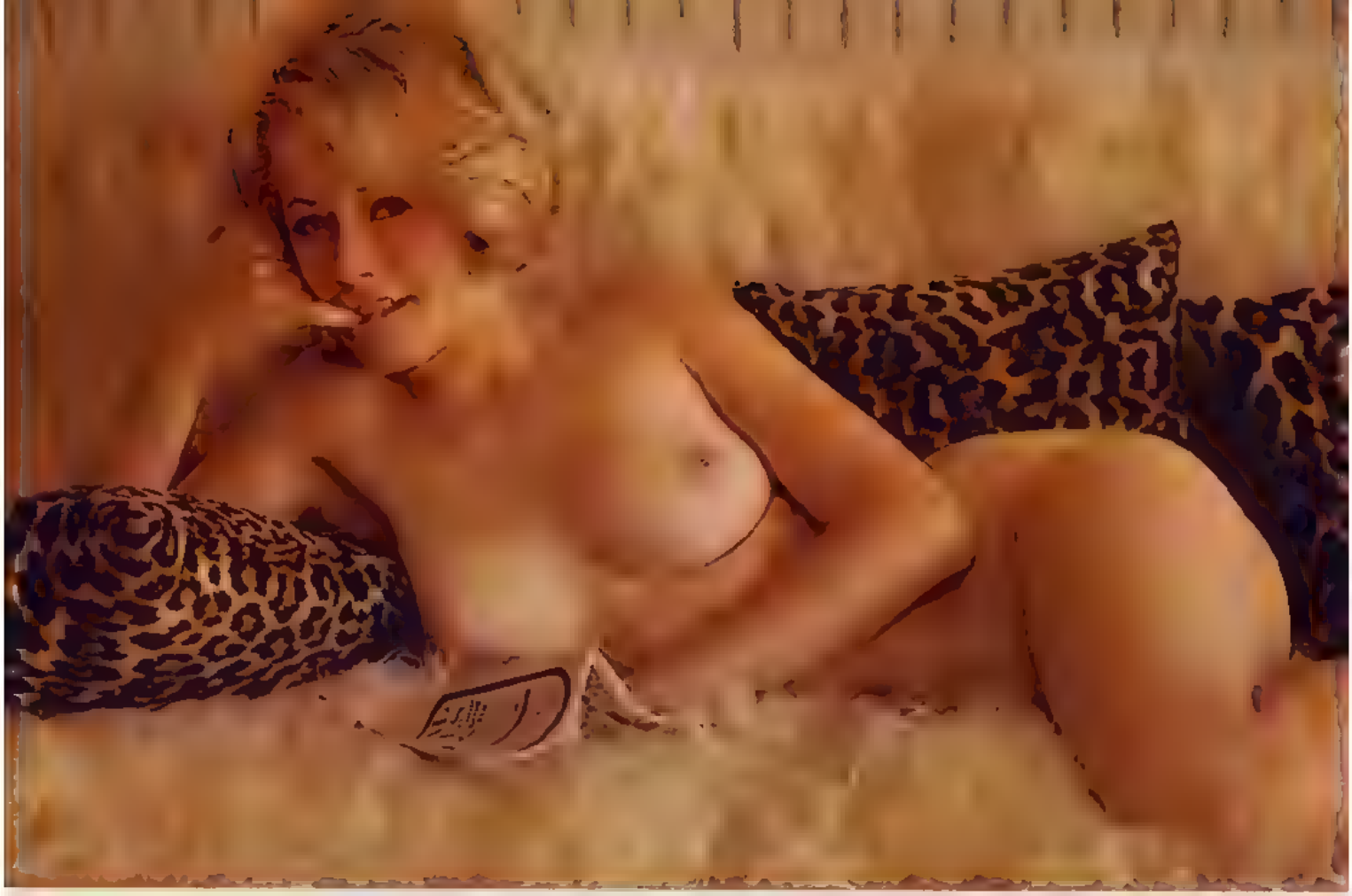
Twenty-year-old Nancy (at right) recently left California for Europe. "I want to spend a year seeing what life is like in Rome and Paris," she told us before embarking. "And since they're both European fashion centers, I'm hoping to support myself by modeling." Miss Harwood, who is also a top-notch secretary, may take a clerical job if modeling assignments don't come her way —an unlikely possibility. "My biggest relief, after I decided to become a model," says Miss February, "was discovering I needn't look like a malnutrition case."

Connie Kreski **MISS JANUARY**

Detroiter Connie visited England last year and was "discovered" at the London Playboy Club by Anthony Newley, who signed her to a role in his upcoming film *Can Hieronymus Merkin Ever Forget Mercy Humppe and Find True Happiness?* Connie has since received additional screen offers and will shortly decide on her second film. A modeling career has also opened up for Miss Kreski: After appearing on the cover of the *Londoner* magazine, the 5′5″ blonde was photographed for *Vogue* by noted lensman David Bailey.

Gale Olson **MISS AUGUST**

Prior to her gatefold debut, our August Playmate was up in the air about two possible careers: Gale wanted to wing it as a stewardess and had also checked, with NASA, about trying to become a female astronaut. To complicate matters, Miss Olson was recently offered screen tests by two movie studios. This autumn, she flew to Chicago from her home in Costa Mesa, California; the impulsive Miss Olson liked the Windy City so much she promptly signed on as a Bunny at the Chicago Playboy Club. "But," says Gale, "I'm not ruling out NASA."



Gaye Rennie **MISS APRIL**

When PLAYBOY photographer Bill Figge first encountered Gaye posing for her high school graduation pictures, she had already decided to be a model. Since then the Glendale beauty has attended modeling school and now works regularly as a mannequin. She has also attracted moviemakers' attention: Miss Rennie was offered leading roles in two upcoming films but turned them down. "I'm not interested in being an actress," she says. "That strikes a lot of people as odd, but modeling gives me all the pleasure that I want from a career."

Melodye Prentiss **MISS JULY**

A onetime PLAYBOY researcher, Melodye was promoted to our Copy Department, where she now helps check the facts contained in our articles. She's studying for a fine-arts degree, attends the Art Institute of Chicago, where her latest turn-on is the surrealism of Salvador Dali. Says Miss July, "His paintings prove to me what Dali has always claimed—that he's a genius." Melodye has also become intrigued by erotic art. "If more galleries would buy—and if more museums would display—erotic art, it would become enormously popular."

Paige Young **MISS NOVEMBER**

Free-lance artist Paige just moved from Malibu to a studio in nearby Venice and, since then, she hasn't had time to indulge in her second love—swimming. "I'd been waiting for this studio for nearly two years," she says. Paige's canvases have been exhibited in several galleries and now she's preparing for a one-woman show, hopefully in New York. "But I won't be ready for quite some time," she says. "I think I'm on the verge of something that's never been done. I can't give it a name yet, but when I do, I'll call you and tell you all about it."

Dru Hart **MISS SEPTEMBER**

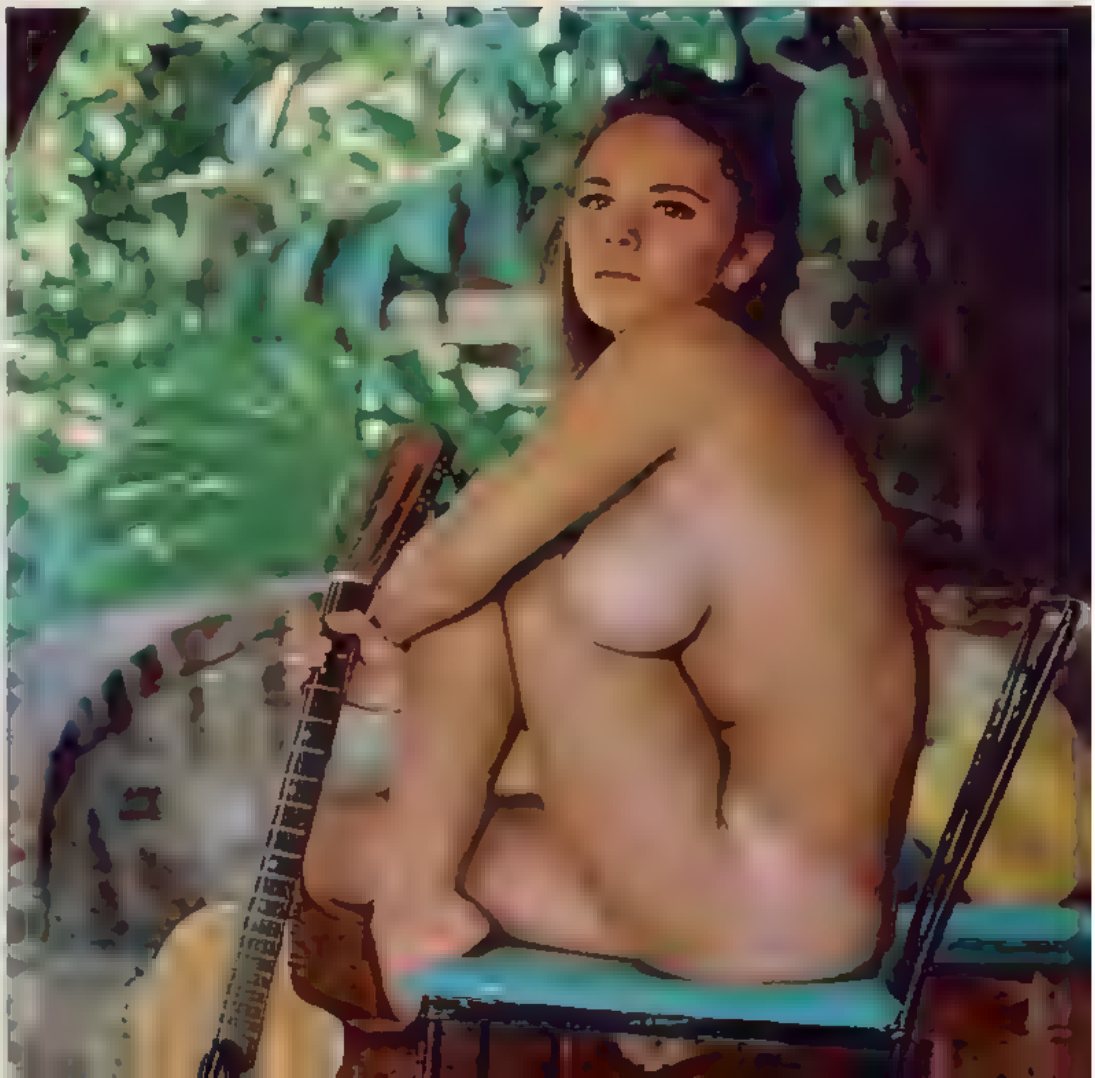
California Hart-throb Dru recently left her job as a legal secretary and is living the easy life at her Van Nuys apartment. "I'm kind of coasting right now," she says. Miss September's version of *la dolce vita* consists of hiking, beaching it at Malibu "and discovering how good chocolate bonbons are—but I can't eat as many as I'd like or I'd look like one." When Dru tires of her new leisure, she plans to try modeling and traveling. "I've never seen Europe or Asia, and I hope to visit both of them during the coming year."

Majken Haugedal **MISS OCTOBER**

Montreal Playboy Club Bunny Majken (pronounced *My*-ken), upon becoming a Playmate, went on vacation to Denmark, where she visited relatives in Copenhagen. After she returned home, Miss Haugedal—because of her centerfold credentials—was sought for Canadian television commercials. Although she likes Montreal, Miss October wants to get a taste of life in the U. S. "I may transfer to the Los Angeles Playboy Club," says the 5' 5" Dane at left. "It would be fun to have a year-round tan—like you see on all those California girls."

Michelle Hamilton **MISS MARCH**

Acting hopeful Michelle—who's dropped her stage pseudonym in favor of her real name, Roxanna Platt—is, as we go to press, in the final week of testing for the lead in an important film. "It's a strong drama that should be up for several Academy Awards next year," she told us. In any event, Michelle (who's dated Omar Sharif) has won a starring role in a crime flick that will be shot in Rome, and appears set for an acting career. "And it's almost entirely due to PLAYBOY—the movie contacts I made were a direct result of my Playmate appearance."



Elizabeth Jordan **MISS MAY**

After spending her summer in Arizona tutoring Indian children, Angeleno Liz bought a 1953 MG-TD and set out for home. Her car broke down two hours out of Phoenix; after waiting three days for parts, she got going again—only to have the MG go kaput 88 miles later. "My brother came in from San Diego and towed me back with him," says Liz, who found San Diego a perfect setting for her avocational pursuits. "I'm convinced that San Francisco and San Diego are the only beautiful cities in California," she says.

Cynthia Myers **MISS DECEMBER**

Last month's pert palm reader has a solid grip on her future. Cynthia's first move after becoming a Playmate was a big one: from her home town of Toledo to the Playboy Mansion's Bunny Dorm. "I'm doing promotion work for the magazine, so moving seemed like a good idea." The 18-year-old brunette has been encouraged to take acting lessons by Mansion visitors David Merrick, Jack Valenti, Bill Cosby and Warren Beatty. Says Cynthia, "I'll be going to acting school, but not right now it's too much fun working for PLAYBOY."

A TESTAMENT OF HOPE *(continued from page 175)*

in America, a nation that professes itself to be democratic, inventive, hospitable to new ideas, rich, productive and awesomely powerful? The problem is so tenacious because, despite its virtues and attributes, America is deeply racist and its democracy is flawed both economically and socially. All too many Americans believe justice will unfold painlessly or that its absence for black people will be tolerated tranquilly.

Justice for black people will not flow into society merely from court decisions nor from fountains of political oratory. Nor will a few token changes quell all the tempestuous yearnings of millions of disadvantaged black people. White America must recognize that justice for black people cannot be achieved without radical changes in the structure of our society. The comfortable, the entrenched, the privileged cannot continue to tremble at the prospect of change in the *status quo*.

Stephen Vincent Benét had a message for both white and black Americans in the title of a story, *Freedom Is a Hard Bought Thing*. When millions of people have been cheated for centuries, restitution is a costly process. Inferior education, poor housing, unemployment, inadequate health care—each is a bitter component of the oppression that has been our heritage. Each will require billions of dollars to correct. Justice so long deferred has accumulated interest and its cost for this society will be substantial in financial as well as human terms. This fact has not been fully grasped, because most of the gains of the past decade were obtained at bargain rates. The desegregation of public facilities cost nothing; neither did the election and appointment of a few black public officials.

The price of progress would have been high enough at the best of times, but we are in an agonizing national crisis because a complex of profound problems has intersected in an explosive mixture. The black surge toward freedom has raised justifiable demands for racial justice in our major cities at a time when all the problems of city life have simultaneously erupted. Schools, transportation, water supply, traffic and crime would have been municipal agonies whether or not Negroes lived in our cities. The anarchy of unplanned city growth was destined to confound our confidence. What is unique to this period is our inability to arrange an order of priorities that promises solutions that are decent and just.

Millions of Americans are coming to see that we are fighting an immoral war that costs nearly 30 billion dollars a year, that we are perpetuating racism, that we are tolerating almost 40,000,000 poor during an overflowing material abundance. Yet they remain helpless to end the war, to feed the hungry, to make brotherhood a reality, this has to shake our faith in ourselves. If we look honestly at the realities of our national life, it is clear that we are not marching forward; we are groping and stumbling; we are divided and confused. Our moral values and our spiritual confidence sink, even as our material wealth ascends. In these trying circumstances, the black revolution is much more than a struggle for the rights of Negroes. It is forcing America to face all its interrelated flaws: racism, poverty, militarism and materialism. It is exposing evils that are rooted deeply in the whole structure of our society. It reveals systemic rather than superficial flaws and suggests that radical reconstruction of society itself is the real issue to be faced.

It is time that we stopped our blithe lip service to the guarantees of life, liberty and pursuit of happiness. These fine sentiments are embodied in the Declaration of Independence but that document was always a declaration of intent rather than of reality. There were slaves when it was written; there were still slaves when it was adopted; and to this day, black Americans have not life, liberty nor the privilege of pursuing happiness, and millions of poor white Americans are in economic bondage that is scarcely less oppressive. Americans who genuinely treasure our national ideals, who know they are still elusive dreams for all too many, should welcome the stirring of Negro demands. They are shattering the complacency that allowed a multitude of social evils to accumulate. Negro agitation is requiring America to re-examine its comforting myths and may yet catalyze the drastic reforms that will save us from social catastrophe.

In indicting white America for its ingrained and tenacious racism, I am using the term "white" to describe the majority, not *all* who are white. We have found that there are many white people who clearly perceive the justice of the Negro struggle for human dignity. Many of them joined our struggle and displayed heroism no less inspiring than that of black people. More than a few died by our side; their memories are cherished and are undimmed by time.

Yet the largest part of white America is still poisoned by racism, which is as native to our soil as pine trees, sage brush and buffalo grass. Equally native to us is the concept that gross exploitation of the Negro is acceptable, if not commendable. Many whites who concede that Negroes should have equal access to public facilities and the untrammeled right to vote cannot understand that we do not intend to remain in the basement of the economic structure; they cannot understand why a porter or a housemaid would dare dream of a day when his work will be more useful, more remunerative and a pathway to rising opportunity. This incomprehension is a heavy burden in our efforts to win white allies for the long struggle.

But the American Negro has in his nature the spiritual and worldly fortitude to eventually win his struggle for justice and freedom. It is a moral fortitude that has been forged by centuries of oppression. In their sorrow and their hardship, Negroes have become almost instinctively cohesive. We band together readily, and against white hostility, we have an intense and wholesome loyalty to one another. But we cannot win our struggle for justice all alone, nor do I think that most Negroes want to exclude well-intentioned whites from participation in the black revolution. I believe there is an important place in our struggle for white liberals and I hope that their present estrangement from our movement is only temporary. But many white people in the past joined our movement with a kind of messianic faith that they were going to save the Negro and solve all of his problems very quickly. They tended, in some instances, to be rather aggressive and insensitive to the opinions and abilities of the black people with whom they were working; this has been especially true of students. In many cases, they simply did not know how to work in a supporting, secondary role. I think this problem became most evident when young men and women from elite Northern universities came down to Mississippi to work with the black students at Tougaloo and Rust colleges, who were not quite as articulate, didn't type quite as fast and were not as sophisticated. Inevitably, feeling of white paternalism and black inferiority became exaggerated. The Negroes who rebelled against white liberals were trying to assert their own equality and to cast off the mantle of paternalism.

Fortunately, we haven't had this problem in the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. Most of the white people who were working with us in 1962 and 1963 are still with us. We have always enjoyed a relationship of mutual respect. But I think a great many white liberals outside S.C.L.C. also have learned this basic lesson in human relations, thanks largely to Jimmy Baldwin and others who have articulated some of the problems of being black in a multiracial society. And I am happy to report that relationships between whites and Negroes in the human rights movement are now on a much healthier basis.

In society at large, abrasion between the races is far more evident—but the hostility was always there. Relations today are different only in the sense that

(continued on page 231)

THE SCHEMATIC MAN

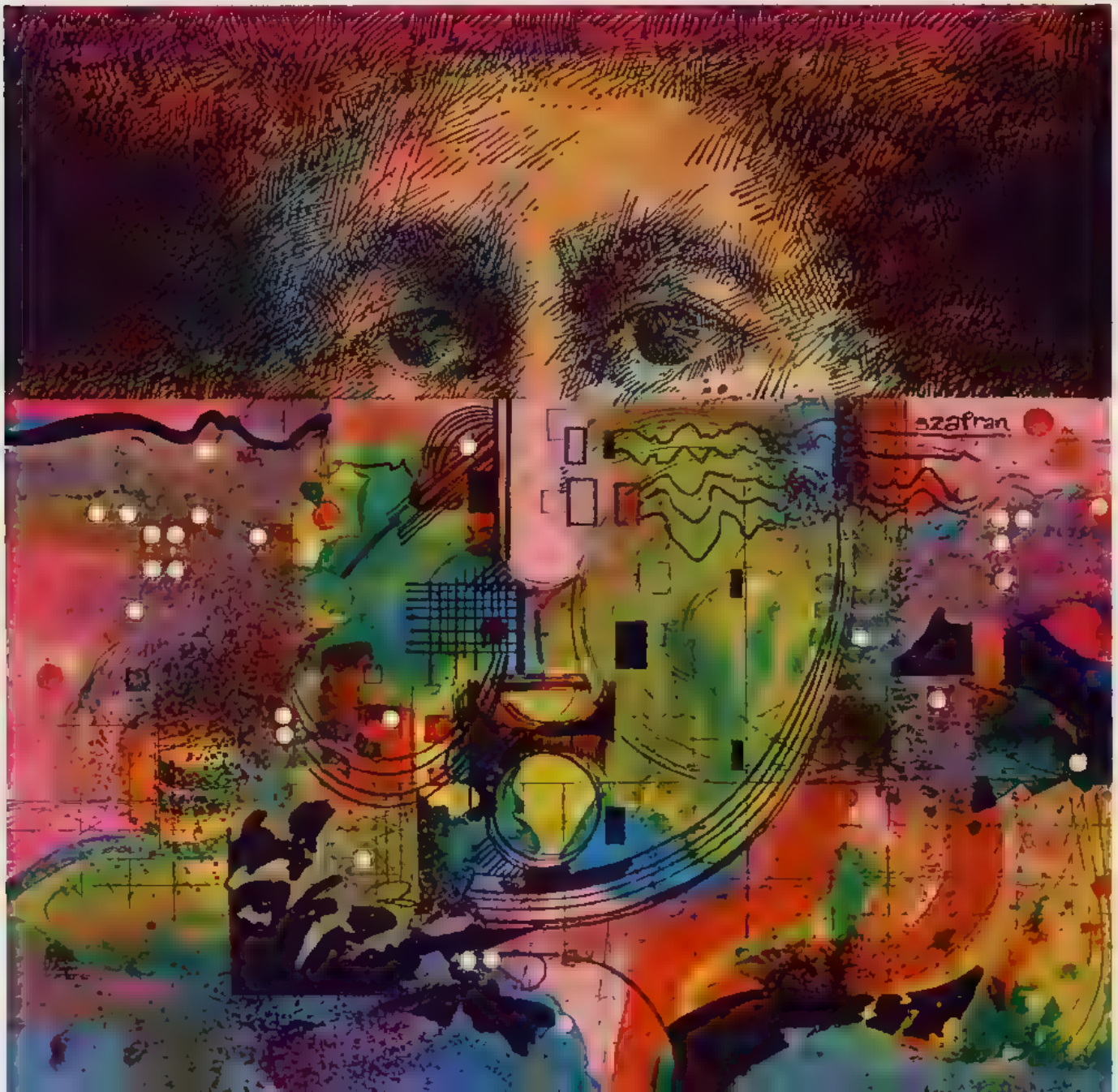
fiction By FREDERIK POHL *piece by piece, he had programed himself into the computer—now he wondered what would happen when somebody turned it on*

I KNOW I'M NOT REALLY a funny man, but I don't like other people to know it. I do what other people without much sense of humor do. I tell jokes. If we're sitting next to each other at a faculty senate and I want to introduce myself, I probably say, "Bederkind is my name, and computers are my game."

Nobody laughs much. Like all my jokes, it needs to be explained. The joking part is that it was through game theory that I first became interested in computers and the making of mathematical models. Sometimes when I'm explaining it, I say there that the mathematical ones are the only models I've ever had a chance to make. That gets a smile, anyway. I've figured out why. Even if you don't really get much out of the play on words, you can tell it's got something to do with sex, and we all reflexively smile when anybody says anything sexy.

I ought to tell you what a mathematical model is, right? All right. It's simple. It's a kind of picture of something made out of numbers. You use it because it's easier to make numbers move than to make real things move.

Suppose I want to know what the planet Mars is going to do over the next few years. I take everything I know about Mars and I turn it into numbers—a number for its speed in orbit, another number for how much it weighs, another number for how many miles it is in diameter, another number to express how strongly the Sun pulls it toward it and all that. Then I tell the



computer that's all it needs to know about Mars, and I go on to tell it all the same sorts of numbers about the Earth about Venus, Jupiter, the Sun itself - about all the other chunks of matter floating around in the neighborhood that I think are likely to make any difference to Mars. I then teach the computer some simple rules about how the set of numbers that represents Jupiter, say, affects the numbers that represent Mars: the law of inverse squares, some rules of celestial mechanics, a few relativistic corrections . . . well, actually, there are a lot of things it needs to know. But not more than I can tell it.

When I have done all this—not exactly in English but in a kind of a language that it knows how to handle—the computer has a mathematical model of Mars stored inside it. It will then whirl its mathematical Mars through mathematical space for as many orbits as I like. I say to it, "1997 June 18 2400 GMT," and it . . . it . . . well, I guess the word for it is, it *imagines* where Mars will be, relative to my back-yard Questar, at midnight Greenwich time on the 18th of June, 1997, and tells me which way to point.

It isn't real Mars that it plays with. It's a mathematical model, you see. But for the purposes of knowing where to point my little telescope, it does everything that "real Mars" would do for me, only much faster. I don't have to wait for 1997; I can find out in five minutes.

It isn't only planets that can carry on a mathematical metalife in the memory banks of a computer. Take my friend Schmuel. He has a joke, too, and his joke is that he makes 20 babies a day in his computer. What he means by that is that, after six years of trying, he finally succeeded in writing down the numbers that describe the development of a human baby in its mother's uterus, all the way from conception to birth. The point of that is that then it was comparatively easy to write down the numbers for a lot of the things that happen to babies before they're born. Momma has high blood pressure. Momma smokes three packs a day. Momma catches scarlet fever or a kick in the belly. Momma keeps making it with Poppa every night until they wheel her into the delivery room. And so on. And the point of *that* is that this way, Schmuel can see some of the things that go wrong and make some babies get born retarded, or blind, or with retrolental fibroplasia or an inability to drink cow's milk. It's easier than sacrificing a lot of pregnant women and cutting them open to see.

• • •

OK, you don't want to hear any more about mathematical models, because what kicks are there in mathematical models for you? I'm glad you asked. Consider a for instance. For instance, suppose last night you were watching the *Late, Late* and you saw Carole Lombard, or maybe Marilyn Monroe with that dinky little skirt blowing up over those pretty thighs. I assume you know that these ladies are dead. I also assume that your glands responded to those cathode-tube flickers as though they were alive. And so you do get some kicks from mathematical models, because each of those great girls, in each of their poses and smiles, was nothing but a number of some thousands of digits, expressed as a spot of light on a phosphor tube. With some added numbers to express the frequency patterns of their voices. Nothing else.

And the point of *that* (how often I use that phrase!) is that a mathematical model not only represents the real thing but sometimes it's as good as the real thing. No, honestly. I mean, do you really believe that if it had been Marilyn or Carole in the flesh you were looking at, across a row of footlights, say, that you could have taken away any more of them than you gleaned from the shower of electrons that made the phosphors display their pictures?

I did watch Marilyn on the *Late, Late* one night. And I thought those thoughts; and so I spent the next week preparing an application to a foundation for money, and when the grant came through, I took a sabbatical and began turning myself into a mathematical model. It isn't really that hard. Kookie, yes. But not hard.

I don't want to explain what programs like FORTRAN and SIMSCRIPT and SIR are, so I will only say what we all say: They are languages by which people can communicate with machines. Sort of. I had to learn to speak FORTRAN well enough to tell the machine all about myself. It took five graduate students and ten months to write the program that made that possible, but that's not much. It took more than that to teach a computer to shoot pool. After that, it was just a matter of storing myself in the machine.

That's the part that Schmuel told me was kookie. Like everybody with enough seniority in my department, I have a remote-access computer console in my—well, I called it my "playroom." I did have a party there, once, right after I bought the house when I still thought I was going to get married. Schmuel caught me one night walking in the door and down the stairs and finding me methodically typing out my medical history from the ages of four to fourteen. "Jerk," he said, "what makes you think you deserve to be embalmed in a 7094?"

I said, "Make some coffee and leave me alone till I finish. Listen. Can I use your program on the sequelae of mumps?"

"Paranoid psychosis," he said. "It comes on about the age of forty-two." But he coded the console for me and thus gave me access to his programs. I hushed and said:

"Thanks for the program but you make rotten coffee."

"You make rotten jokes. You really think it's going to be *you* in that program, Admit!"

By then, I had most of the basic physiological and environmental stuff on the tapes and I was feeling good. "What's me?" I asked. "If it talks like me, and thinks like me, and remembers what I remember, and does what I would do—who is it? President Eisenhower?"

"Eisenhower was years ago, jerk," he said.

"Turing's question, Schmuel," I said. "If I'm in one room with a teletype. And the computer's in another room with a teletype, programed to model me. And you're in a third room, connected to both teletypes, and you have a conversation with both of us, and you can't tell which is me and which is the machine; then how do you describe the difference? *Is* there a difference?"

He said, "The difference, Josiah, is I can touch you. And smell you. If I was crazy enough, I could kiss you. You. Not the model."

"You could," I said, "if you were a model, too, and were in the machine with me." And I joked with him (Look! It solves the population problem, put everybody in the machine. And, suppose I get cancer. Flesh-me dies. Mathematical model me just rewrites its program.) but he was really worried. He really did think I was going crazy, but I perceived that his reasons were not because of the nature of the problem but because of what he fancied was my own attitude toward it, and I made up my mind to be careful of what I said to Schmuel.

So I went on playing Turing's game, trying to make the computer's responses indistinguishable from my own. I instructed it in what a toothache felt like and what I remembered of sex. I taught it memory links between people and phone numbers, and all the state capitals I had won a prize for knowing when I was ten. I trained it to spell "rhythm" wrong, as I had always misspelled it, and to say "place" instead of "put" in conversation, as I have always done because of the slight speech impediment that carried over from my adolescence. I played that game, and by God, I won it.

But I don't know for sure what I lost in exchange.

• • •

I know I lost something.

I began by losing parts of my memory.

(concluded on page 237)

"You've certainly proved the old adage, Mr. Bascomb— nice guys do finish last."

man at his leisure

playboy's leroy neiman artfully captures the dazzling elegance and classic grace of russian ballet

THE BOLSHOI BALLET in Moscow and the Kirov in Leningrad enjoy a status unknown to any other troupe in the world—they are, in fact, a national pastime. "The pride these cities take in their companies," says roving artist LeRoy Neiman, "exceeds Green Bay's regard for the Packers. When natives of Moscow and Leningrad meet while vacationing in the Crimea, the discussions of the relative merits of their companies reach the shouting point and beyond." From the czars to the commissars, the ballet has been part of Russia's total society. Millions of girls—*and* boys—are training in ballet every year (adults study it nonprofessionally as an adjunct to folk dancing). And there are many places to learn: In addition to the 20 state choreographic schools, there are ballet studios in professional theaters and opera houses, ballet training centers in community playhouses and numerous amateur dance groups. "As a result," Neiman says, "even away from the big cities, you find well-trained dancers and well-informed audiences. Almost everyone knows the rudiments of ballet." When Neiman returned from the Soviet Union, he told us: "Of Russia's thirty-four professional ballet companies, undoubtedly the best-known is the Bolshoi. And the Bolshoi's prima ballerina, the ageless Maya Plisetskaya, is its undisputed and incandescent star. But the men are electrifying, too. The wildly high lifts and flamboyant leaps through space—their sheer strength is almost unbelievable. Both companies' theaters are spectacularly beautiful; the Bolshoi has power, while the Kirov has a romantic, pre-Revolution grandeur. The fact that balletgoers don't particularly 'dress' for a performance doesn't diminish one bit the elegance of either the occasion or the surroundings, for the audiences are totally responsive. A Bolshoi director probably summed it up best: 'We do not have a specialized balletomane audience such as we read of in other countries; our ballet audience is our people.'"

The Russian word *bolshoi* translates as "big" or "large"; when applied to the ballet or drama, it means "grand." "And the Balsha in Moscow is just that," says artist LeRoy Neiman. "The interior of the theater is like an extraordinary, red-velvet-lined, gold leafed jewel box. It's baroque, almost gingerbread ornate, yet gracefully picturesque—an appropriate showcase for Plisetskaya's moving interpretation of Odette/Odile in the timeless *Swan Lake*. Visiting the Bolshoi is like stepping back into another era. In fact, about the only visible changes in the place since the reign of Catherine the Great are the hammer-and-sickle motif subtly worked into the curtain and the cameolike portrait of Lenin above the proscenium arch." Neiman notes that there are pictures of Lenin everywhere, such as the wall poster in this Balshoi rehearsal room (left). The dancer at the bar rubs the toes of her shoes in a gritty rosin mixture to reduce the chances of slipping—an even greater-than-usual hazard at the Balshoi because the stage is raked; that is, slanted toward the footlights so that the performers' feet are visible from anywhere in the house. To keep the dancers "on their toes," the floors of the rehearsal rooms and classrooms are similarly raked. Above: The large bell hanging backstage at Leningrad's famed Kirov Ballet is one of a set. "This is a common orchestral complement in large theaters," Neiman explains, "because so much Russian music includes bells. The Kirov is going on tour while the stage is being enlarged and updated electronically. But they'll keep the bells."

Ermyntrude and Esmeralda

(continued from page 184)

babies? I suppose it must be something appallingly shocking, but then, if it is, how can so many people bear to have them? Of course, I'm quite sure it's got something to do with those absurd little things that men have in statues hanging between their legs, and that we haven't. And I'm also sure that it's got something to do with the thing between our legs that I always call my pussy. I believe that may be its real name, because once when I was at Oxford looking at the races with my cousin Tom, I heard quite a common woman say to another, "There, Sarah, doesn't that make your pussy pout?" And then I saw that one of the rowing men's trousers were all split and those things were showing between his legs; and it looked most extraordinary. I couldn't quite see enough, but the more I looked the more I felt—well, the more I felt my pussy pouting, as the woman had said. So now I call ours pussies and theirs bowwows, and my theory is that people have children when their bowwows and pussies pout at the same time. Do you think that's it? Of course, I can't imagine how it can possibly work, and I dare say I'm altogether wrong and it's really got something to do with wives.

Lord Folliot is coming to dinner, so I must go and dress. I'm sure he's a much worse bore than General Marchmont. He always will chuck me under the chin as though I was 12. I hope you'll write again and tell me what you think about the pussies, the bowwows and Mr. Mapleton. I promise you I won't show your letter to anyone—even to Simpson—or Henry.

Your loving
Ermyntrude

P. S. What do you think castration means?

* * *

My dearest Ermyntrude,

There's such a fuss going on here with everyone getting ready for a picnic which we're all going to that it's almost impossible to write, and so you must forgive me if I only write nonsense. As I know all this evening will be taken up with a new kind of billiards the general has taught us and that's all the rage here at the present moment, I thought I'd better seize this opportunity just to tell you, my dearest darling Ermyntrude, how delightful it was to get your perfectly sweet letter, and how I only wish I could write one half as amusingly and cleverly and altogether exquisitely as you. What you say about babies I quite agree with, though I had never thought of it until you said it, but there is one thing that I still don't understand, and that is what being in love has to do with it all. I mean with having babies—because, from what they always say in novels, it seems to have a great deal. But with all this hullabaloo in the room, I can't explain properly, and shall put it off for another time, and only now tell you that I asked Godfrey about that difficult word in your P. S.—if he knew what it meant—after I'd made him swear the most solemn secrecy, of course. But first I must tell you that you are right, and he is the one who's a year younger than me, and you are also right about his being like me, though it's conceited of me to say so, because everyone says he's such a handsome boy. Well, about that word and what do you think?—when I asked him, the wretch wouldn't do anything but burst out roaring with laughter and I couldn't get any answer out of him at all, except, "Oh, Esmie, you really are too funny," which he said about half a dozen times, and then ran out of the room. I expect he went straight off and told Mr. Mapleton, and if he did I think it's abominable, after the secrecy he swore. But I suppose it only means that that word stands for something tremendously improper, and I shouldn't be at all surprised if it meant some kind of divorce.

By the bye, you are quite wrong about Mr. Mapleton. I am not in love with him at all. He is just an ordinary young man—nothing in the least particular. But I'll tell you what I rather suspect. I believe he's a little in love with me! Why I think so is that he doesn't seem at all anxious to be where I am, but keeps going out—either by himself or with Godfrey—for long walks and fishing expeditions, as if he wants to avoid me. Don't you think that's rather a sign? He sees I'm not in love with him, and so, in his disappointment, he tries to be with me as little as possible. Well, we shall see. I should like to write pages and pages about the dean, and explain how completely wrong you are about him, too, but I shall have to stop to help to do up the things. No, no, *no*! He is *most* beautiful. You should have seen him last Sunday in church reading the lessons! He looked quite like a saint, with the light from the stained-glass window coming onto his face, and his voice was perfect. How heavenly he must be in his cathedral, in a surplice, among all the little choirboys! Oh! I'm sure you'd adore him as much as I do, if you could only see him, and perhaps you really *do*, and you're just pretending not to, to tease me.

As for the general, he's not nearly as old as I expected.

Your loving
Esmeralda

* * *

My dearest Esmeralda,

I went into the library this morning when my father was out, and got down the English dictionary, to find out about castration. The result wasn't very successful. First of all, I could only find something about "having turrets and battlements like a castle," but then I discovered that I'd got hold of the wrong word—castellation, which I shouldn't think was at all the same thing. When I did find the right one, it simply said, "Castrate, to emasculate, to geld," which didn't help much; and when I found emasculate, it only said "to castrate, to geld," and as I was just finding geld, I heard someone coming into the room and had to put the book back as quickly as possible, as I didn't want my father to begin asking questions. However, it turned out to be only Henry with some coals, so I might have gone on after all, only then Simpson began calling me, and off I had to march for the promenade.

So you see, the dictionary hasn't been any more use than that mischievous Godfrey. I don't consider that you describe him very well. It's difficult to imagine a boy like you, and you don't tell me any details. For instance, are his teeth good? And are his shoulders broad? And his ears; do they stick out? but I don't suppose they do, or he wouldn't be called handsome. If they don't, please pinch one of them from me, as a punishment for his bad behavior.

Lord Folliot has given me a kitten; I don't like animals particularly, but I suppose I shall have to keep it, and Simpson promises to look after it for me. The horrid old man asked me what I was going to call it, and I said I thought that Pussy would do very well. I don't know what he thought of that, and I don't care, either. By the bye, my new theory is that being in love is merely a more polite way of saying that your pussy's pouting. What else can it mean? Won't you ask Mr. Mapleton if his bowwow pouts for you, and won't you tell me in your next letter if your pussy pouts for the dean?

For a wonder, I'm sitting in the drawing room, as Simpson has gone out to one of her Congregational meetings, and Mama is away, so I have the whole place to myself. In a minute Henry will come in to draw the curtains, and I shall give him this letter to post, so goodbye.

Your loving
Ermyntrude

P. S. It wasn't Henry after all, but Jessop, the butler, whom I hate.

* * *

My dearest Ermyntrude,

Such a very extraordinary thing has just happened, and I must write and tell you at once, as I'm dying to know what you will think about it. I can't understand it at all. It's about Mr. Mapleton—that is, partly. Do you remember that

(continued on page 224)

"Let's wait till midnight, so we can start the new year off right."

hef hosts a new late-night variety show for the sophisticated tv viewer

PLAYBOY AFTER DARK

THIS MONTH marks the debut of PLAYBOY Editor Publisher Hugh M. Hefner's nationally syndicated television series, *Playboy After Dark*. Video's late-evening hours have become prime time for sophisticated shows, and Hefner's stimulating 60-minute sessions will offer an impressive array of adult entertainment. Among *P.A.D.*'s show-stopping assets: humor by Bill Cosby, Tommy Smothers, Professor Irwin Corey and Bob Newhart, pop music by the Byrds, Steppenwolf, Iron Butterfly, Della Reese and O. C. Smith, on-the-scene personalities such as the Reverend Malcolm Boyd, George Plimpton and Boston Celtic player-coach Bill Russell. *Playboy After Dark* is designed to be both informal and informed—in short, the sort of urbane evening Hefner enjoys spending with good friends at the Playboy Mansion.

Host Hugh Hefner also introduces new talents to his *Playboy After Dark* audiences. Top, towheaded Nick Ullett—of the Hendra and Ullett comedy duo—is a former monk turned madcap. Above, soulful singer Bobby Stevens of The Checkmates, Ltd., shakes up the show.

PLAYBOY magazine's artistic funnyman—and itinerant folk singer—Shel Silverstein, left, wails *The Unicorn*, a pop hit he penned. Bill Cosby, America's *numero uno* young comic, below, then relates the latest installment in the stirring adventures of his famed Philadelphia folk heroes, Fat Albert and Old Weird Harold.

Above, comic Jackie Gayle japes with Hef, Sharon Tate and Roman Polanski; left, Vic Damone warms up during a *P.A.D.* rehearsal.

Hefner's life style is reflected in the opulent, multiroomed, electronics-oriented setting of *Playboy After Dark*. The entertainment line-up also mirrors his interests: Right, Johnny Mathis is invited to try his hand at adult gaming; below, L.A. Playboy Club card wizard Tony Giorgio performs for Hef and Otto Preminger.

P.A.D.'s humor gamut runs from the political commentary of Mort Sahl to the wild wackiness of Don Adams and Bill Dana.

When the music moves, so does P.A.D.'s lead dancer, Byron Gillian, left, below, the zany Pick.e Brothers go through their antic paces.

The relaxed atmosphere that pervades *Playboy After Dark* makes the program a perfect showcase for such top talents as Tony Bennett, a Hefner favorite and one of the first guest stars to be signed for the show. Above, Bennett swings into *There Will Never Be Another You.*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BRUCE MCBROOM AND GENE TRINDL

ANOTHER WAY

(continued from page 156)

"I don't know what to think." A shiver racked her. "I'm frightened."

'Don't be.'

"Half the time I don't know what is happening, and then, when you explain things, they seem to go from bad to worse. I keep telling myself it isn't true, none of it –these people, this . . . this pigsty."

Forrester nodded. "But that won't make them vanish, it won't alter anything. They'll be here in the morning and I'll have to leave you. They're going to raid Monteliana for sure. . . . I'm not my own master, Inger."

The candle flame leaned, then straightened, yet the air remained still. She released her hands from his and brushed her hair nervously toward her ears.

"Just as soon as I'm no further use to them, they'll be finished with us," Forrester said.

"When will that be?"

"Two, three days." He paused, wondering. God alone knew. "About tomorrow—with that young one, Luigi, you won't be as cut off as you might have been."

'Him!"

'At least you can communicate. That's better than nothing. If you want anything——"

"All I want is to go."

She sat quite motionless beside him. The blue trouser suit belonged to promenades, cafés, sun-drenched streets—anywhere but here. The blonde hair, too. Earlier from the window, Carlo had watched her returning to the hut through the trees and whistled. Now, from the other room, Forrester heard him say: "Has the Englishwoman gone to bed?"

And someone—it might have been Giuseppe—chuckled. "Where else do Englishwomen go?"

He gazed at Inger, empty within himself. At least, he thought, ignorance spared her some of the indignities. He moved round the bed, shook out the solitary blanket and spread it over the mattress. He took off his jacket and folded it into a pillow for her. Then he kicked off his shoes and lay down. Presently, she followed suit. They lay side by side without speaking, weary from the rack of their minds. Beyond the door, the voices rambled on, now sharp, now subdued, Salvatore's uppermost, in control. The room grew chilly and there was dampness with it. Finally, Forrester had to put the blanket over them.

Far off an owl hooted lonely but free, and the falling water slopped endlessly onto the boulders. The sound was like a drug, lulling Forrester toward sleep, yet sleep wouldn't come. Inger slept, though; suddenly as a child might, curled up. Gradually, the main room emptied. Forrester stretched out, sharing Inger's warmth. After a while, he rolled gently off the bed and tried the door. It was locked and, as he eased himself beneath the blanket again, he realized he hadn't expected any different. Tomorrow was already a fact, tomorrow and whatever else was yet to come.

• • •

Sometime in the night, Inger turned in her sleep and, sighing, put her arms round him. By then he was half asleep himself and he didn't stir; but he opened his eyes. And before he eventually went under, he was asking himself whether he was being held out of habit or from fear. If it were fear, then he also knew the need there was to be comforted, the hunger for it. He had always wanted affection, trust, to be liked and admired.

Mercifully, there were no dreams.

• • •

In the morning, there was bread on the table and a pot of sharp black coffee on the stove. This was early, with the sun angled low through the trees and the air not yet warm.

Forrester shaved with his cordless razor, then walked over to the falls and rinsed his face in the icy water; no one followed—a mark of confidence in their hold on him. Nothing had changed. When he re-entered the hut, he picked up the suitcases and took them into the room that had become for him and Inger a retreat as well as a prison. The contents of the cases were in disarray and he wondered who had pilfered what; his cash was gone, but at least his passport was there.

"What about yours?" he asked Inger.

She nodded, searching through a jumbled heap of clothing as if to distract herself with familiar things. He left her to it and went into the main room. Giuseppe sat on the table, smoking, one leg swinging, and his dead-looking eyes watched Forrester pour more coffee for himself. They were taking turns at ensuring that Forrester and Inger weren't outside together; three times now, Forrester had passed Giuseppe sitting there and endured his surly stare.

With his back turned, Forrester said: "I see you lifted my cigarettes."

"I'll take what I like, when I like."

"I'm sure you will."

Forrester sipped from the chipped enamel mug, pettiness channeling the entire weight of all he felt so bitterly—humiliation, resentment, apprehension. He was hamstrung, reduced to sniping, yet the words came against his better judgment, with a kind of self-daring. Giuseppe moved toward him down the room, provoked now, arms slightly bent.

"You want a cigarette?"

"Not from you."

"*Tanto meglio*. Because that's the only one you'll get"—and Giuseppe flicked the glowing stub past Forrester's face. Forrester crossed to the window and stared out. He must keep a tighter hold on his tongue; Inger could suffer, as Giuseppe believed in reprisals. Through the trees, he could see Salvatore and Luigi returning from the falls, Salvatore rolling down his sleeves, Luigi finger-waving his hair as he walked. Little peacock. Salvatore pushed through the door, picking up a chunk of bread as he passed the table en route to the stove.

"Are you ready?" he asked, and Forrester shrugged. 'How about you, girl?" Salvatore placed an arm round Margherita's shoulders: there was affection in his hug and the smile was genuine, even his pale eyes twinkling for a second. "*Ascolti*. . . . You have got five hours. Five hours will be plenty. It is eight now. Monteliana is about forty kilometers, so you will be able to take your time there. But don't be late back." Until then, his tone was almost conversational. "If you're even a minute overdue, we will begin to think the worst—and that is the last thing you can wish to happen."

Forrester left them to collect his jacket. Luigi was already at the door of their room, offering Inger a tattered copy of *Oggi*. "There are pictures," he said. "No need to know Italian."

"I have to go now," Forrester told her.

The frightened look was there at once. "Promise you will come back."

"I promise," Forrester said. "Truly . . . I'll be here before one o'clock." He turned away. Giuseppe blew smoke as he passed. And to you, Forrester thought. To Salvatore, he said, 'I want your guarantee that *Signorina* Lindeman won't be molested in my absence.'

Haven't we struck a balance, you and I? After all, Margherita will be in your charge: isn't that sufficient guarantee?" He swallowed. "What do you want? A label pinned to her –*non toccare*, do not touch? You worry too much, friend."

Forrester's mouth tightened. Margherita started for the door, working her arms into an old black cardigan, straightening the cheap gilt crucifix hanging from her neck. He followed grimly and Salvatore went with them.

"Don't forget, *ragazza*—if we're not here, make for the other place." It was the first time there had been even a hint that the hut wasn't secure. They had seemed so confident, keeping only a casual lookout, relying on instinct; yet this would be strong, animal-like. Now and again Forrester had seen them tense slightly, listening, then individually or collectively relax, something identified, dismissed.

The sound of the falls greeted them.

"We're just helping out during the holiday vacation to pick up a little extra Christmas money."

as they stepped outside and walked round to the rear. Forrester clambered into the Fiat; the engine retched and came reluctantly alive. Margherita opened the other door and got into the back

"Five hours, remember," Salvatore said, cupping his hands.

• • •

He threaded through the pines until he found the path and followed it to the track they had come along yesterday. Only yesterday? Time had lost its measure. They turned onto the track and climbed out of the hollow. The awful barren vistas presented themselves again, silent and deserted under the bright sun. The hide-out was even more isolated than Forrester had imagined. Ahead, the skyline consisted of jagged, claret-colored peaks. He kept the driving window half closed against the dust and nursed the car over the gritty, potholed surface.

They must have covered a mile before either spoke. Then Margherita said: "I must warn you—I have a gun."

Forrester glanced sharply at her reflection trembling in the mirror. "You won't need it. I've as good as got one at my head as it is." They juddered over some rock. He laughed bitterly. "And Salvatore talked of a balance. Some balance!" Then he said: "I'll bring you back, don't kid yourself. I've no option. Just tell me where to go."

The track had made two or three more roller-coaster dips into wooded hollows; now it ran flat and almost straight, edging left, desolation to either side. Salvatore hadn't exaggerated: a battalion could search and never find them.

Some small birds scattered out of a clump of prickly pear as the Fiat lurched past. The track dog-legged between great outcrops of rock, pointing northwest. In the middle distance, he suddenly saw a truck moving across their front and telegraph poles strung out like a line of stumpy matchsticks.

"Go left again when you reach the highway," Margherita told him.

For ten minutes after that, they hardly spoke. When they got to the road and turned, the sun was behind them. Once there was a signpost, but Forrester missed the name; and twice there were villages, each huddled about a church as if in self-defense against the wild, inhospitable surroundings, each squalid and soul destroying, full of alleys and stained and peeling walls, dark doorways and alien smells, and loungers who peered from angles of shade or ragged children who ran barefoot in brief pursuit of the car's dust.

Forrester broke the silence. "What happened? Did your husband——"

Her interruption was fierce. "My husband killed nobody. *Nobody*. Giuseppe killed one of them. *Un vigile*."

Giuseppe; that one. He might have guessed.

"It was never intended," she repeated. "They tried to break into the post office at Caltanissetta, but things went wrong. It was at night. Angelo was the only one to be caught. Last week he was sentenced to twenty years."

"What was your husband's work?"

"For a time he was in a canning factory. Then there was nothing. For a year there has been nothing. Giuseppe is a mechanic, though he could never keep a job, even when there was one. Carlo has done many things, but never for long. Luigi the same, he was always being paid off."

"And Salvatore?" Forrester swerved to avoid something squashed on the road.

"Salvatore is a carpenter. Or was." Angrily, as if she regretted having been drawn out, Margherita said: "What does it matter? Can a man stop eating if there is no work? Does he allow his family to starve? He is driven to risk more and more—it happens everywhere, all the while, as God knows to His regret."

"And now you are about to risk another big mistake—trying to break your husband out of Monteliana on the strength of my knowing something about explosives. It's madness, sheer madness—surely you can see that?"

"Once he gets to Ucciardone prison, we can never hope to touch him. It is like a fortress. Angelo has twenty years. Twenty—and for what?"

"A man died, didn't he? In my country, Angelo would be guilty."

"Your country is no concern of mine. And the Law isn't the same as justice. I can tell you what happened to —"

Forrester cut across her: "Where's the justice in what's happening to me and *Signorina* Lindeman? Jesus Christ! Of all the stinking things." He moved a hand dismissively. "Please, not that."

"You don't understand. How could you understand? You have never been under pressure before. You don't understand what it does to people, what it drives them to." In the mirror, Forrester could see the molding movements of her hands. "Listen—you will return to the hut; you said so yourself. And I know you will—even though I shall leave you for a while when we get to Monteliana. Why do I know? Because of that person. You could abandon her, yet you will not. You could inform the police, yet you dare not. So what will you do? Go back. She expects it of you and you demand it of yourself. So it is with Angelo and me, and with Salvatore and the others. We are under pressure, like you; but with us, the pressure has been continuous and it began a long time ago." She tossed her head. "We are not what we are from choice. Salvatore is a good man, I tell you.

"Look at the land here," she said. "What can it give? What hope is there? Even where it is better and there is work in the villages, a man has the rich at his throat—the rich or the *mafiosi*. . . . If we were either of those, would Angelo be where he is now?"

"The other question is, would the policeman be dead?"

She caught his reflected glance but said nothing for a while. Presently, though, she leaned forward, pointing. "Left again at the turn beyond the windmill."

Twenty-two kilometers showed on the clock and three successive lefts had turned them roughly south. The sun streamed at them broadside on. Now they were running close under the lee of precipitous slopes with high serrated ridges and motionless cascades of loose stone overhanging the road. Imperceptibly, as the heat began to bounce, the eastward distances were shading to a hazy violet band that fused earth and sky. They passed another village perched on the brink of a ravine; farther on, there were caves cut into the tilted strata of rock, some of them with crude doors and one with washing strung on a dead fig tree jutting grotesquely above its entrance. The road twisted endlessly, the scene varying, yet its harshness growing monotonous. No coach party ever came this way.

Forrester lost count of the changes of direction. They were minor roads, not always paved. He remembered a long, arched bridge across a river, a man walking with a coffin roped to a mule, one place name that registered—Villalba, an entire complex of terraced cultivation that seemed to have failed and a vertically corrugated hillside blanched white in the gullies by 1,000,000 years of sudden torrential downpours.

In silence Margherita watched the scene wheel and twist past. "They say God had lost interest by the time He was finished elsewhere."

Forrester drove on. Forty kilometers, Salvatore had said, so Monteliana couldn't be far now; his watch showed 12 minutes past 9.

"Say you brought this off, say you managed to get Angelo out—what then? There will be a hue and cry. You can't hide forever."

"We'll go away to the mainland. Salvatore knows someone who will get us across."

• • •

At 9:20, he saw a signpost to Monteliana; three kilometers. They were in a trough at the time, climbing fast. Sometimes the gradients were so steep that they seemed to be heading for the sky.

"A kilometer from here, the road will divide," Margherita said. "You must

Johnnie Walker
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largest selling
scotch whisky.

take the upper road. The lower one leads into the town."

They made a couple of sweeping zigzag turns that brought them out of the trough. Now, suddenly, there was another of those startling drops to the left, birds circling below them. Just as suddenly, on the right, the hillside leveled off. The road junction presented itself with Margherita saying, "*Destra, a destra,*" and they shied away from the brink and accelerated across a narrow plateau waist high with scrub and dotted with tamarisks. They passed a couple of hooded carts, their drivers asleep, and from one of them a child waved, cautious even in its innocence. For what could have been the thousandth time that day, Forrester shifted through the gears. Perhaps half a mile blurred by the road flanked by broken dry-stone walls.

"This will do."

Forrester braked and turned off between a gap in the nearside wall, scrub and yellow flowering weeds brushing underneath the Fiat. He cut the engine and followed Margherita out, puzzled. There was nothing here except a worn stone plinth that bore the broken base of a statue and on which someone had placed a bundle of flowers.

He went with her. They walked for about 200 yards, Forrester trailing. The ground was uneven, and not until the last few strides did he realize they were approaching a cliff edge. Margherita stopped abruptly and crouched, beckoning him.

"There," she said, nodding as he came forward. "*Guardi laggiù.* Look down. That is Montelliana."

. . .

The view astonished him. The town was 300 or 400 feet below, filling a huge shelf on the hillside; and beyond it, lower yet, was the floor of a broad valley, smudged and indistinct in the heat. Montelliana itself seemed to vibrate in the glare. At first glance, it looked for all the world like a collection of toy bricks, saffron and white and mauve, orderly at the center, more and more confused toward the perimeter, but all tightpacked and everything stunted by the height and angle. Forrester could distinguish a square, a tree-lined avenue from which narrow streets branched like ribs, a blue domed church, a severe four-storied building at about ten o'clock that was enclosed and stood a little apart from the town's limits.

Margherita noticed where his gaze was hesitating. "That's the chest clinic. The lockup is this way—right, well to the right. . . . Farther, here, here, almost beneath us."

Then Forrester saw it. For a moment, it seemed so close that he felt he could almost reach down and touch it. Salvatore was absolutely correct; the place was displayed like a model. He was lying flat, propped on his elbows, and he moved slightly forward, staring over for silent minutes on end.

The lockup was well clear of the town, isolated on the farthest extremity of level ground. The outer wall made an exact square: it was difficult at such range to tell how high it was or how thick. Forrester's eyes followed it along—first the side nearest him: there was a gate about a third of the distance from the left-hand corner, a big, double-doored gate spanned by a sandstone archway; the entire wall was of sandstone, Forrester reckoned. This side faced north and the gate was served by a road that led in from the town. The east wall also had a gate, about two thirds along from the same corner and like the other, it was covered by an arch; an unpaved track served this one separately. The south wall was unbroken, running close to where the hillside fell sheer away; but there was a small gate near the southwest corner of the west wall, narrow, wall high but with no arch.

Because of its arch, Forrester could barely see the main gate. He craned over a little more. The road linking with Montelliana went on past the gate and ended in a turning circle, presumably at some kind of viewpoint into the valley below; the tarmac was blackened with tire streaks, but there were no cars in evidence. And there was no one about, which worried him: even a little activity would have been a comfort against his going down there and prowling around.

He'd brought a pencil and paper—it was the bill from the Capua—from the car's glove pocket, and now he started on a rough sketch. There were five separate buildings within the lockup's walls and he plotted them in outline, Margherita watching. They were all single-story, irregularly spaced, and gravel paths joined one to another across bare ground the color of terra cotta.

"What's the small building by the main gate?"

"Reception block. The big one to the left is the detention block."

"I have to go back . . . I lost my shoe."

"How about bottom right?"

"That is the punishment block." Her tone was matter-of-fact. "Angelo's is the end window on the left."

Binoculars would have helped on the detail. A bulldozer was at work nearby, leveling a mound close to the wall. There was no other sign of movement anywhere within the lockup.

Forrester switched diagonally across the compound. "By the southeast gate—what's that?"

"Offices. And the gate is the service gate." She knew the layout like the back of her hand.

"And over there—top right—is that a chapel?"

"Yes." It was screened from the rest of the compound by a low wall; some of the harshness was redeemed by a few flower beds and a paved walk. "The small gate in the corner is for the priest and there is another—see?—in the inner wall."

"That's all I want to see," he said to Margherita.

She nodded. They got to their feet and withdrew, crouching for the first few yards. As she got into the car, she said: "Now we must go into the town. I will show you where to drop me. After that, you must continue on to the turning point alone. Salvatore said don't stop, whatever you do, or make more than one run."

They were into Monteliana after two or three tortuous minutes. Suddenly, as the hill shelf opened up, the town built itself around them, everything narrowed and buildings began to cut out the sun. Passers-by stepped onto sidewalks to let them jolt by on the cobbles, and there were tight streets to either side with laundry strung from balconies—Forrester guessed they'd already entered the avenue he'd seen from the hill. The pale-blue dome of the church was showing.

Margherita touched him on the shoulder. "Put me down here. You will pick me up opposite in fifteen minutes." He braked obediently. She had a letter in her hand. She got out and turned almost furtively, making a pretense of examining a shoe mender's window. Forrester pulled away at once.

Close to it was a tatty avenue, a seedy, sluggish vista, coated with a bloom of dust, many of the houses windowless, Neapolitan *bassi* style. The avenue ended at a T junction. Then a road ran for about 200 yards until the built-up outskirts quickly came to an end. At last he came to a gap of empty scrub and the lockup beyond.

The road ran absolutely level and in line with the rock face from the rim of which they had looked down. Forrester slowed and opened both windows. He wished to God there was someone else in the vicinity. He was almost there now. A shallow ditch lay between road and wall and the wall *was* sandstone, massive, about 18 feet high. With a slight shock, he then saw a uniformed man sitting on a chair in a bar of shade cast by the arch over the main gate—he hadn't spotted him from above. The man yawned, eying him with boredom. With an effort, Forrester lifted a hand in casual greeting, which was acknowledged. As he drew level, the road split to turn across a culvert toward the gate. Iron-frame doors, wood planking, criss-crossed bands of studded iron strip, each door about 18 feet high by 10 feet wide—and already he was almost past. Two hinges on the pillars? He couldn't tell and he couldn't look back. Christ, what a way to make a survey.

He held his near crawl, gazing about him as befitted a visitor's curiosity. At the turning circle, he stopped and got out, stared blindly over the viewing balustrade with affected casualness. He could hear the snarl of the bulldozer inside the wall. After what he hoped seemed long enough for the man on the chair, he went back to the car and started on the return. And then he had an immense stroke of luck. He was halfway to the gate when the doors began to be opened from the inside; the man on duty rose to his feet and helped swing them outward. A dark sedan was nosing through. Forrester slowed, ostensibly to let it precede him, but his eyes were elsewhere. *Three* hinges, bolted into recesses behind the sandstone pillars; he could see them perfectly. Strap hinges, the tapering straps reaching perhaps two feet across the wood. And each door was, say, five inches thick, 800 to 900 pounds' weight—guesswork again, but good enough, of no great importance. It could have been worse, a hell of a sight worse. And he'd got enough to go on.

• • •

Margherita was waiting opposite the shoe mender's. She was into the car

without his bringing it to a standstill.

A few miles out of town, he drew onto the side and added some details on the reverse of the Capua's bill. "Never trust your memory." Rice, the demolitions foreman at Peterborough, had this as his golden rule; and, recalling it, Forrester imagined his father's horror if he knew the purpose and circumstances of the sketch.

When he drove on again, he was expecting more mazelike directions from Margherita, but she kept him to the main highway. It wasn't 11 when they left Monteliana, so there was ample time in hand. An occasional signpost gave the distances to both Caltanissetta and Enna, and he realized they were completing a circle. There was other traffic for company, mainly trucks. Once, four *carabinieri* in an overtaking Alfa Romeo ran level with them for several seconds, but Forrester's sense of isolation remained. He was a puppet; even in a crowd, he would have been tied to Salvatore's strings. At Serradifalco, he pulled into a filling station and took on 40 liters of petrol. Agip—so easily, at the outset, he could have said Agip instead of Esso. He resented having to ask Margherita for the money, his money, but indignities were something he was learning to swallow.

In a wayside village a little farther on, she asked him to stop in the square and she left him alone while she shopped in a flyblown store. His money again. She came back laden and dumped the stuff into the car, then left him a second time to cross the square and enter a church. There were those, he supposed, who could kneel and pray that such an enterprise would succeed, lighting a candle in token of their family's need or their own good name, believing as they did so that God, in His charity, would understand.

When Margherita returned, she must have noted something scornful in his face. "Are prayers so wrong?" she said tartly.

He shrugged. "It depends on the prayer."

"I prayed for success."

"And if your prayers end in murder? What then?"

"No one will be killed."

"Are you telling me that Salvatore's bluffing?"

She didn't answer.

* * *

They passed through Caltanissetta well before noon. As they dipped, then climbed away, the landscape became more wooded and the views were stupendous, but he was virtually oblivious of them. Only when Etna's white cone briefly showed itself all of 30 miles away did it loose in him a pang of longing so strong that it bordered on grief.

Enna came and went, a mountain town that reared briefly around them. From there on, he knew what he was looking for—the fork where Carlo and Giuseppe had trapped them. A different road, another day, another hour—so easily they might have been spared all this. Where, he wondered dully, were the Russells now?

A few minutes later, he made the turn, then took the track that led through the lawless wilderness to the hut. Stones crunched and spat beneath them as he drove in and out of three successive hollows. Then the dirt path was waiting for them, baked so hard that no tire tracks showed from his previous use of it; and the pines hid all trace of the hut's existence.

Margherita stopped him when they were well short of it. She went forward alone until he lost sight of her in the trees, but she soon reappeared and signaled him on. He drove past her into the clearing and behind the hut, hating the sight of Salvatore as he came out and the sound of his deep voice as he greeted Margherita and the sight of the others and the sound of the water on the boulders as he cut the engine. Nothing had changed; nothing could change now.

Emerging stiffly from the car, he saw Inger running toward him. "Thank God you've come back. Oh, thank God" And, impulsively, his arms were round her. "It was a lifetime," she said. Forrester stepped back, sliding his hands from her shoulders to join hers. It was like a shot in the arm to his morale to see her relief.

Salvatore came stalking into view. "Welcome back, my friend. *Benvenuto.*" He was all smiles. "It was easy, eh? Nothing to it? And you got what you went for?"

"I reckon so, yes." Forrester walked with Inger to the hut; she still held him by the hand.

"You see?" Salvatore was saying alongside. "We kept our side of the bargain. She has come to no harm."

It was cooler inside the hut, the place seemed more cheerless, more resonant than at any time before. In charcoal, someone had drawn a checkerboard on the table, and Luigi, who was cleaning a sawed-off shotgun, explained. "I played with her." They had used coins as pieces. "She is good," Luigi said. "She won"—and he almost emulated Carlo's grin.

Forrester led Inger into their room, half closing the door. She smiled, standing close, her gaze very direct, and something moved in him. He kissed her on the forehead. The long fair hair, the soft coloring, the tanned skin—he had come to know them just as he had grown protective toward her and had seen how indispensable he had become.

"I won't leave you again, Inger. In any case, I think the worst is over as far as we're concerned. There's one more thing they want from me, and then——" He gestured.

Salvatore elbowed the door open. "Very touching," he said, eying them. "But you went to Montehana for a more important reason than this. Don't push your luck, friend. I'm waiting."

As Forrester entered the main room, Margherita brushed by, laden up to her chin. Giuseppe followed and Carlo and Luigi went after them hungrily: "*Così va bene! Un altro miracolo!*" Salvatore, on the other hand, didn't spare her so much as a glance.

"What about the gate?" Salvatore asked impatiently, following him.

"No problem. Given the right materials, that is. Technically, it's child's play. But you're going to have the Devil's own job to get near it and place the charges."

Salvatore hooked his thumbs behind his belt. "That's a worry we can come to. Right now, I want to know what the boys have to get from the sulphur quarries."

I made some calculations." Forrester pulled back a chair and drew out the sketch on the Capua bill. "Which way d'you want the thing to fall—inward or outward?"

"Outward." From Salvatore's tone, Forrester guessed he hadn't considered this before.

"How about blast? Blast's a factor, if Angelo is going to be anywhere near." He paused. "Isn't it about time you told me how you hope to bring this off?"

"You will hear later," Salvatore said tartly. "We have a saying—'the less a man knows until he has to, the better his chances.'"

"And we have a saying—'a little knowledge is a dangerous thing.' How far will Angelo be from the gates when you blow them? I've got to know that when I make up the charges."

Salvatore raised his shoulders. "Thirty meters?" he conceded. He peered down at Forrester's rough outline. "What is needed from the quarries? That is the important question. I want the boys moving soon. Make a list." He tore a page from the copy of *Oggi* where a boxed advertisement left white margins. "Write it there."

"BUITONI PROTEIN BABY PASTA," the advertisement read, "SPECIALLY PREPARED FOR CHILDREN." And Forrester wrote a child's list of explosives alongside. Ideally, he would have requested a dynamotype exploder, an ohmmeter, electric detonators, hand crimper—all these and more, besides the basic requirement of blasting gelatin. But even if such items were available from quarry sources, it would be asking far too much of

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"Just whose side are you on, Brother Francis?"

amateurs to know how to handle them when the time came. The wisest course was to use manual ignition and rely on safety fuse, detonating fuse, plain detonators and blasting-gelatin cartridges. It was the most reliable way in the circumstances, provided the junctions were properly grafted and the charges correctly positioned. He could ensure the first by prefabricating the assembly himself; as to placing, this would need to be explained in detail and demonstrated on a mock up.

Salvatore called Luigi away from the others and together they studied the list. Forrester added a few points of guidance for Luigi's benefit. Safety fuse was black, detonating fuse almost certainly orange, possibly orange-and-white striped; both came in coils and were likely to be packed in metal canisters. Nonelectric detonators would be clearly marked as such, wax-paper wrapped in wooden boxes. The cartridges of blasting gelatin would also be boldly identified on the wrapper: plaster gelatin—in small slabs weighing about 100 grams each—was an alternative.

"And if there are none of these?" Luigi frowned, his face clouding under the weight of so much information.

"Then Angelo stays where he is—it's as simple as that."

The wrong fuse, the wrong detonator, some crude primary blasting explosive—any or all of these would be equivalent to nothing at all.

"Carlo," Salvatore signaled vigorously. "*Venga presto a vedere*" and Carlo came at once, munching an apple from Margherita's supplies.

He read the list quickly through, then nodded. "OK. When do we start?"

For once, his grin offended Salvatore. "Give your mind to it, boy," he growled. "We can't afford another of your mistakes. And be careful with the car; no madness with it."

They went then, Salvatore following them out. The keys were in the car. "*Ciao*, Margherita," Carlo called, and Luigi turned in the doorway, addressing Inger: "Goodbye, lady."

Forrester said to her: "From the way they set about it, you'd think they were going shopping." The car lurched past the windows with a parting bleep-bleep of the horn as Salvatore came up the outer steps.

"Isn't the place guarded?" Forrester asked.

"An old man only. Today is Saturday."

"What will happen to him?"

"Nothing bad. Old men frighten easily."

"But he'll report the raid."

"Not until Monday morning. Until then, my friend, he'll be tied up in his store—safe and sound. He'll come to no harm. And on Monday, when they find him, he can report all he wishes. Angelo will be away then. It will be over. For you, too."

Tomorrow night, then. Salvatore was like a miser with what he divulged, but this was more than just another dark hint: Sunday night.

Forrester told Inger: "We'll be in Palermo by noon on Monday." He took her outside. No one objected, but Giuseppe shouted at them to stay close and squatted in the doorway, cradling the shotgun, wearing a greasy cloth cap. Now and again, he muttered threateningly.

"You'll be telling this tale to your kids and your grandchildren——"

She shook her head. "When this is over, I want only to forget. I shall tell no one. No one—ever. How could I? I do not tell people of my nightmares. And besides, it would cause trouble—for you most of all."

"I was only joking," he said.

They were sitting with their backs against one of the pines in front of the hut. Forrester spilled the pine needles through his fingers. Very early on, he had thought in terms of escape, of getting to a gun, say, of tricking one of them and breaking away with Inger in the car. But now it seemed quite hopeless that any moment of opportunity should appear. Aloud to Inger, he tried to sort out the real possibilities. They would need the car on Sunday night—that was obvious. Three of them, probably, Margherita and possibly Giuseppe would keep guard at the hut; one of the men, anyhow. The others would drive to Montehana with the fuse assembly and the made-up charges. How they would effect Angelo's escape was still a mystery; there was more to springing a prisoner from Montehana than blowing the main gate. But, assuming Angelo got clear, Forrester reckoned they would return to the hut, collect the two others, then vanish, make for the other place. And Monday would have come.

"You sound so sure," Inger said.

"I am," Forrester lied. The pine needles spilled soundlessly. "We're only useful to them up to a point."

But he was far from sure. Salvatore was unpredictable, the explosives Carlo and Luigi returned with might be totally inadequate. Montehana could be a disaster. They would be on the high wire until the very end. And yet, to encourage her, he said, "I'm sure."

Forrester, if he were honest with himself, knew that almost every futile act of defiance on his part had been because of her: the blustering and the verbal rebellion largely because of her, drawn out of him because her very defenselessness asked for some show of strength; it was expected of him for no reason other than that he was a man. Nolan, and whoever had preceded Nolan, and the others before that, all would have known this aspect of her; her kind of man provided, smoothed the way, made everything possible. And a man had to be dependent upon himself—which was something he had never been. The more he gave, the more he needed support, the reward of flattery. It had always been so with him and now it was again. The future was something he couldn't contemplate with any assurance; but looking at Inger, he felt the bond between them strengthen. The mobile eyes, the delicate neck, the long trousered legs, the pressure of her fingers on his—he told himself there might be joy between them yet. If . . . if. . . . And again he began to fret inwardly about Montehana and the razor's edge that led to Monday and their freedom.

• • •

Carlo and Luigi returned within two hours. The white car came flicking through the pines without warning and swung in a wide circle across the clearing before coming to rest behind the hut. Forrester rose to his feet simultaneously with Salvatore clattering down the steps.

"Yes?" Salvatore called as the car doors swung open. "Yes?"

"Nothing to it." This was Carlo, gesturing dismissively. "We have enough to blow the sky away."

"It's all right, I think," Luigi said. He had a small box of detonators in each hand. PALONI—Forrester didn't know the company: Paloni, Brindisi.

"No trouble with the old man?"

"No—though he had a dog. Carlo shot it." Luigi paused, half expecting abuse. "It would have barked night and day, otherwise."

Forrester joined them at the boot. Carlo opened it with the flourish of someone who believed he had made amends, and they peered in. Safety fuse, instantaneous fuse—several uncased coils of each caught Forrester's eye immediately; both were marked with hand written stock tags. Carlo lifted them out.

"This is how they were on the racks. It was easy. The old man checked the list for us. *And* wet his trousers." He laughed.

Underneath were three boxes, each with rope handles. A Paloni product again—plaster gelatin. It wasn't Forrester's first choice, but he reckoned it would do: a high velocity of detonation was required and the Nobel equivalent he was familiar with ensured this.

"What you wanted?" Salvatore asked sidelong. Forrester had never seen him so anxious as now. "You can manage with this?"

"I'd say so, yes." Forrester lifted out one of the boxes: Carlo was right—they'd brought at least double the required quantity. He lugged the box into the hut and the rest followed, carrying

the others. Within a few minutes, everything was on the table

"Tape?" Forrester queried, completthing was on the table.

"Here," Luigi said, and dragged a roll from his hip pocket He also produced a few loose guncotton primers. "The watchman said he might need them."

"You mean you discussed it with him?" Salvatore flared. "You told him what this was for?"

"I said we were cutting metal."

"Ah," Salvatore grunted relieved.

Carlo grinned his empty smile. "Do you think we are completely stupid?"

"Yes," Salvatore retorted harshly and raised a bent arm at him. "*Zitto!*" Then, to Forrester, "It is all yours, *amico*. Now you will want to make preparations, eh?"

"Not until I know what's in your mind I won't be able to finish the assembly until sometime tomorrow. For instance, I must know when you will start for Monteliana. I should know where you plan to place your people at the prison and what your timing is."

Salvatore moved his feet restlessly. "In the morning, I shall tell you everything. For the present, it is best that only one should know." The others were gathered round the table, fingering the lengths of fuse and the boxes of plaster gelatin, unworried, indifferent to what they seemed to accept as some ancient tribal rule: trust nobody.

Forrester saw no choice for himself. He drew a long, slow breath and said, "All right. Listen carefully. I am going to tell you what must be done

"There are six hinges on the two gates. That means twelve separate explosive charges. I can put those together now For the demolition to be effective, they will have to be detonated at one and the same time. This is quite easily arranged by connecting each charge to a central stem of fuse and running it back to the ignition point As far as I could see, there are only two likely places for this to be—in the ditch between the road and the wall or in the culvert under the approach to the gate itself."

"Which do you recommend?"

"One is as good as the other."

"What about the guard on the gate?"

In astonishment, Forrester said: "D'you mean there's a guard? At night?"

"He patrols. He circles the place every hour. For fifty minutes at a time, the gate is unattended."

Forrester stared at Salvatore. A new hazard had been introduced: all the leads would have to be camouflaged, hidden—on the gate, across the ground. Placing the charges was enough responsibility for a novice without this. In any case, because of the guard, the ditch was out of the question.

"It will have to be the culvert, then But I don't envy the person who takes it on. He'll need two pairs of hands. Will it be you?"

"No," Salvatore said without hesitation.

"Who, then? He'll need to be shown how to set the charges on the hinges; he'll want to know about fuse speeds——"

"Tomorrow"

Forrester shrugged. The swarthy faces, the unimaginative minds, had they really grasped the extent of their unpreparedness? Rice, his demolitions foreman, would have wept. He picked up a spoon from the table and prized the lid off one of the boxes; the explosive was in rather smaller slabs than the Nobel variety but well packed and waterproof wrapped. He extracted one and peeled the double wrapping off, looking for signs of deterioration—sweating, in particular. But there was none—a very slight natural glistening but no more. The familiar pungent, sickly smell seemed to cling to his nostrils; too long with it and invariably it gave him a headache.

"I'll have to test this," he told Salvatore. And when Salvatore frowned, he said: "I need to know its strength."

"You mean you will make an explosion?"

"Two—perhaps three."

Salvatore was uneasy. "Couldn't this wait?" It was rare for him to be on the defensive. "That kind of noise carries Why not do your testing tomorrow? We shall be quitting here then."

Forrester shook his head "Until I know the quality and performance of the stuff, I can't make a move. Take your choice. D'you want to bring this off or don't you?"

Salvatore pursed his lips, grunting while he considered. "All right, then," he said at length, his eyes full of suspicion. "But no tricks."

"I want a very sharp knife. Or a razor blade, if you have one," Forrester said quietly.

There was a click and something flashed across him, thudding into the tabletop only inches from his hands: Giuseppe's knife. Giuseppe smiled with surly venom. "Sharp enough?"

• • •

Forrester cut a wrist-to-elbow length of safety fuse and then another piece three times as long. They watched each move as if they were entranced by a street corner magician. The fuse was single core with a black-varnish finish, admirable for dry conditions. He took both lengths outside and lighted them separately, timing them by the second hand of his watch. As he had expected, the burning speed was about two feet a minute.

Satisfied, he walked around to the back of the hut, where he'd noticed some scrap metal scattered among the kitchen rubbish. Salvatore followed him Forrester kicked about in the weeds and pine needles—a rusted petrol can, some wire, a holed bucket: none of it was of any use. Then he stumbled over a piece of iron bar; from the look of it, he guessed it was a spare from the bars used on the bedroom window Half inch by three inch, about four feet long He carried it back into the hut and set about making up a simple test charge.

The plaster gelatin was in 100-gram slabs. Four, therefore—if his rapid conversion was correct—would give him as near to a pound as made no odds. He took two of them out of the box, peeled off the wrappers and loosely taped them together; except for the clinging smell, it was like handling gritty brown plasticine. Again, every move he made was watched in silence. Then he cut a 12-inch length of safety fuse and six feet of instantaneous, cutting them square across the stem. The knife edge was razor sharp. He worked steadily, without hesitation, sure of himself. ("You're wasted behind that desk of yours," Rice had once told him. "You ought to be showing the apprentices how it really should be done." But long ago that, long ago. His fingers lacked practice.)

Now and again he spoke, explaining like an instructor to raw recruits. "This explosive is fairly pliable, as you see. . . ." One of them had to know. "Instantaneous fuse is what the name implies; it detonates at around six thousand meters a second. The explosive and the fuses are perfectly safe to handle; naked detonators, though, must be treated with respect."

The aluminum detonators were in cardboard tubes, upright in their box. Forrester tipped one out, fitted it over an end of the striped instantaneous fuse and crimped the neck carefully with his teeth. (No apprentice would have been encouraged to do that.) He capped the safety fuse with a second detonator, which he then taped along the instantaneous near its open end, leaving an inch or so overlap. "Bring the bar," he said to no one in particular, picked up the fuse assembly and the double slab of explosive and turned to go outside As he left the table, he saw Carlo raising a cigarette to his lips

"Jesus Christ!" He knocked it flying. "Don't you ever listen?"

Carlo flushed angrily. "It wasn't alight."

"*Sciocchezze!* Any moment and it would have been." Forrester glared, no bravado now. "Take chances with this stuff and you pay for it."

He walked outside, shaken. They'd never bring it off, they weren't disciplined enough: fearlessness and lack of imagination were no substitute. He went over to the waterfall, the others trailing, Luigi carrying the iron bar. Salvatore covered Forrester with the shotgun, as if to prevent the explosive somehow being turned into a weapon against them.

"No tricks," he warned again. "Don't be clever."

"If you use that thing, it will be your funeral, too."

Forrester took the bar from Luigi and wedged it horizontally between two of the mossy boulders. Then he opened up the slabs of explosive, about to sandwich the end detonator halfway in. "Get clear now."

As everyone withdrew, he inserted the detonator and molded the explosive carefully round it, then taped the charge tight to the upper side of the bar about one third along its length. Going back to the others, he said: "Now I'll have a cigarette."

Luigi gave him one, flicking a brass lighter under his nose. Forrester walked forward again, bent down, blew on the cigarette tip and applied it to the safety fuse. As it caught and began its slow, spitting run, he turned and retreated, not hurrying, 30 seconds in hand.

Without tamping, 200 grams might prove a shade too little; there were so many factors. He halted beside Giuseppe and waited, sheltered by the boulders; and, as usual, the final seconds dragged until the detonation cracked like a giant whip. Dust erupted in an inverted cone as the air shook concussively, fraying the cord of falling water, raining needles out of the nearest pines. In the momentary quiet that followed, Forrester seemed to hear the echo chasing away into the distances. With his ears singing, he rounded the boulders and returned to where he had jammed the bar. It had ruptured straight across, absolutely clean. He picked the two pieces up, more than satisfied.

"Good, eh?" Salvatore said, visibly impressed. There were fanlike scorch marks on one of the boulders and the enclosed space had an acrid stench.

Forrester nodded thoughtfully.

"So you need experiment no more."

"Once more."

"No. If you hope to bring the *carabinieri* running, *amico*——"

Without a word, Forrester went into the hut and brought out three slabs of plaster gelatin. He sliced one of them in half and cut another length of safety fuse. He capped it with a detonator, binding this to a pair of instantaneous fuses. Salvatore watched every move, suspicious but offering no interference. He seemed to accept the fact that the weapon had passed to Forrester for the moment.

"If I do not make this test, I won't know enough about exploding the gates," Forrester said slowly. "If I do not show you how to blow the gates properly, Angelo may be dead tomorrow. I don't wish to gamble with my life and *Signorina* Lindeman's. You do not wish to gamble with Angelo's. Now watch how I tape these two charges against the bar, one on top and one underneath, with a half-inch gap between them. That will make the bar shear. . . ."

Salvatore shrugged, conceding temporarily. Then, as if to minimize Forrester's importance, he said, "All right, if it helps you to do your little part. The rest of the plan is perfection."

"Perhaps Angelo will never know how perfect it was. Perhaps they will never tell him in Ucciardone prison."

Suddenly defensive, Salvatore said, "Angelo knows everything. That letter Margherita took to Montelliana was for the priest. The priest will not realize what it means, but Angelo will."

Somehow, scoring this minor point cheered Forrester. And the second explosion—a gray blast among the rocks that flattened the waterfall sideways against the bluff—was another small satisfaction. The bar had been severed less cleanly, but it had been severed.

There were no more words at dinner. The mood was much like the stodgy lasagna Margherita had prepared. Only Carlo, in his avid study of Inger, raised his eyes from his plate. It was a fingering, inquisitive gaze, like that of the police officer in Taormina. It had lust but, more than that, a doomed longing for the world where blondes swept past in cars, sunned themselves beside pools, danced in the cool of the night where the bands were, where the money was. A world with no Carlos in it.

After the meal, Margherita cleared the table and Salvatore began to draw a sketch of the lockup in charcoal on the tabletop. Forrester went outside and began the laborious job of putting the fuse assembly together. He had not finished when the sun—no more than a red smear on the western sky now—left him in twilight. He went inside and found Salvatore still studying his outline, tapping his fingers.

Without looking up, Salvatore said, "These games with dynamite are a small thing. Caution drains the guts out of a man. When the time comes, it is only bravery that counts. I remember when we raided the post office at Caltanissetta, we——"

"—made a botch of it," Forrester finished. "I'm not surprised. You are all piss and wind, Salvatore."

Salvatore grabbed him by the arm, colorless with rage, his face inches away from Forrester's. "Do you know what I wish I could do? I wish I could wrap you up in all your neatly prepared explosives. It would make me happy to light the fuse."

"But"—gradually relaxing the grip—"I am not a foreigner. I am *Siciliano*. Therefore, a man of honor. You are lucky I do not forget, so far. . . ."

This is the second installment of a new novel by Francis Clifford. The conclusion will appear next month.

PLAYBOY POLLS THE PROPHETS

the decay of Vietnam we need a very strong leader who is also wise enough to first re-educate the people. The oracle isn't pessimistic, for it says, 'Rigid adherence to tradition has resulted in decay. But the decay has not yet penetrated deeply and so can still be easily remedied.' But unless such a superior man is our President, we probably won't be able to end the corruption of Vietnam by the end of 1969."

OUIJA BOARD

—Talking board—

A ouija board can be bought in a toy store for $3.95. Two people sit opposite each other over the board, lightly place their finger tips on a movable plastic indicator, and then one of them concentrates on a question.

The board is basically programed for yes and no answers. (Its name is made up of the French and German words for yes—oui and ja.) It does have an alphabet, but if you try to make it spell out words, you had better be prepared to spend a couple of weeks with it. Therefore, we did not ask it to name a new scientific discovery, major evil force or most valuable player.

PLAYBOY *was pleased that this prophetic mechanism could be played with a girl. We used a comely office staffer as a partner, because the board's instructions suggest that the participants be of opposite sex. During the gathering of the following answers,* PLAYBOY *and our date exchanged some rather sharp accusations about pushing and pulling the indicator. Before reading the answers, please note the illustration of the board.*

Q: Will America pull out of Vietnam in 1969?

A. Yes.

Q: Will someone reach the moon in 1969?

A: No.

(continued from page 128)

Q: Will there be any more assassinations?

A. One.

Q. Will there be greater inflation?

A: Good bye.

Q. Will there be more rioting in the cities?

A: Yes.

Q: Will there be any major revolutions in the world?

A: Ouija.

Q: Will any new protest movement replace the hippies?

A: No

Q: Will the stock market go up?

A: No.

Q: Will the stock market go down?

A: Good bye.

THE OUIJA BOARD

ETHEL MEYERS

—Medium—

Our final trip through the complex and mystifying world of the occult was with a genial woman in her late 60s. Mrs. Ethel Meyers is a respected, full-time medium who consults "the other side" from morning till midnight almost every day. "Philosophers on the other side talk to me," she says, "and try to help those in need through psychometry." Her contact in the world of the departed is her husband, Albert, a cellist who went immortal in 1944.

Mrs. Meyers has worked with many celebrities, whose names she won't reveal. But she does reveal at the drop of a shroud that she has done "trance work" with Hans Holzer, helping him find ghosts in haunted places. Then spiritual gumshoeing is discussed in Holzer's two books, "The Ghost Hunter" and "Ghosts I've Met." She has also worked with the Reverend Arthur Ford (Bishop Pike's medium), with Long John Nebel and with the Eileen Garrett Parapsychology Foundation. But more important than any work with churchmen, foundations or middle-class ghosts is her claim to have heard from George Washington twice and from Abraham Lincoln several times.

Exhilarated by the possibility of discussing the nation's future with one of its most eminent forefathers, PLAYBOY *went to Mrs. Meyers' West Manhattan apartment on a fittingly dark and rainy afternoon. She at once heightened our*

"I designed it with you particularly in mind, Mrs. Dillman!"

suspense by showing us several pictures of ghosts that she had taken without a camera, with just a light bulb and printing paper exposed for five seconds to a visitor from the beyond. One such picture, milky but still defined, was of Albert, her celestial scout. Another was of a great astrologer from 67 B.C. who had given an entire lecture on astrology through Mrs. Meyers, even though she knew nothing about it. And a third picture was of a 19th Century gentleman who'd come down to New York to tell Mrs. Meyers that they were related.

Mrs. Meyers and PLAYBOY *then sat in opposite easy chairs. She leaned back, closed her eyes and breathed deeply for almost a minute before producing the following words, which came in answer to our question about the state of the nation and the world in 1969.*

"The stock market will start going up in January. . . . There are new, jittery things concerning Russia. . . . Many things are happening. . . . Always a red herring in the Middle East. Also strange things Canadianwise. Unfriendly relations between Canada and the United States. . . . Inside, quiet talks between American and Russian politicians, because the Chinese Red Guards are not succeeding with their torments. . . . Disturbances in France are also lessening, because the Red Guards are looking more toward Mongolia. . . . Before the spring, America and Russia will be shaking hands across the Bering Strait . . . and things will settle down and become more quiet. . . . Hello, hello, Albert speaking. Will PLAYBOY speak to me personally, please? I have taken over the instrument."

Q: Hello, Albert. Your wife was saying that there'll be an agreement between America and Russia in 1969. Do you agree?

A: Yes, there will be an understanding between these two great powers. Unrest will level off.

Q: Will there be any major assassinations in 1969?

A: The year will be quieter in this department, but the race situation will be uneasy.

Q: In what way?

A: In the spring and summer, there'll be much more controversy. And the youth problem will get worse.

Q: Speaking of the youth, will there be any new protest movement?

A: An educational movement will come into being and will use occult solutions in knowing oneself, in learning to use one's own true powers. This movement isn't just on the earth plane, for we're working on it here, too. But in 1969, man on your side of the veil will learn the truth of his inner self.

Q: Albert, are there any great Americans on the other side who could further enlighten us about conditions next year?

"I object, your Honor! Counsel is leading the witness!"

(*A long pause while Mrs. Meyers breathes deeply several times.*)

A: Hello, how do you do? I'm very pleased to have your invitation to come.

Q: Who are you?

A: Abraham Lincoln.

Q (*definitely impressed*): It's an honor to meet you, Mr. President.

LINCOLN: Oh, I was but a man and not the great humanitarian people have made me. I had to fight my own inner instincts.

Q (*still somewhat awed by this remarkable press conference*): That's typically modest of you. Tell us, sir, do you have any advice for modern Americans on handling the racial situation?

LINCOLN: Yes, the uneducated man must be educated. I cannot say that all men are equal without educational devices, and the white man has deprived the darker skins of chances to learn.

Q: Do you see any American leaders appearing in 1969 who will have your compassion and strength?

LINCOLN: You do me honor; I was but a man.

Q: You said that.

LINCOLN: A man will come along who knows the inner self. The fermented grapes are false gods that bring things inconsequential and untrue.

Q (*thrown a bit by the transition to wine*): Do those happen to be the grapes of wrath?

LINCOLN: The man who wears dark skin has majesty within him. He will give much to the world.

Q: Will there be any wars next year?

LINCOLN: There will be no wars as you know them. There will be peace caused by the coming together of two great nations.

Q: America and Russia?

LINCOLN: That's correct. They will right the world through quiet, secret understandings. There are even in America today those who've been damned but who will be seen as statesmen in the years to come. And those who would twist the world as a chicken will be roasted in their own gravy.

Q (*in confusion, as we leave the metaphoric kitchen*): Tell us, sir, what do you see as the major evil force next year?

LINCOLN: Greed is the major evil force and there'll be no end of it in 1969. Man will first have to know the truth of his inner self. But there'll be more peace in 1969 and international affairs will be sounder, so it will be a better year than the one we have just experienced. There will, however, be forces I know nothing about, electrical forces from planets, from a galaxy that will be approaching ours; and these forces will harass national affairs, though not too seriously. And now I must leave you, for there is still much work to be done on this side of the plane.

Q: Thank you, Mr. President.

(*Mrs. Meyers shudders and then awakes.*)

A: What happened? Did anyone come through?

Q: Yes, Albert and Abraham Lincoln.

A: Oh, good. (*Still shuddering and squirming.*) Pardon me, but after this happens, I always feel as though someone has actually possessed my body. How was Lincoln?

Q: A little wordy and vague, but we guess that's to be expected. After all, he *is* 157.

ZAP-IN *(continued from page 102)*

tender—1½ to 2 hours. Remove orange slices and spice bag. Add madeira, orange rind, and salt and pepper to taste. Stew is best if made a day before the party and reheated before serving. Serve with *risotto* or buttered noodles.

THE FUTURE RE-VEALED
(VEAL RAGOUT WITH JUNIPER BERRIES AND CREAM)

- 2 lbs. boneless shoulder of veal
- 1 lb button mushrooms
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons salad oil
- ¼ cup finely minced shallots or scallions
- ¼ cup finely minced leek, white part only
- 1 medium-size clove garlic, minced extremely fine
- 2 teaspoons finely minced juniper berries
- 3 ozs. gin
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 2 cups chicken broth, fresh or canned
- 1½ cups light cream
- 2 tablespoons finely minced fresh parsley
- 1 teaspoon finely minced chervil
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice
- Salt, pepper

Cut veal into 1 in. cubes. Remove stems from mushrooms and save for some other use such as omelets or soup. Melt butter with oil in a stewpot. Add veal, mushrooms, shallots, leek, garlic and juniper berries. Sauté, stirring frequently, until veal loses raw color. Add gin; set ablaze; let flames subside. Stir in flour, blending well. Add chicken broth and simmer, covered, until veal is tender—1 to 1½ hours. Add cream and bring to a boil. Simmer 10 minutes, then turn off flame. Add parsley, chervil and lemon juice. Add salt and pepper to taste.

URSA MAJOR
(BEAR SCALOPPINE, PEPPER SAUCE)

- 2½ lbs. boneless bear roast (thawed, if frozen)
- ½ cup salad oil
- 1 Spanish onion, sliced
- 2 large cloves garlic, smashed
- ¼ cup red wine vinegar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup dry red wine
- 1 medium-size onion, minced fine
- ½ teaspoon freshly ground pepper
- ⅛ teaspoon dried thyme
- 1 pint game broth or chicken broth, fresh or canned
- 1 teaspoon meat extract
- 1 tablespoon finely minced parsley
- Brown gravy color
- ¼ cup butter

Cut meat into slices 2 ins. square and ¼ in. thick. Marinate overnight in oil, sliced onion, garlic, vinegar and salt. Simmer wine, minced onion, pepper and thyme until wine is reduced to ½ cup. Strain and set aside. Remove meat from marinade; discard marinade and place meat, a few pieces at a time, between a double thickness of wax paper. Pound with a meat mallet until each piece of meat is as thin as veal scaloppine. In a large electric skillet preheated at 400°, pan-broil the meat, without added fat (the marinade will cling to the meat), until light brown on each side. Do not overcrowd skillet. When all meat has been browned and removed from skillet, add broth, meat extract and parsley. Bring to a boil. Scrape skillet to loosen drippings. Simmer 3 to 5 minutes. Add brown gravy color, if desired. Add strained wine and butter. Place meat in gravy and heat. Correct seasoning of gravy, if necessary. Keep meat hot in a chafing dish or in a casserole over a trivet flame. Serve on buns or with sliced French bread, moistened with gravy.

NEPTUNE'S DELIGHT
(OCTOPUS CHOWDER)

- 2 5¼ oz. cans broiled octopus on skewers
- 2 ozs. salt pork
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 large Spanish onion, medium dice
- 1 large clove garlic, minced extremely fine
- 2 pieces celery, medium dice
- 1 carrot, peeled, medium dice
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 1 pint chicken broth, fresh or canned
- 3 cups clam juice, fresh or bottled
- 3 cups potatoes, medium dice
- 1 pint milk
- 1 cup light cream
- 1½ ozs. amontillado sherry
- 1 oz. cognac
- Salt, celery salt, pepper, monosodium glutamate

Remove octopus from skewers. Cut into dice no larger than ¼ in. and set aside. Remove rind, if any, from salt pork, and cut salt pork into smallest possible dice or chop coarsely. Heat salt pork in soup pot until fat melts. Add butter, onion, garlic, celery and carrot and sauté over a low flame until onion is yellow, not brown. Stir in flour, blending well. Add chicken broth, clam juice and octopus. Bring to a boil and simmer 15 minutes. Add potatoes and simmer until tender. Add milk and cream. Bring to a boil; turn off flame. Add sherry and cognac. Season to taste with salt, celery salt, pepper and monosodium glutamate.

BLAST-OFF BUBBLY
AMERICANA

- 4 ozs. iced *brut* champagne
- 1 teaspoon 100-proof bourbon
- Dash bitters
- ½ teaspoon sugar
- 1 slice brandied or frozen peach

Stir bitters, sugar and bourbon in prechilled champagne glass. Add champagne and peach.

CARIBBEAN CHAMPAGNE

- 4 ozs. iced *brut* champagne
- ½ teaspoon light rum
- ½ teaspoon banana liqueur
- Dash orange bitters
- 1 slice banana

To keep banana slices from turning dark, dip in pineapple juice or orange juice before placing on buffet table. Pour rum, banana liqueur and bitters into prechilled champagne glass. Add champagne and stir gently. Add banana slice.

CHAMPAGNE FRAISE

- 4 ozs. iced *brut* champagne
- ½ teaspoon strawberry liqueur
- ½ teaspoon kirschwasser
- Large fresh strawberry

Pour strawberry liqueur and kirschwasser into prechilled champagne glass. Measure ½ teaspoons precisely—don't overpour. Tilt glass, so that liquors cover bottom and sides of glass. Add champagne and strawberry.

CHAMPAGNE NORMANDE

- 4 ozs. iced *brut* champagne
- 1 teaspoon calvados
- ½ teaspoon sugar
- Dash Angostura bitters

Stir sugar, bitters and calvados in prechilled champagne glass. Add champagne and stir very gently.

INTERPLANETARY PUNCH
(Approximately 1 gallon, or 24 punch cups)

- 1 quart mango nectar
- 1 fifth light rum
- 4 ozs. dark Jamaica rum
- 12 ozs. (1½ cups) heavy sweet cream
- 12 ozs. white crème de menthe
- 1 quart freshly squeezed orange juice
- 8 large sprigs mint
- 1 large ripe fresh mango (if available)
- 6 thin slices orange

Prechill all ingredients, including liquors. Place a 2-quart block of ice in punch bowl. Add mango nectar, light rum, Jamaica rum, cream, crème de menthe and orange juice. Stir very well. Tear mint leaves from stems. Peel and cut mango into small slices. (Canned mango may be used in place of fresh; canned fruit, however, will not float.) Cut orange slices into quarters. Float mint leaves and fruit on punch. Place punch bowl in refrigerator 1 to 2 hours for flavors to ripen. Serve with thinly sliced brandied fruitcake or *petits fours*.

By properly fueling your guests with the preceding liquid and solid propellants, you'll hit new highs in hostmanship and your space-age bash will be long remembered as a stellar attraction.

CIVIL LIBERTIES

(continued from page 120)

being the Civil War. Prior to that, there was the widespread rebellion under John Adams against the Alien and Sedition Acts, which made it a crime to utter any false or malicious statement about the nation, the President or Congress. The Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions called them a "nullity," because—by reason of the First Amendment—Congress may pass no law abridging freedom of speech or press. Those laws expired under Jefferson and for years the country reimbursed the victims for the wrongs done.

The Embargo Act was a self-blockade, in the sense that it forbade the departure of any ships from American ports to foreign countries. Jefferson tried in vain to enforce it, and it was repealed in 1809.

In World War One, there were about 300 000 draft dodgers, in spite of the fact that Congress passed a declaration of war.

Some of those episodes were accompanied by violence and many people were fined or imprisoned for their misdeeds. During those crises, the majority clamored for conformity. The minority, impatient at the existence of laws they deemed unjust, took matters into their own hands and did not wait until the power to correct the abuse at the polls could be exercised.

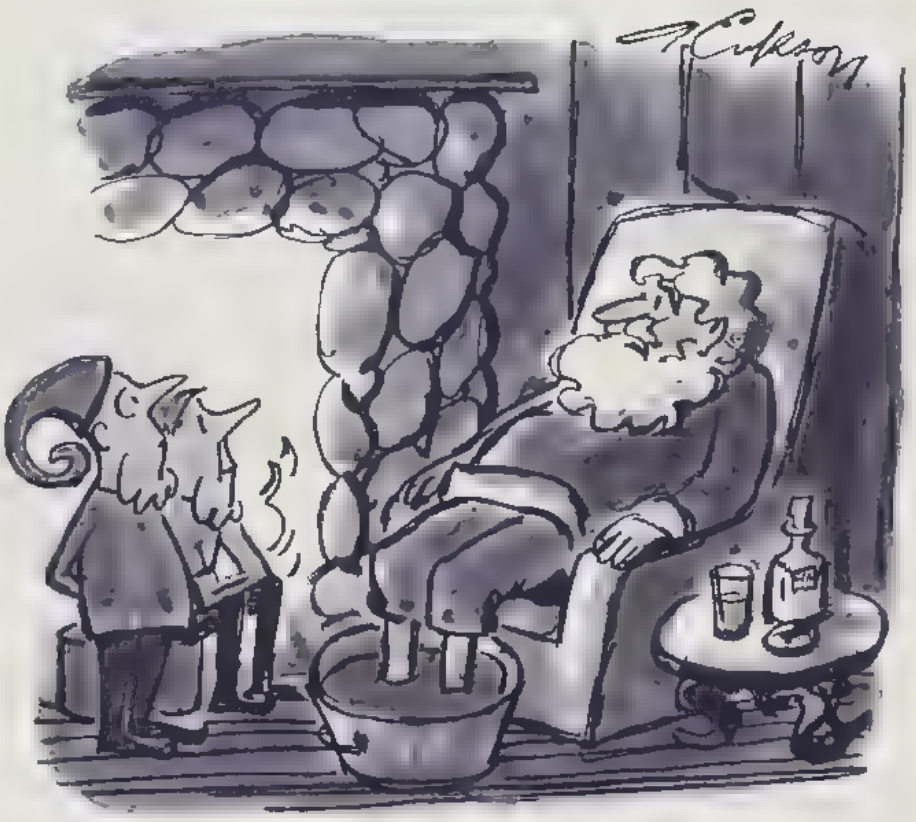
Today the dissenters, both black and white, claim that the changes needed to admit the lower fourth of our people into an honored place in our society are being thwarted. There is a growing feeling that the existing political parties are not likely instruments of change. The colleges' and universities' administrations, in general walk more and more to the measure of traditional thought and have lost their revolutionary influence. The Cold War flourishes, diminishing our overseas potential and making the military the most potent force in our lives and in our economy. The puritan ethic—hard work and industry will guarantee success—is not valid in a system of private enterprise that is less and less dependent on labor. For many, the only recourse for employment is in the public sector; yet blueprints for an expanding public sector are hardly ever in public view. Racial discrimination takes an awful toll as partially evidenced by the fact that the average annual income of whites who go to work at the end of the eighth grade tends to be higher than the average annual income of blacks who go on to college and enter the professions.

The crises these days are compounded because the *real* dissenters from the principle of equality in our laws and in the Constitution are often the establishment itself—sometimes a municipal, county or state government; sometimes slumlords allied with corrupt local machines; sometimes finance companies or great corporations or even labor unions. That is to say, these existing institutions often ask minorities to conform to practices and customs that are unconstitutional. People are apt to overlook the fact that those who make such a request are the offenders, not the vociferous minorities who demand their rights.

Rebellion by members of the establishment against full equality cannot be met with apathy and inaction, for that is the stuff out of which violent revolutions are made. Blacks and whites must join hands in momentous programs of political action. Those who put law and order above liberty and equality are architects of a new fascism that would muzzle all dissenters and pay the individuals in our lower strata to remain poor, obedient and subservient.

Unprecedented civic action is needed. When my friend Luis Muñoz Marín first ran for governor of Puerto Rico, he actually drafted and had printed and circulated the precise laws he would have enacted when elected. He was elected and the laws were passed. Those who march need specific proposals in their hands—proposals to put an end to a particular injustice. India, when dealing with the explosive problem of the untouchables, required about 15 percent of all matriculating students and about 15 percent of all government employees to be drawn from those ranks. While the maximum age for taking examinations for government service was generally 24 years, it was increased to 27 years in the case of the untouchables. And this once-abhorred group also has a certain minimum number of seats reserved for it in the national parliament and in the state legislatures.

We need to think in terms as specific as those in dealing with our own minorities, whether black or white. No one today is on the side lines. We are all caught up in a tremendous revolutionary movement. It starts with a demand for equality in educational and employment opportunities. It extends to a removal from our laws of all bias against the poor. It embraces a host of other specifics that will, if faced frankly and adopted, make a viable and decent society out of our multiracial, multireligious, multi-ideological communities—and both preserve the sovereignty and honor the dignity of each and every individual.



"They're really up tight this year. I got mugged in New York, demonstrated against in Chicago, shot at in Texas and arrested for vagrancy in Seattle."

Ermyntrude and Esmeralda

(continued from page 202)

I said I thought he was in love with me because he avoided me so? Well, now I don't think that can be it, but I had better begin at the beginning and then you can judge. I was sitting on the veranda after tea this evening, trying to get through my canto of Dante—did I tell you that I was doing it with the dean? It was he who suggested it, and he's been so wonderfully kind about it, and, oh, my dearest Ermyntrude, what a beautiful poem it is—though I must say, I think I like Tennyson better. Well, there I was, quite alone, for a wonder, until it began to get cold and I thought I'd go indoors, so I was going in by the morning-room window, which was wide open, and I did just get inside, but then I was surprised by hearing somebody talking, which was quite surprising because hardly anyone ever uses the morning room—especially at that time in the day. I thought it was rather funny, and then I suddenly recognized that it was Mr. Mapleton's voice that was talking, but not at all his usual voice, and it was all quite dark—much darker than outside—and so altogether I was so surprised that I stood quite still and couldn't help listening. And what do you think I heard? You'll never guess—only I only half heard it, really, because it was so mumbling and indistinct and it seemed so funny and extraordinary. I'm sure he was making love. He kept on saying, "I love you more than anybody in the world" and things like that, and "Do you love me? Do you love me as much as I love you?" a great many times, and "You're the most beautiful creature in the world, how can you be so beautiful?" and "My dearest dearest dearest angel," and things like that. Don't you think he must have been making love? Of course, I couldn't imagine who he was talking to, but I thought it might be the under housemaid, who's quite pretty but not the most beautiful person in the world—but then, people always do exaggerate when they're making love, don't they—and then I was just wondering whether perhaps it was Carrie, when somebody else said, "Darling darling" just like that, and, my dear, it was Godfrey! That gave me such a jump that I very nearly dropped all my books—the grammar and dictionary and everything—but I luckily didn't, and by that time, the room seemed rather lighter and I made out that Godfrey's voice must have come from behind a screen there is going across, so I stretched out as far as I could and just managed to see round the screen to the sofa. And Mr. Mapleton was there, too, with his arm round Godfrey's neck, and they were kissing and their hair was all tousled, but the most extraordinary thing of all was that their buttons were so much undone that their shirts were all coming out. Wasn't it too peculiar for words? But just then, someone began to come along the passage outside, and they jumped up very quickly, and Mr Mapleton began walking toward the window, so I slipped out and ran round by the front door. I expect it was the maid coming to shut the window. I haven't said anything about it to either of them yet. I'm not sure whether I shall even to Godfrey. They might think I'd been listening on purpose, which I wasn't at all. They seemed quite as usual at dinner, and now here I am, writing to you as fast as I can—I'm so excited and somehow rather frightened, too—I don't know why. At least I was frightened when I looked round the screen. Do you think—my dear, do you think it's possible for them to be in love? I'm almost sure they must be; but then, if they are, I can't understand at all, because how can they have babies? Do answer by return of post, I beg and implore you.

Your loving
Esmeralda

. . .

Dearest Esmeralda,

What a lark! I'm in a hurry, as Mama, for a wonder, is taking me out to some dreadful tea party this afternoon but I must write a few words now, as you ask me to. And so that's what you call nothing ever happening, is it? I only wish anything half as amusing would happen here. No such luck. But I don't think you've made the most of your opportunities. It was a great chance for finding out some interesting things. For instance, you don't say which buttons were undone. Was it too dark to see? I don't believe it was, but you were too flurried and didn't look properly. I'm sure I should have, if it had been me. I really think you ought to try and discover some more from Godfrey. Couldn't you lead the conversation round to bowwows—in quite a general way? I wish I could talk to him for a little. It might be easier for him to tell things to someone who wasn't his sister. I suppose, as you say, two bowwows can't have babies, but I can't see why on earth they shouldn't pout at one another. The great question is—how do they pout? I command you to ask him. You can ask him from me, if you like. Do you know, when I read your letter, I began to wish that I *was* Godfrey—I suppose because then I should know all about it. But I must stop and go and dress. I'll write again soon.

Your loving
Ermyntrude

P.S. No. I'm not sure. I think, on the whole, I'd rather have been Mr. Mapleton.

. . .

Dearest Ermyntrude,

There has been the most awful row. Papa went in by accident yesterday morning to get a shoehorn, and found Mr Mapleton in Godfrey's bed. He was most fearfully angry, told Mr. Mapleton that he would have to go away out of England and live abroad forever and ever, or he would have him put in prison, and stormed at Godfrey like anything, and said he would flog him, only he was too old to be flogged, but he *ought* to be flogged, and that he had disgraced himself and his family, and that it could never be wiped out, never, and that he couldn't hold up his head again with such a son, and that as Godfrey wasn't to be flogged, he would have to be punished in some even worse way—but none of us knows what yet. It was too dreadful for words. Godfrey told me all about it. Mr. Mapleton went away that very morning, immediately after breakfast, but he didn't come down to it, so perhaps he didn't have any, and Mama has been almost in tears ever since, and Papa has hardly spoken to anyone. The dean has been looking very grave. I don't know what would have happened if it hadn't been for General Marchmont, who got up a croquet tournament yesterday, which put us into better spirits, as we had to make the arrangements about it; it is to be the American kind—everyone will play everyone else, and the one who wins the most games will get a prize from the general. Papa said that Godfrey wasn't to join, as he wasn't fit to associate with the others, which is a great pity. Poor Godfrey is in such dreadful disgrace, and I am very sorry for him. I suppose it was a frightfully wicked thing to do, but the curious thing is he doesn't seem at all wicked, and I really do believe I'm fonder of him than I've ever been before. I talked to him for quite a long time yesterday before dinner. I went into the morning room, and he was there, so I began to say how sorry I was. But before I'd said very much, he turned round and walked toward the window, and then I saw that he was crying. I hardly knew what to do, so I went on talking for a little, and at last I threw my arms round his neck and kissed him a great many times, which seemed to comfort him, although he began to cry harder than ever at first. But in the end, he told me all about Mr. Mapleton and how fond he was of him, and how unhappy he was to think he'd never see him again; and when I asked him whether he was in love with him, he said yes, he was, and why not?—that he loved him better than anyone in the world and always would as long

as he lived, and then he began crying again. And he said he did not think he'd done anything wicked at all, and it seems the Greeks used to do it, too—at least the Athenians, who were the best of the Greeks—which is very funny, don't you think? And he said that Mr Mapleton agreed with everything he'd said, and, in fact, he had told him most of it, and as for Papa, he said he was a silly old man and he expected he'd done just the same himself when he was a boy at school but that he'd forgotten all about it. Of course I wouldn't let him say things against Papa, but really, it seems very extraordinary if what Godfrey says is true, and I can't make it out at all, can you? I've made up my mind what to do, though, I'm going to ask the dean to explain it to me. Isn't that a good idea? He's so wise he must know everything, and he's so good and kind that I'm sure he wouldn't get angry, as I'm certain Papa would if I said anything about it to *him*. I'm waiting for a good opportunity to find the dean by himself, but at present it's rather difficult, because there always seems to be somebody who insists upon playing off their game of croquet with me. When I've got it out of him, I'll let you know. But dearest Ermyntrude, do write and tell me what *you* think. I believe you're almost as clever as the dean.

Your loving
Esmeralda

P. S. Godfrey has just told me that he is to be taken away from school and sent abroad, too, as well as Mr. Mapleton, but of course not to the same place and only for a year, but Godfrey says he hates the thought of it.

P. P. S. I forgot to say that when I was talking to Godfrey, I tried several times to ask him your question, but somehow or other I couldn't get it in. I find that there are some things it's very difficult, indeed, to talk about, just when one wants to most.

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My dearest Esmeralda,

Your letters get more and more exciting and make me more and more envious. Here am I, as usual, in the drawing room, by the fire, all alone, except for the kitten curled up in its basket, and I feel as if I'd been here for the past 500 years. I've taken to sitting in this gaunt room lately, because it's a good way of escaping from Simpson, and as Mama's again away, there's no fear of visitors. It's true that Lord Folliot came yesterday, but I don't think he'll come again. I don't like him at all. He first chucked me under the chin and then put his hand (which was more like a claw) on my chest, and asked me how Pussy was doing. He winked and grinned and was quite ridiculous—all wrinkled and horrid. I'm quite sure his bowwow was pouting as hard as it could

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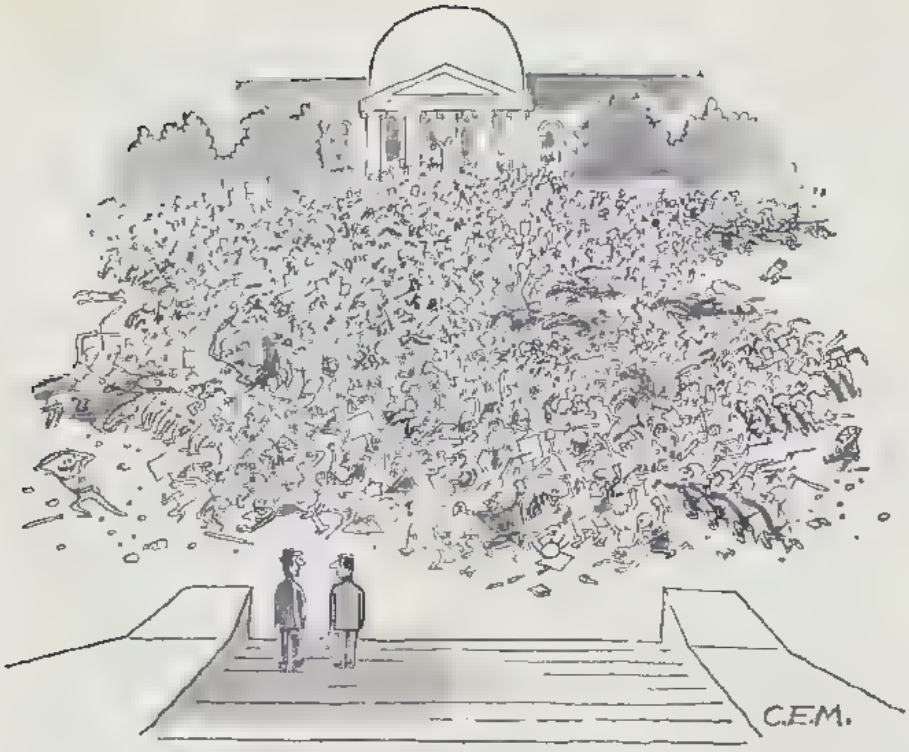

"They're against phys ed being mandatory in the junior year."

all the time. I thought to myself, "Why should *your* bowwow be allowed to pout as it likes, you disgusting old man, and poor Godfrey, when *his* does, get into such hot water?" It really is a great shame. You must give Godfrey my love, though I think if he'd cried rather less, I should like him better. Of course, it would have been different if he had been really whipped. Would it have been with a birch rod? I was as nasty as I could be to Lord Folliot, and he went away looking sillier than ever. I expect it'll make you angry, but I can't help thinking he's rather like the dean. I wonder if you've had your conversation with him yet. It will be great fun when you do; but if I were you, I shouldn't believe a word he said. Clergymen always tell stories.

Talking of conversations, it's rather amusing: I had one the other day with —who do you think?—Henry! He nearly always comes after tea to take the things away, so I thought it would be rather amusing to talk to him. I think I told you about the butler, Jessop, and how I dislike him. He's got very thin lips, which he keeps pressed together very close, and he stands up very straight and looks most severe. I had a quarrel with him a long time ago, when I was quite small. I used to go down to the servants' hall, and they all used to pet me a great deal, and sometimes they kissed me; but one day, Jessop began kissing me more than I wanted, so I made him stop, and ever since, I believe he's hated me; and I'm sure I've hated him. So I thought I'd find out what Henry thought of him, and as he was clearing away the tea, I said, just to begin, "Is Jessop out today?" He said he was, so I said, "Does he go out often?" "Pretty often, miss." "Does he make you work very hard?" "Oh, yes, miss." "He's very strict, I suppose?" "Oh, he's that strict, miss!" "You don't like him much, then?" "No, miss, nothing particklar—not, as you might say, anything out of the common—not as I like some." Then he went on putting the cups onto the tray. I thought it was very nice of him to be so easy to talk to, so I began to laugh and said, "And who *do* you like? Do you like Mrs. Codrington?" (She's the cook.) "Yes, miss, I like Mrs. Codrington." I saw that he was smiling, and then, while he was making a clatter with the cups, he said something else that was really rather extraordinary, and in a very low voice—"And I like *you*, miss." I could hardly hear it, but I'm certain he did say it, though I pretended not to have noticed anything and took up a book. He went out very quickly after that, and neither of us has said anything about it since, though we have had a few more conversations. Here he is. I must stop, as I shall have to give him this letter to post. Please give me a full account of what you get out of the dean, and I insist upon your asking him every question that comes into your head.

Your loving
Ermyntrude

P.S. Something so curious has happened that I've opened this again to tell you about it. When I was giving this letter to Henry to post, I dropped it and we both put down our hands to pick it up. Somehow or other, he took hold of my fingers instead of the letter. I felt rather awkward, but just then the kitten took it into its head to jump out of its basket, so I ran after it and put it back. While I was doing that, he went and drew the curtains, and then he went out, without taking the letter, which was still on the floor. He didn't say anything at all, nor did I. Now I've rung the bell, and I shall put this into a new envelope and give it him again and try not to drop it this time. He'll be here in a moment. It's rather odd. His fingers seemed very strong.

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My dearest Ermyntrude,

I've got something very surprising to tell you, and when it happened, it surprised me just as much. Have you noticed how funny it is, the way things always seem to turn out quite differently from what you expected? Why is it, do you think? I always try to imagine as hard as I can what's going to happen beforehand, don't you? But when it does happen, it's somehow or other always something else—only I expect you're so horribly clever you can always imagine right. But I wonder whether even you would have guessed about my conversation with the dean, and that it would have ended by—— But I must tell you first that I found him alone in the study this morning, as I hoped I would, as Papa had gone out with the agent, and as it was such a good opportunity, I said to myself that I mustn't miss it, because it was just the time to ask him about Godfrey and Mr. Mapleton. So I did, but what a wicked teasing creature you are, to say that the dean is like Lord Folliot! Of course he isn't at all, but as I'm sure you're only laughing at me all the time, I won't pay any attention. Well, I thought I'd better begin in rather a roundabout way, so I asked him about Dante and Beatrice, and he said the most beautiful things about them that you can imagine, and then I said I supposed Dante was in love with Beatrice, and he seemed very pleased and even more polite than ever and said more and more beautiful things, and was far more poetical than I'm sure Lord Folliot could ever be. Then I asked whether it wasn't wrong to be in love, and he moved his chair nearer and said, "My dear Miss Esmeralda, surely you cannot think that!" and said that love was the purification and the sanctification of something that I can't remember now, but it was all very nice, and at last he took hold of my hand, so I thought the moment had come and said, "Then why was Papa

so angry with Godfrey?" Directly I'd said it, I saw that it couldn't have been the right moment, because he got very startled, indeed, and dropped my hand and asked me in quite a stiff voice how I could ask such a question. But I was determined this time not to be afraid, and so I said that Godfrey was in love with Mr. Mapleton, and if it was not wrong to be in love, why shouldn't he be? He seemed terribly shocked, and threw up his hands, and said, "Love! Love for that perverse, misguided, unhappy young man! What a profanation, my dear young lady, what a profanation!" But I said Godfrey himself had told me so, and then he said that Godfrey was very wicked and that I shouldn't listen to what he said. So then I remembered some of the things that Godfrey had told me about the Greeks, so I asked if *they* had all been very wicked, and whether Socrates hadn't been a very good man, and whether he hadn't been in love with young men—and perhaps very like Mr. Mapleton? He said that I was touching upon a most painful subject, that it was one of the mysteries of Providence that the highest and the lowest sometimes met in the same person, and that the Greeks had not had the benefit of the teaching of Our Lord, which I suppose is quite true. Then I remembered something else that Godfrey had said, so I asked him whether he hadn't very likely felt just the same as Godfrey when he was at school himself, and when I said that, he got up and walked up and down the room and seemed quite agitated. So I thought I must be right, and then I had a sudden idea and said it almost without thinking, directly it came into my head —"Oh, Dr. Bartlett, I believe you were in love with Papa!" You see, I knew they had been at school together, and do you know, I really believe it was true, because he got very red and came up to me and said in a low voice, "No, no, Miss Esmeralda, let me beg you to put such distressing thoughts out of your mind. These subjects are not fit for a pure young girl to dwell upon. They come as a temptation—a terrible temptation. Turn away from them, I beseech you—fly from them as you would from the Evil One himself. Let me counsel you, let me help you, let me guide your thoughts toward"—but I can't remember what it was exactly he wanted to guide my thoughts toward, except that he went on talking for a very long time, and then suddenly I found to my great surprise what I'm sure you couldn't possibly have guessed—he was making love to me, and asking me to marry him, and had gone down on his knees beside my chair, so that I didn't at all know what to do, especially as I very nearly burst out laughing, because he did look so very extraordinary. But just then, I heard General Marchmont's voice out of the window, calling me, so I jumped up and said I must go and play a game of croquet. He seemed very distressed and asked me whether I wouldn't answer him. I said I would this evening, and that's all. It's a dreadful nuisance, but I suppose I shall have to. Of course, I'm very fond of him and admire him, I'm sure, more than almost everyone else in the world, but what surprised me most of all was that when he asked me to marry him, although I'd always thought it would be the most wonderful thing that could possibly happen to me, I didn't want to a bit. I don't understand it in the least, unless it is that perhaps I—— But I shan't tell you any more just now—so there!

Your loving
Esmeralda

P. S. Have you had any more conversations with Henry?

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Dearest Esmeralda,

I ought to have answered your last letter some days ago. I can't write much now, as I am rather hurried. I was very glad that you didn't say that you would marry the horrid old dean. It would have been very nasty. I think I can guess why it was that you didn't, because I'm sure that if your pussy had pouted, it would have been quite different. I agree with you about it being very difficult to know what's going to happen, but I think, as I don't imagine what it's going to be so much as you do, I'm less surprised. The funny thing is that you learn a lot anyhow—whether you're surprised or not. But I must stop now.

Your loving
Ermyntrude

P. S. Yes, I have had some more conversations with Henry.

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My dearest Ermyntrude,

It's abominable of me not to have written before, but really, I've had hardly any time to spare, there have been so many things going on, and it's all been such fun, but not the sort of things you can write about. And even now, I've only got one minute, just to send you my love, my dearest Ermyntrude, and to say that I'm feeling very excited because it is the Swinfords' dance tonight, and I'm going, and so is Tony and Amabel and Mama, and in fact everybody, including General Marchmont. Won't it be delightful? Do you think anything very specially amusing and charming will happen? I wonder and wonder, but I can never make up my mind, because there are so many other things to think

"And one hypothetical question—How would you feel about the war if you were a munitions manufacturer?"

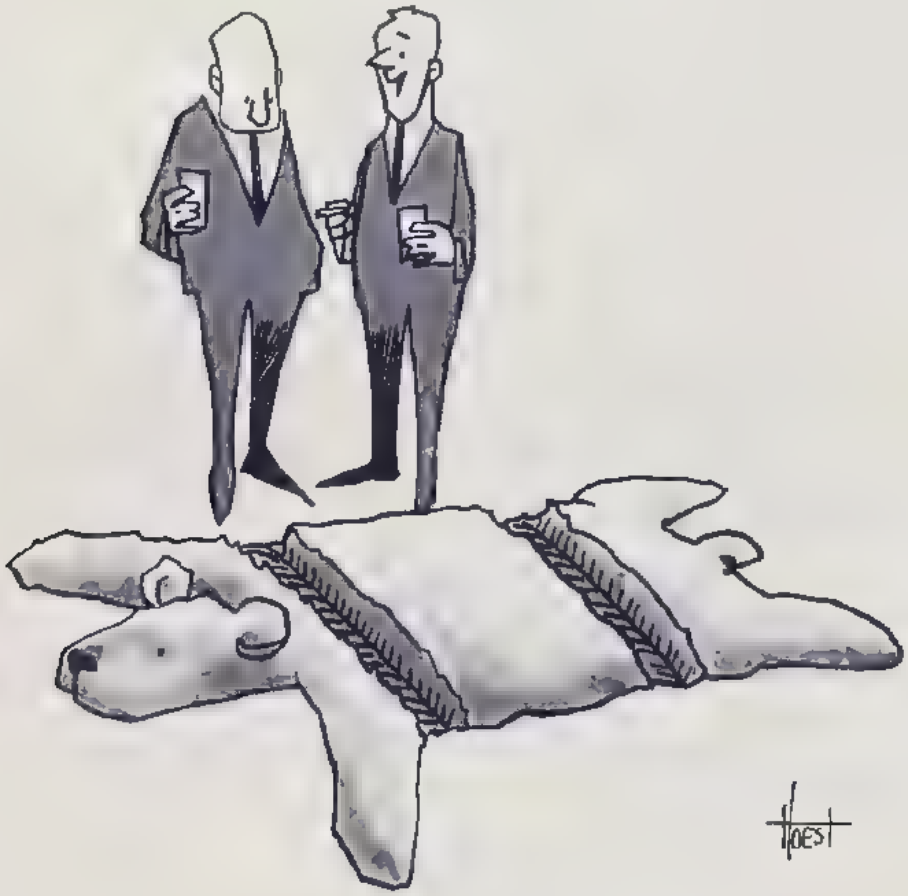
about. I've been in a great fright about my dress not being done in time, but it has been, so that's one blessing, and I've promised two dances to General Marchmont. I don't think I ever told you that the dean has gone away—he went the very next morning after I'd told him that I didn't want to marry him. So he won't be at the dance, but perhaps he wouldn't have been anyway, as I don't believe clergymen usually go to dances. I can't write any more, Carrie is calling me. If anything special does happen at the dance, I'll let you know all about it as soon as I can.

Your most loving
Esmeralda

. . .

My dearest Esmeralda,

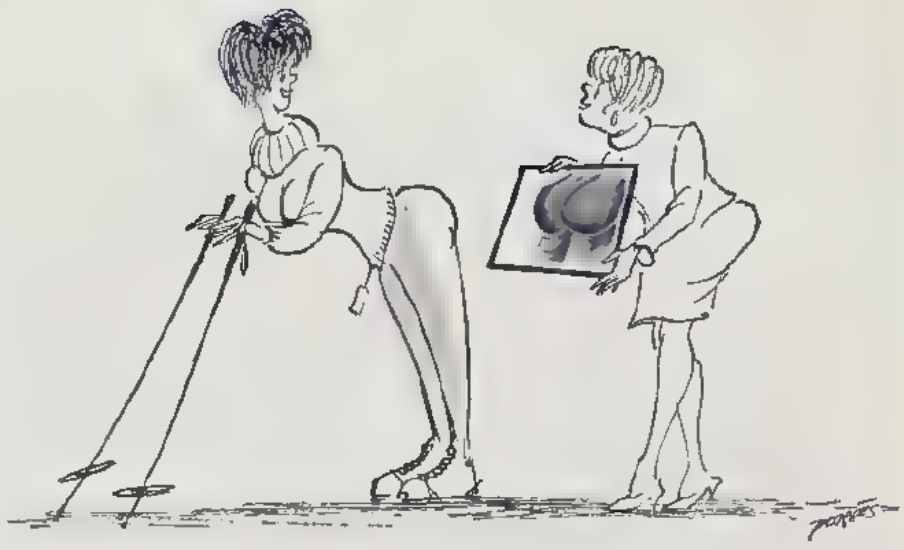
As I've got some spare time to write to you in, I'd better begin at once. I expect this will be rather a long letter, but though I thought I wouldn't at first, I've made up my mind to tell you everything that's happened, so that can't be helped. There's just been a fearful rumpus here. I'd better tell you that it all began about a fortnight ago, that time I told you about, when I dropped the letter. It was then that my pussy began to pout. I dare say that you will think it very shocking that it should pout for a footman. But Henry was not like an ordinary footman. He was much better looking and taller and stronger. He had very black hair that was rather curly, and black eyebrows and dark-blue eyes and a straight nose that turned up at the end, which made him look impudent, and a small mouth with perfectly white teeth, and a very nice neck, indeed. I'm sure if you could have seen him in his dark-green livery and silver buttons, your pussy would have pouted, too—especially if you could have felt what his fingers were like. I didn't tell you, but that time I wanted to hug him, and I really think I might have, if the kitten hadn't jumped out of its basket just at that instant. Wasn't it an absurd joke that the two pussies should have begun playing pranks at the same time? Then when I rang the bell, it was Jessop who came up. Henry told me afterward he was too frightened to and pretended to be ill. The next day, Simpson would insist upon my playing duets with her the whole evening, so there was no opportunity for saying anything to Henry when he took away the tea. But the day after that, Simpson went out, so I went down to the drawing room as usual, and then it was most tiresome, because Jessop came and did everything, and I thought Henry must have gone out for the evening. But at half past six, he came in when I wasn't at all expecting him. He said that a window was broken in the back stairs and that Jessop was out and that my father was out, and would I give the order to have it mended, as last time my father had been very angry at orders being given without his leave. So I said yes, and then he said, "It's near the top of the back stairs, miss," and didn't go away. So I said, "Is it a large pane?" And he said, "Not very, miss, would you like to see it?" So I said, "You'd better show it me." I was rather frightened when I said that, but he answered very quickly, "Yes, miss, I think that would be the best way." And then he said we'd better have a candle, because it was "that dark on them stairs," so he lighted one and off we went—upstairs, and then round along the little landing under the dome, and then through the door to the back stairs, and down them until we came to the window with the broken pane. Henry held up the candle to show it me and said, "You see, miss, it ain't a very big hole." I leaned over to look at it better, and put my head too near the candle and my hair gave a frizzle, which gave Henry a fright, and he said, "Oh, take care, miss! Your hair!" I said, "Would you mind if I burned my hair, Henry?" And he said "Mind, miss? Why, they might take both my ears off me, that they might, miss, before I felt any manner of harm come to your hair." So I laughed, and said, "That would be a pity, Henry; you've got such nice ears." "Not as nice as your hair, miss." "Why do you like my hair so much, Henry?" "It's got a color on it the same as the butter down in our country, miss—Dorsetshire, that is." "Do you think it feels as nice as it looks, Henry?" "That I do, miss!" So I laughed again, just a little, and said, "Then, why don't you stroke it?" And then he didn't say anything, but put out his hand, and looked at my eyes, and I looked at his eyes, and then—well, it didn't seem to be me any longer, but it was like something else that made me do things, and I put my arms round his neck all of a sudden, and he hugged me so hard that I could only just breathe, and it felt as if he was hugging me with the whole of his body. And then the candle fell over and went out, and it was pitch dark, and after that, I hardly know what happened, because it was so very exciting, but somehow I began to half lie down on the stairs, which are quite steep and nothing but wood, and Henry was on the top of me, hugging me just as much as ever, so you can imagine that it wasn't particularly comfortable. I forgot to say that directly he hugged me, I felt my pussy pouting so



"Actually . . . I didn't really shoot him. . . ."

enormously that I didn't know what to do—except hug him back, which seemed only to make it pout more. But when we were lying down, it did it even more still. Then Henry began pulling up my skirt and even my petticoat, and I began helping him, and it was very funny—we were both in such a hurry, and his body twisted about so much and he breathed so hard that I half began to feel frightened. But he held me too tightly for me to have possibly got away, even if I'd wanted to, and then suddenly, all of a sudden, my pussy began to hurt most horribly, and I very nearly screamed. It was as if something was going right through me, but though it hurt my pussy so, it made it stop pouting at the same time and begin to purr instead, as if it liked it, and I think it did like it better than anything else in the world. I can't understand why pussies should like so much being hurt. And the curious thing was that I suppose I liked it, too, because I went on kissing Henry more and more; and although I was so uncomfortable and hot and all squashed up and disarranged and I believe nearly crying, I didn't at all want it to stop, and I was very sorry when Henry said he would have to go and lay the dinner or Jessop would ask him where he'd been.

I must tell you that Henry told me afterward that what he'd said about Papa and the orders for the window was a story, and he'd said it to try to make me go there with him, and if I hadn't, he told me that he'd settled to give warning and go away that very night. He said that his bowwow had begun to pout so much, especially when he was handing me the vegetables, that he couldn't have stood it any longer. But that night, when he handed me the vegetables, it was a great lark, because my pussy was pouting, too. After dinner, when I'd gone up to bed, it was still more of a lark. I'd arranged it with Henry. When all the lights were out, I opened my door a very little, and then he came in, and after we'd kissed each other a great deal, we took off our clothes. I was very excited to see what his bowwow was like, but I was astonished to see that he hadn't got one, but a very funny big pink thing standing straight up instead. I was rather frightened, because I thought he might be deformed, which wouldn't have been at all nice, so I asked him what it was. Then he laughed so much that I thought everyone would hear, and at last I discovered that it *was* his bowwow after all, and it turns out that that is what they get like when they pout! I was very pleased, indeed, and so was my pussy when his bowwow went into it; and after that, we went to bed. Ever since then, he's come every night, and I've enjoyed myself very much. It's a pity I didn't know about it before,



because we might have begun doing it directly he came here, and I might have done it before that with the last George but one, who looked quite pretty, but of course not nearly so handsome as Henry.

We had great fun in the daytime, too. At first we were pretty frightened of being caught, but we got less and less frightened, and I suppose we were rather foolish, because—well, we were found out, but in rather an extraordinary way, so I'll tell you how it all happened. I was sitting in the schoolroom yesterday by myself, as Simpson was out as usual, and someone came in. I thought it would be Henry, but it was Jessop, and he said he wanted to speak to me. I said he might, and then he looked very severe and said, "I wonder you're not ashamed of yourself, Miss Ermie." I asked him why, and he said, "Oh, you know well enough, Miss Ermie—carrying on something awful with Henry." Of course I said I didn't know what he was talking about, but he only got more severe, and pressed his horrid thin lips closer together, and said, "It's not a bit of use your playing the innocent. I'm bound to go straight to Sir William this moment and tell him what I know." I did get very frightened then, because of course I knew there'd be frightful ructions if my father heard of it, and I didn't know what to do. So I thought the best plan was to be as nice as possible to Jessop and try to persuade him not to tell. But at first it didn't seem any good, because he went on being very cross—"Now, none of your wheedling with *me*, Miss Ermie; you know quite well it's my duty to go to Sir William"—and so on. But I went on begging him more and more, and then all of a sudden he changed altogether and said, in quite a soft voice, "You're nice enough to me now, when you want to get something out of me. As soon as you get it, it'll be a different tune." I said I should always be very grateful, indeed, but he said, "No, miss, you wouldn't. You don't like me, that's what it is. You don't care for me two pins." Then I thought I'd better tell a great fib, so I said I liked him very much. And he said, "Like me? Like me, do you? Do you like me as much as Henry? That's what I'm wondering." I said I liked him in a different way, and then he came much closer to me, and turned all white, and said, very low, indeed, "But I want the same way. Do you understand that, Miss Ermie? That's the way you've got to like me. You like Henry and you like me. Well, then, you've got to like both or neither. That's what it is. And now shall I go to Sir William?" Then I understood what he was up to, and I felt cold all over, but I didn't see any way out of it, so in the end I agreed. I said he might come that night instead of Henry to my bedroom, and he was going away, when he turned round and said, "No, Miss Ermie, I don't trust you. You'll get out of it. Now, now!" And then he ran at me and kissed me very violently, indeed, and seemed much more excited even than Henry. And though at first I didn't like it at all, afterward I didn't mind it so much. But in the middle of it, I heard a scream, and I couldn't think what had happened, and Jessop went out of the room very quickly, and there was Simpson in a faint on the floor. She'd seen Jessop with his bowwow in my pussy, and that was why she'd fainted. When she came to, she hardly said anything, and I was surprised that she didn't rush off and tell everybody all about it. Instead of that, she said she was too ill to come down to dinner. Jessop didn't dare come to my bedroom afterward, but Henry did. Just as we were beginning to enjoy ourselves, there was a knock at the door, Henry hid himself under the bed, and

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then the old Simpson came in in her dressing gown. She began embracing me and talking a great deal in a whining tone of voice. She said I was her dearest child, and that I had fallen and how terrible it was and what would Mama say, and all sorts of rubbish, and all the time she was kissing me, and calling me her dearest darling Ermie, and saying how much she loved me, till I got very bored, and couldn't think what it was all coming to. But what do you think it was? She was the same as Jessop. She wanted to get into bed with me, and she said that if I'd let her do that, she'd never, never tell. It was really very absurd. I don't know why, but I'd never thought before that one pussy might pout for another; but, of course, if bowwows pout for one another, there's no reason why pussies shouldn't, too. So there was Simpson's pussy pouting for mine; but I wouldn't have it. I think you must draw the line somewhere, especially if Henry's under the bed, and I drew it at Simpson's pussy. I told her to go away, and that she might tell everybody anything she liked, and that I never wanted to see her again. And as she was going, I said something else, that I'd heard Henry say about Jessop—"And God rot you, Simpson, into the bargain," which shocked her a good deal, because she turned round in the doorway and said, "Oh, Ermie, Ermie! As well as all the rest—bad language!" And then she went, and Henry came out from under the bed.

All this happened last night, when you were at your dance, having a gay time, I suppose, with General Marchmont. But we had an even gayer time here this morning, when the old woman went and had hysterics in the library, and told my father about me and Jessop. Jessop was sent for, and denied it, and said it was Henry, and Henry was sent for and said it was Jessop, and I was sent for and wouldn't say anything at all. It would be no use describing the rest of the row, which was very silly, and just like other rows only worse, but they were all three dismissed, including Simpson, for not looking after me enough, and going too often to the Congregational meetings. I'd always suspected that she used to go there for the sake of some bouncing bowwow, but now I think it must have been for a mewing pussy, but anyhow, that's the end of *her*. As for me, I'm to be sent off to Germany with a German governess Mama has discovered, almost at once. She's the daughter of a pastor in some dismal town in Saxony—Schmettau or something—and there I'm to stay. It doesn't sound exciting, and I'm afraid I shall miss Henry a good deal. I found a little note from him on a crumpled up piece of paper on my dressing table this evening. I suppose he'd got one of the maids to put it there. It said, "Goodbye, miss. They won't let me stay here no longer. They want me to go to Canada, but I'd run away first. Oh, miss, when shall I see you again? Yours respectfully, Henry." I forgot to say that he always went on calling me miss, even when he was hugging me most, which I liked very much. And really, on the whole, I'm not sorry that any of it's happened, because, although the row has been a nuisance, I know a great many things now that I didn't know before.

When I've got the address in Germany, I'll send it you, and I hope you'll write to me there. Perhaps I'll have a letter from you tomorrow morning describing the dance. Now goodbye, I am rather tired.

Your loving
Ermyntrude

• • •

My dearest darling beloved Ermyntrude,

It has all happened as I most wished, and I am going to marry General Marchmont! He asked me to last night at the dance, and I said yes, and then—oh, my dear! he kissed me! He is the kindest dearest bravest most wonderful man in the world, and though he is 50, I'm quite sure I could never love anybody one millionth as much as I love him. He's been in two wars, and I don't know how many battles, and has got a whole row of medals, and his regiment was the Rifle Brigade, which is one of the very best there is. He said that I should be his own beloved wife and the mother of his children, and that he would teach me in the sphere of home and womanhood to grow up a perfect queen! Wasn't it too lovely? I wouldn't tell you before how fond of him I was, because I thought you might laugh at me and think that I only cared for him as much as I cared for the dean. But now it's all come right and I'm perfectly happy, only I want to have some babies as quickly as I can. I never thought all the time we were wondering about being in love and having babies that I should know all about it so soon. But I must stop and go and find Edward—that is his name! Isn't it exquisite? I shall write to you again directly I know when we are to be married.

Your own very most loving
Esmeralda

P. S. I forgot to say that I had a letter from Godfrey the other day. He is in a Saxon town in Germany, called Schmettau. He lives with the schoolmaster and he says it's not very exciting, but as the parson lives next door, it ought to be good for him. Oh, my dear! Edward has just come in and we are to be married in September! Isn't it too exciting for words? And he wants me to say that he hopes you will be my bridesmaid.

A TESTAMENT OF HOPE

(continued from page 194)

Negroes are expressing the feelings that were so long muted. The constructive achievements of the decade 1955 to 1965 deceived us. Everyone underestimated the amount of violence and rage Negroes were suppressing and the vast amount of bigotry the white majority was disguising. All black organizations are a reflection of that alienation—but they are only a contemporary way station on the road to freedom. They are a product of this period of identity crisis and directionless confusion. As the human rights movement becomes more confident and aggressive, more nonviolently active, many of these emotional and intellectual problems will be resolved in the heat of battle, and we will not ask what is our neighbor's color but whether he is a brother in the pursuit of racial justice. For much of the fervent idealism of the white liberals has been supplemented recently by a dispassionate recognition of some of the cold realities of the struggle for that justice.

One of the most basic of these realities was pointed out by the President's Riot Commission, which observed that the nature of the American economy in the late 19th and early 20th Centuries made it possible for the European immigrants of that time to escape from poverty. It was an economy that had room for—even a great need for—unskilled manual labor. Jobs were available for willing workers, even those with the educational and language habilities they had brought with them. But the American economy today is radically different. There are fewer and fewer jobs for the culturally and educationally deprived; thus does present-day poverty feed upon and perpetuate itself. The Negro today cannot escape from his ghetto in the way that Irish, Italian, Jewish and Polish immigrants escaped from their ghettos 50 years ago. New methods of escape must be found. And one of these roads to escape will be a more equitable sharing of political power between Negroes and whites. Integration is meaningless without the sharing of power. When I speak of integration, I don't mean a romantic mixing of colors. I mean a real sharing of power and responsibility. We will eventually achieve this, but it is going to be much more difficult for us than for any other minority. After all, no other minority has been so constantly, brutally and deliberately exploited. But because of this very exploitation, Negroes bring a special spiritual and moral contribution to American life—a contribution without which America could not survive.

The implications of true racial integration are more than just national in scope. I don't believe we can have world peace until America has an "integrated" foreign policy. Our disastrous experiences in Vietnam and the Dominican Republic have been, in one sense, a result of racist decision making. Men of the white West, whether or not they like it, have grown up in a racist culture, and their thinking is colored by that fact. They have been fed on a false mythology and tradition that blinds them to the aspirations and talents of other men. They don't really respect anyone who is not white. But we simply cannot have peace in the world without mutual respect. I honestly feel that a man without racial blinders—or, even better, a man with personal experience of racial discrimination—would be in a much better position to make policy decisions and to conduct negotiations with the underprivileged and emerging nations of the world (or even with Castro, for that matter) than would an Eisenhower or a Dulles.

The American Marines might not even have been needed in Santo Domingo, had the American ambassador there been a man who was sensitive to the color dynamics that pervade the national life of the Dominican Republic. Black men in positions of power in the business world would not be so unconscionable as to trade or traffic with the Union of South Africa, nor would they be so insensitive to the problems and needs of Latin America that they would continue the patterns of American exploitation that now prevail there. When we replace the rabidly segregationist chairman of the Armed Services Committee with a man of good will, when our ambassadors reflect a creative and wholesome interracial background, rather than a cultural heritage that is a conglomeration of Texas and Georgia politics, then we will be able to bring about a qualitative difference in the nature of American foreign policy. This is what we mean when we talk about redeeming the soul of America. Let me make it clear that I don't think white men have a monopoly on sin or greed. But I think there has been a kind of collective experience—a kind of shared misery in the black community—that makes it a little harder for us to exploit other people.

I have come to hope that American Negroes can be a bridge between white civilization and the nonwhite nations of the world, because we have roots in both. Spiritually, Negroes identify understandably with Africa, an identification that is rooted largely in our color, but all of us are a part of the white-American world, too. Our education has been Western and our language, our attitudes—though we sometimes tend to deny it—are very much influenced by Western civilization. Even our emotional life has been disciplined and sometimes stifled and inhibited by an essentially European upbringing. So, although in one sense we are neither, in another sense we are both Americans and Africans. Our very bloodlines are a mixture. I hope and feel that out of the univer-

"Sorry to bother you, chief, but we had a little disturbance in the dolly works!"

sality of our experience, we can help make peace and harmony in this world more possible.

Although American Negroes could, if they were in decision-making positions, give aid and encouragement to the underprivileged and disenfranchised people in other lands, I don't think it can work the other way around. I don't think the nonwhites in other parts of the world can really be of any concrete help to us, given their own problems of development and self-determination. In fact, American Negroes have greater collective buying power than Canada, greater than all four of the Scandinavian countries combined. American Negroes have greater economic potential than most of the nations—perhaps even more than *all* of the nations—of Africa. We don't *need* to look for help from some power outside the boundaries of our country, except in the sense of sympathy and identification. Our challenge, rather, is to organize the power we already have in our midst. The Newark riots, for example, could certainly have been prevented by a more aggressive political involvement on the part of that city's Negroes. There is utterly no reason Addonizio should be the mayor of Newark, with the Negro majority that exists in that city. Gary, Indiana, is another tinderbox city; but its black mayor, Richard Hatcher, has given Negroes a new faith in the effectiveness of the political process.

One of the most basic weapons in the fight for social justice will be the cumulative political power of the Negro. I can foresee the Negro vote becoming consistently the decisive vote in national elections. It is already decisive in states that have large numbers of electoral votes. Even today, the Negroes in New York City strongly influence how New York State will go in national elections, and the Negroes of Chicago have a similar leverage in Illinois. Negroes are even the decisive balance of power in the elections in Georgia, South Carolina and Virginia. So the party and the candidate that get the support of the Negro voter in national elections have a very definite edge, and we intend to use this fact to win advances in the struggle for human rights. I have every confidence that the black vote will ultimately help unseat the dichard opponents of equal rights in Congress—who are, incidentally, reactionary on all issues. But the Negro community cannot win this victory alone; indeed, it would be an empty victory even if the Negroes *could* win it alone. Intelligent men of good will everywhere must see this as their task and contribute to its support.

The election of Negro mayors, such as Hatcher, in some of the nation's larger cities has also had a tremendous psychological impact upon the Negro. It has shown him that he has the potential to participate in the determination of his own destiny—and that of society. We will see more Negro mayors in major cities in the next ten years, but this is not the ultimate answer. Mayors are relatively impotent figures in the scheme of national politics. Even a white mayor such as John Lindsay of New York simply does not have the money and resources to deal with the problems of his city. The necessary money to deal with urban problems must come from the Federal Government, and this money is ultimately controlled by the Congress of the United States. The success of these enlightened mayors is entirely dependent upon the financial support made available by Washington.

The past record of the Federal Government, however, has not been encouraging. No President has really done very much for the American Negro, though the past two Presidents have received much undeserved credit for helping us. This credit has accrued to Lyndon Johnson and John Kennedy only because it was during their Administrations that Negroes began doing more for themselves. Kennedy didn't voluntarily submit a civil rights bill, nor did Lyndon Johnson. In fact, both told us at one time that such legislation was impossible. President Johnson did respond realistically to the signs of the times and used his skills as a legislator to get bills through Congress that other men might not have gotten through. I must point out, in all honesty, however, that President Johnson has not been nearly so diligent in *implementing* the bills he has helped shepherd through Congress.

Of the ten titles of the 1964 Civil Rights Act, probably only the one concerning public accommodations—the most bitterly contested section—has been meaningfully enforced and implemented. Most of the other sections have been deliberately ignored. The same is true of the 1965 Voting Rights Act, which provides for Federal referees to monitor the registration of voters in counties where Negroes have systematically been denied the right to vote. Yet of the some 900 counties that are eligible for Federal referees, only 58 counties to date have had them. The 842 other counties remain essentially just as they were before the march on Selma. Look at the pattern of Federal referees in Mississippi, for example. They are dispersed in a manner that gives the appearance of change without any real prospect of actually shifting political power or giving Negroes a genuine opportunity to be represented in the government of their state. There is a similar pattern in Alabama, even though that state is currently at odds with the Democratic Administration in Washington because of George Wallace. Georgia, until just recently, had no Federal referees at all—not even in the hard-core black-belt counties. I think it is significant that there are no Federal referees at all in the home districts of the most powerful Southern Senators—particularly Senators Russell, Eastland and Talmadge. The power and moral corruption of these Senators remain unchallenged, despite the weapon for change the legislation promised to be. Reform was thwarted when the legislation was inadequately enforced.

But not all is bad in the South, by any means. Though the fruits of our struggle have sometimes been nothing more than bitter despair, I must admit there have been some hopeful signs, some meaningful successes. One of the most hopeful of these changes is the attitude of the Southern Negro himself. Benign acceptance of second-class citizenship has been displaced by vigorous demands for full citizenship rights and opportunities. In fact, most of our concrete accomplishments have been limited largely to the South. We have put an end to racial segregation in the South; we have brought about the beginnings of reform in the political system; and, as incongruous as it may seem, a Negro is probably safer in most Southern cities than he is in the cities of the North. We have confronted the racist policemen of the South and demanded reforms in the police departments. We have confronted the Southern racist power structure and we have elected Negro and liberal white candidates through much of the South in the past ten years. George Wallace is certainly an exception, and Lester Maddox is a sociological fossil. But despite these anachronisms, at the city and county level, there is a new respect for black votes and black citizenship that just did not exist ten years ago. Though school integration has moved at a depressingly slow rate in the South, it *has* moved. Of far more significance is the fact that we have learned that the integration of schools does not necessarily solve the inadequacy of schools. White schools are often just about as bad as black schools, and integrated schools sometimes tend to merge the problems of the two without solving either of them.

There *is* progress in the South, however—progress expressed by the presence of Negroes in the Georgia House of Representatives, in the election of a Negro to the Mississippi House of Representatives, in the election of a black sheriff in Tuskegee, Alabama, and, most especially, in the integration of police forces throughout the Southern states. There are now even Negro deputy sheriffs in such black-belt areas as Dallas County, Alabama. Just three years ago a Negro could be beaten for going into the county courthouse in Dallas County; now Negroes share in running it. So there *are* some changes. But the changes

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are basically in the social and political areas; the problems we now face—providing jobs, better housing and better education for the poor throughout the country—will require money for their solution, a fact that makes those solutions all the more difficult.

The need for solutions, meanwhile, becomes more urgent every day, because these problems are far more serious now than they were just a few years ago. Before 1964, things were getting better economically for the Negro; but after that year, things began to take a turn for the worse. In particular, automation began to cut into our jobs very badly, and this snuffed out the few sparks of hope the black people had begun to nurture. As long as there was some measurable and steady economic progress, Negroes were willing and able to press harder and work harder and hope for something better. But when the door began to close on the few avenues of progress, then hopeless despair began to set in.

The fact that most white people do not comprehend this situation—which prevails in the North as well as in the South—is due largely to the press, which molds the opinions of the white community. Many whites hasten to congratulate themselves on what little progress we Negroes have made. I'm sure that most whites felt that with the passage of the 1964 Civil Rights Act, all race problems were automatically solved. Because most white people are so far removed from the life of the average Negro, there has been little to challenge this assumption. Yet Negroes continue to live with racism every day. It doesn't matter where we are individually in the scheme of things, how near we may be either to the top or to the bottom of society; the cold facts of racism slap each one of us in the face. A friend of mine is a lawyer, one of the most brilliant young men I know. Were he a white lawyer, I have no doubt that he would be in a $100,000 job with a major corporation or heading his own independent firm. As it is, he makes a mere $20,000 a year. This may seem like a lot of money and, to most of us, it is; but the point is that this young man's background and abilities would, if his skin color were different, entitle him to an income many times that amount.

I don't think there is a single major insurance company that hires Negro lawyers. Even within the agencies of the Federal Government, most Negro employees are in the lower echelons; only a handful of Negroes in Federal employment are in upper-income brackets. This is a situation that cuts across this country's economic spectrum. The Chicago Urban League recently conducted a research project in the Kenwood community on the South Side. They discovered that the average educational grade level of Negroes in that community was 10.6 years and the median income was about $4200 a year. In nearby Gage Park, the median educational grade level of the whites was 8.6 years, but the median income was $9000 per year. In fact, the average white high school dropout makes as much as, if not more than, the average Negro college graduate.

Solutions for these problems, urgent as they are, must be constructive and rational. Rioting and violence provide no solutions for economic problems. Much of the justification for rioting has come from the thesis—originally set forth by Franz Fanon—that violence has a certain cleansing effect. Perhaps, in a special psychological sense, he may have had a point. But we have seen a better and more constructive cleansing process in our nonviolent demonstrations. Another theory to justify violent revolution is that rioting enables Negroes to overcome their fear of the white man. But they are just as afraid of the power structure after a riot as before. I remember that was true when our staff went into Rochester, New York, after the riot of 1964. When we discussed the possibility of going down to talk with the police, the people who had been most aggressive in the violence were afraid to talk. They still had a sense of inferiority; and not until they were bolstered by the presence of our staff and given reassurance of their political power and the rightness of their cause and the justness of their grievances were they able and willing to sit down and talk to the police chief and the city manager about the conditions that had produced the riot.

As a matter of fact, I think the aura of paramilitarism among the black militant groups speaks much more of fear than it does of confidence. I know, in my own experience, that I was much more afraid in Montgomery when I had a gun in my house. When I decided that, as a teacher of the philosophy of nonviolence, I couldn't keep a gun, I came face to face with the question of death and I dealt with it. And from that point on, I no longer needed a gun nor have I been afraid. Ultimately, one's sense of manhood must come from within him.

The riots in Negro ghettos have been in one sense, merely another expression of the growing climate of violence in America. When a culture begins to feel threatened by its own inadequacies, the majority of men tend to prop themselves up by artificial means, rather than dig down deep into their spiritual and cultural wellsprings. America seems to have

reached this point Americans as a whole feel threatened by communism on one hand and, on the other, by the rising tide of aspirations among the undeveloped nations. I think most Americans know in their hearts that their country has been terribly wrong in its dealings with other peoples around the world. When Rome began to disintegrate from within, it turned to a strengthening of the military establishment, rather than to a correction of the corruption within the society. We are doing the same thing in this country and the result will probably be the same—unless, and here I admit to a bit of chauvinism, the black man in America can provide a new soul force for all Americans, a new expression of the American dream that need not be realized at the expense of other men around the world, but a dream of opportunity and life that can be shared with the rest of the world.

It seems glaringly obvious to me that the development of a humanitarian means of dealing with some of the social problems of the world—and the correlative revolution in American values that this will entail—is a much better way of protecting ourselves against the threat of violence than the military means we have chosen. On these grounds, I must indict the Johnson Administration. It has seemed amazingly devoid of statesmanship; and when creative statesmanship wanes, irrational militarism increases. In this sense, President Kennedy was far more of a statesman than President Johnson. He was a man who was big enough to admit when he was wrong—as he did after the Bay of Pigs incident. But Lyndon Johnson seems to be unable to make this kind of statesmanlike gesture in connection with Vietnam. And I think that this has led, as Senator Fulbright has said, to such a strengthening of the military-industrial complex of this country that the President now finds himself almost totally trapped by it. Even at this point, when he can readily summon popular support to end the bombing in Vietnam, he persists. Yet bombs in Vietnam also explode at home; they destroy the hopes and possibilities for a decent America.

In our efforts to dispel this atmosphere of violence in this country, we cannot afford to overlook the root cause of the riots. The President's Riot Commission concluded that most violence-prone Negroes are teenagers or young adults who, almost invariably, are underemployed ("underemployed" means working every day but earning an income below the poverty level) or who are employed in menial jobs. And according to a recent Department of Labor statistical report, 24.8 percent of Negro youth are currently unemployed, a statistic that does not include the drifters who avoid the census takers. Actually, it's my guess that the statistics are very, very conservative in this area. The Bureau of the Census has admitted a ten-percent error in this age group, and the unemployment statistics are based on those who are actually applying for jobs.

But it isn't just a lack of work; it's also a lack of *meaningful* work. In Cleveland, 58 percent of the young men between the ages of 16 and 25 were estimated to be either unemployed or underemployed. This appalling situation is probably 90 percent of the root cause of the Negro riots. A Negro who has finished high school often watches his white classmates go out into the job market and earn $100 a week, while he, because he is black, is expected to work for $40 a week. Hence, there is a tremendous hostility and resentment that only a difference in race keeps him out of an adequate job. This situation is social dynamite. When you add the lack of recreational facilities and adequate job counseling, and the continuation of an aggressively hostile police environment, you have a truly explosive situation. Any night on any street corner in any Negro ghetto of the country, a nervous policeman can start a riot simply by being impolite or by expressing racial prejudice. And white people are sadly unaware how routinely and frequently this occurs.

It hardly needs to be said that solutions to these critical problems are overwhelmingly urgent. The President's Riot Commission recommended that funds for summer programs aimed at young Negroes should be increased. New York is already spending more on its special summer programs than on its year-round poverty efforts, but these are only tentative and emergency steps toward a truly meaningful and permanent solution. And the negative thinking in this area voiced by many whites does not help the situation. Unfortunately, many white people think that we merely "reward" a rioter by taking positive action to better his situation. What these white people do not realize is that the Negroes who riot have given up on America. When nothing is done to alleviate their plight, this merely confirms the Negroes' conviction that America is a hopelessly decadent society. When something positive is done, however, when constructive action follows a riot, a rioter's despair is allayed and he is forced to re-evaluate America and to consider whether some good might eventually come from our society after all.

But, I repeat, the recent curative steps that have been taken are, at best, inadequate. The summer poverty programs, like most other Government projects, function well in some places and are totally ineffective in others. The difference, in large measure, is one of citizen participation; that is the key to success or failure. In cases such as the Farmers' Marketing Cooperative Association in the black belt of Alabama and the Child Development Group in Mississippi, where the people were really involved in the planning and action of the program, it was one of the best experiences in self-help and grass-roots initiative. But in places like Chicago, where poverty programs are used strictly as a tool of the political machinery and for dispensing party patronage, the very concept of helping the poor is defiled and the poverty program becomes just another form of enslavement. I still wouldn't want to do away with it, though, even in Chicago. We must simply fight at both the local and the national levels to gain as much community control as possible over the poverty program.

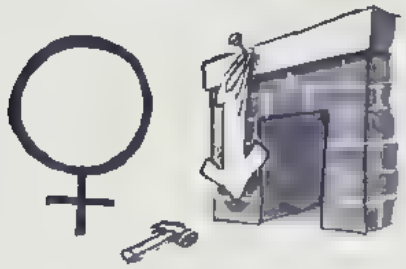
But there is no single answer to the plight of the American Negro. Conditions and needs vary greatly in different sections of the country. I think that the place to start, however, is in the area of human relations, and especially in the area of community-police relations. This is a sensitive and touchy problem that has rarely been adequately emphasized. Virtually every riot has begun from some police action. If you try to tell the people in most Negro communities that the police are their friends, they just laugh at you. Obviously, something desperately needs to be done to correct this. I have been particularly impressed by the fact that even in the state of Mississippi, where the FBI did a significant training job with the Mississippi police, the police are much more courteous to Negroes than they are in Chicago or New York. Our police forces simply must develop an attitude of courtesy and respect for the ordinary citizen. If we can just stop policemen from using profanity in their encounters with black people, we will have accomplished a lot. In the larger sense, police must cease being occupation troops in the ghetto and start protecting its residents. Yet very few cities have really faced up to this problem and tried to do something about it. It is the most abrasive element in Negro-white relations, but it is the last to be scientifically and objectively appraised.

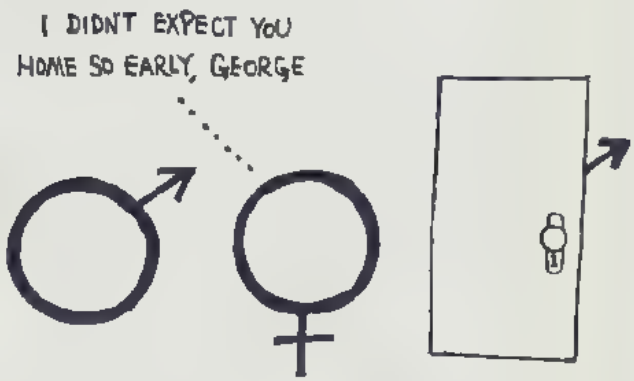
When you go beyond a relatively simple though serious problem such as police racism, however, you begin to get into all the complexities of the modern American economy. Urban transit systems in most American cities, for example, have become a genuine civil rights issue—and a valid one—because the layout of rapid-transit systems determines the accessibility of jobs to the black community. If transportation systems in American cities could be laid out so as to provide an opportunity for poor people to get meaningful employment, then they could begin to move into the mainstream of American life. A good example of this problem is my home city of

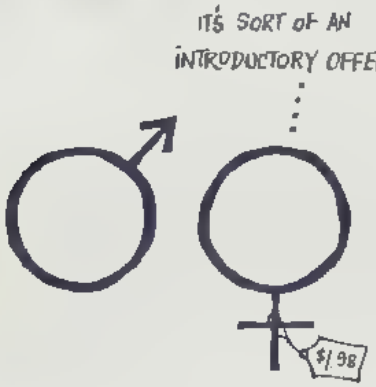
SYMBOLIC SEX

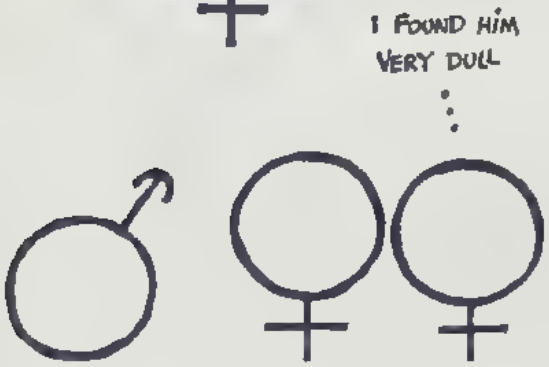
more sprightly spoofings of the signs of our times

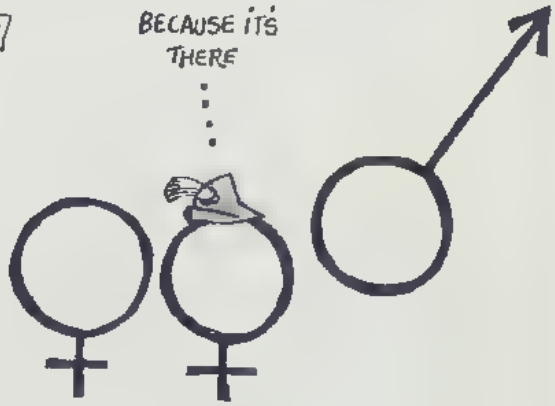
humor By DON ADDIS

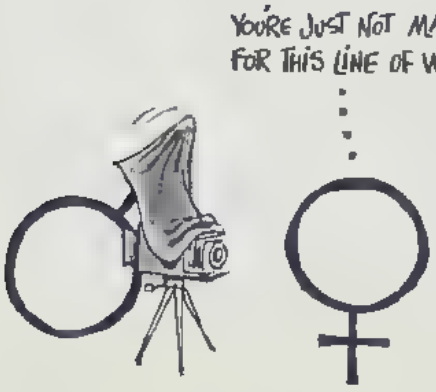


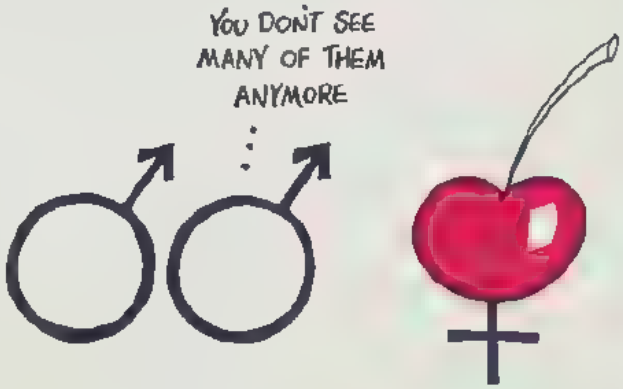












Atlanta, where the rapid-transit system has been laid out for the convenience of the white upper-middle-class suburbanites who commute to their jobs downtown. The system has virtually no consideration for connecting the poor people with their jobs. There is only one possible explanation for this situation, and that is the racist blindness of city planners.

The same problems are to be found in the areas of rent supplement and low-income housing. The relevance of these issues to human relations and human rights cannot be overemphasized. The kind of house a man lives in, along with the quality of his employment, determines, to a large degree, the quality of his family life. I have known too many people in my own parish in Atlanta who, because they were living in overcrowded apartments, were constantly bickering with other members of their families—a situation that produced many kinds of severe dysfunctions in family relations. And yet I have seen these same families achieve harmony when they were able to afford a house allowing for a little personal privacy and freedom of movement.

All these human-relations problems are complex and related, and it's very difficult to assign priorities—especially as long as the Vietnam war continues. The Great Society has become a victim of the war. I think there was a sincere desire in this country four or five years ago to move toward a genuinely great society, and I have little doubt that there would have been a gradual increase in Federal expenditures in this direction, rather than the gradual decline that has occurred, if the war in Vietnam had been avoided.

One of the incongruities of this situation is the fact that such a large number of the soldiers in the Armed Forces in Vietnam—especially the front-line soldiers who are actually doing the fighting—are Negroes. Negroes have always held the hope that if they really demonstrate that they are great soldiers and if they really fight for America and help save American democracy, then when they come back home, America will treat them better. This has not been the case. Negro soldiers returning from World War One were met with race riots, job discrimination and continuation of the bigotry that they had experienced before. After World War Two, the GI Bill did offer some hope for a better life to those who had the educational background to take advantage of it, and there was proportionately less turmoil. But for the Negro GI, military service still represents a means of escape from the oppressive ghettos of the rural South and the urban North. He often sees the Army as an avenue for educational opportunities and job training. He sees in the military uniform a symbol of dignity that has long been denied him by society. The tragedy in this is that military service is probably the only possible escape for most young Negro men. Many of them go into the Army, risking death, in order that they might have a few of the human possibilities of life. They know that life in the city ghetto or life in the rural South almost certainly means jail or death or humiliation. And so, by comparison, military service is really the lesser risk.

One young man on our staff, Hosea Williams, returned from the foxholes of Germany a 60-percent-disabled veteran. After 13 months in a veterans' hospital, he went back to his home town of Attapulgus, Georgia. On his way home, he went into a bus station at Americus, Georgia, to get a drink of water while waiting for his next bus. And while he stood there on his crutches, drinking from the fountain, he was beaten savagely by white hoodlums. This pathetic incident is all too typical of the treatment received by Negroes in this country—not only physical brutality but brutal discrimination when a Negro tries to buy a house, and brutal violence against the Negro's soul when he finds himself denied a job that he knows he is qualified for.

There is also the violence of having to live in a community and pay higher consumer prices for goods or higher rent for equivalent housing than are charged in the white areas of the city. Do you know that a can of beans almost always costs a few cents more in grocery chain stores located in the Negro ghetto than in a store of that same chain located in the upper-middle-class suburbs, where the median income is five times as high? The Negro knows it, because he works in the white man's house as a cook or a gardener. And what do you think this knowledge does to his soul? How do you think it affects his view of the society he lives in? How can you expect anything but disillusionment and bitterness? The question that now faces us is whether we can turn the Negro's disillusionment and bitterness into hope and faith in the essential goodness of the American system. If we don't, our society will crumble.

It is a paradox that those Negroes who have given up on America are doing more to improve it than are its professional patriots. They are stirring the mass of smug, somnolent citizens, who are neither evil nor good, to an awareness of crisis. The confrontation involves not only their morality but their self interest, and that combination promises to evoke positive action. This is not a nation of venal people. It is a land of individuals who, in the majority, have not cared, who have been heartless about their black neighbors because their ears are blocked and their eyes blinded by the tragic myth that Negroes endure abuse without pain or complaint. Even when protest flared and denied the myth, they were fed new doctrines of inhumanity that argued that Negroes were arrogant, lawless and ungrateful. Habitual white discrimination was transformed into white backlash. But for some, the lies had lost their grip and an internal disquiet grew. Poverty and discrimination were undeniably real; they scarred the nation; they dirtied our honor and diminished our pride. An insistent question defied evasion: Was security for some being purchased at the price of degradation for others? Everything in our traditions said this kind of injustice was the system of the past or of other nations. And yet there it was, abroad in our own land.

Thus was born—particularly in the young generation—a spirit of dissent that ranged from superficial disavowal of the old values to total commitment to wholesale, drastic and immediate social reform. Yet all of it was dissent. Their voice is still a minority; but united with millions of black protesting voices, it has become a sound of distant thunder increasing in volume with the gathering of storm clouds. This dissent is America's hope. It shines in the long tradition of American ideals that began with courageous minutemen in New England, that continued in the Abolitionist movement, that re-emerged in the Populist revolt and, decades later, that burst forth to elect Franklin Roosevelt and John F. Kennedy. Today's dissenters tell the complacent majority that the time has come when further evasion of social responsibility in a turbulent world will court disaster and death. America has not yet changed because so many think it need not change, but this is the illusion of the damned. America must change because 23,000,000 black citizens will no longer live supinely in a wretched past. They have left the valley of despair; they have found strength in struggle; and whether they live or die, they shall never crawl nor retreat again. Joined by white allies, they will shake the prison walls until they fall. America must change.

A voice out of Bethlehem 2000 years ago said that all men are equal. It said right would triumph. Jesus of Nazareth wrote no books; he owned no property to endow him with influence. He had no friends in the courts of the powerful. But he changed the course of mankind with only the poor and the despised. Naïve and unsophisticated though we may be, the poor and despised of the 20th Century will revolutionize this era. In our "arrogance, lawlessness and ingratitude," we will fight for human justice, brotherhood, secure peace and abundance for all. When we have won these—in a spirit of unshakable nonviolence—then, in luminous splendor, the Christian era will truly begin.

SCHEMATIC MAN

(continued from page 196)

When my cousin Alvin from Cleveland phoned me on my birthday, I couldn't remember who he was for a minute. (The week before, I had told the computer all about my summers with Alvin's family, including the afternoon when we both lost our virginity to the same girl, under the bridge by my uncle's farm.) I had to write down Schmuel's phone number, and my secretary's, and carry them around in my pocket.

As the work progressed, I lost more. I looked up at the sky one night and saw three bright stars in a line overhead. It scared me, because I didn't know what they were until I got home and took out my sky charts. Yet Orion was my first and easiest constellation. And when I looked at the telescope I had made, I could not remember how I had figured the mirror.

Schmuel kept warning me about overwork. I really was working a lot, 15 hours a day and more. But it didn't feel like overwork. It felt as though I were losing pieces of myself. I was not merely teaching the computer to be me but putting pieces of me into the computer. I hated that, and it shook me enough to make me take the whole of Christmas week off. I went to Miami.

But when I got back to work, I couldn't remember how to touch-type on the console anymore and was reduced to pecking out information for the computer a letter at a time. I felt as though I were moving from one place to another in installments, and not enough of me had arrived yet to be a quorum, but what was still waiting to go had important parts missing. And yet I continued to pour myself into the magnetic memory cores: the lie I told my draft board in 1946, the limerick I made up about my first wife after the divorce, what Margaret wrote when she told me she wouldn't marry me.

There was plenty of room in the storage banks for all of it. The computer could hold all my brain had held, especially with the program my five graduate students and I had written. I had been worried about that, at first.

But in the event I did not run out of room. What I ran out of was myself. I remember feeling sort of opaque and stunned and empty; and that is all I remember until now.

Whenever "now" is.

I had another friend once, and he cracked up while working on telemetry studies for one of the Mariner programs. I remember going to see him in the hospital, and him telling me, in his slow, unworried, coked-up voice, what they had done for him. Or to him. Electroshock. Hydrotherapy.

What worries me is that that is at least a reasonable working hypothesis to describe what is happening to me now.

I remember, or think I remember, a sharp electric jolt. I feel, or think I feel, a chilling flow around me.

What does it mean? I wish I were sure. I'm willing to concede that it might mean that overwork did me in and now I, too, am at Restful Retreat, being studied by the psychiatrists and changed by the nurses' aides. Willing to concede it? Dear God, I *pray* for it. I pray that that electricity was just shock therapy and not something else. I pray that the flow I feel is water sluicing around my sodden sheets and not a flux of electrons in transistor modules. I don't fear the thought of being insane; I fear the alternative.

I do not *believe* the alternative. But I fear it all the same. I can't believe that all that's left of me—my id, my ucs, my *me*—is nothing but a mathematical model stored inside the banks of the 7094. But if I am! If I am, dear God, what will happen when—and how can I wait until—somebody turns me on?

INCIDENT IN THE STREETS

(continued from page 88)

Then he laughed a thin, raking, old man's laugh. "You mean, do I think he's going to *die*?" He laughed again. "Good God, man, you can see for yourself! There's nothing left of him, he's a god damn gallimaufry, and hardly an appetizing one, at that!" He dipped his fingers into Paul, licked them, grimaced.

"I think we should get a blanket for him," the policeman said weakly.

"Of course you should," snapped the doctor, wiping his stained hands on a small white towel he had brought out of his black bag. He peered down through his rimless spectacles at Paul and smiled. "Still there, eh?" He squatted down beside him. "I'm sorry, son. There's not a damn thing I can do. Well, yes, I suppose I can take this penny off your lip. You've little use for it, eh?" He laughed softly. "Now, let's see, there's no function for it, is there? No, no, there it is."

The doctor started to pitch it away, then pocketed it instead. The eyes, don't they use them for the eyes? "Well, that's better, I'm sure. But let's be honest: It doesn't get to the real problem, does it?" Paul's lip tickled where the penny had been. "No, I'm of all too little use to you there, boy. I can't even prescribe a sopo rific platitude. Leave that to the god damn priests, eh? Hee-hee-hee! Oops, sorry, son! Would you like a priest?"

No, thanks, said Paul.

"Can't get it out, eh?" The doctor probed Paul's neck. "Hmm. No, obviously not." He shrugged. "Just as well. What could you possibly have to say, eh?" He chuckled dryly, then looked up at the policeman, who still had not left to search out a blanket. "Don't just stand there, man! Get this lad a priest!" The police officer, clutching his mouth, hurried away, out of Paul's eyereach. "I know it's not easy to accept death," the doctor said. He finished wiping his hands, tossed the towel into his black bag and snapped the bag shut. "We all struggle against it, boy, it's part and parcel of being alive, this brawl, this meaningless gutter fight with death. In fact, let me tell you, son, it's *all* there is to life." He wagged his finger in punctuation and ended by pressing the tip of it to Paul's nose. "That's the secret, *that's* my happy paregoric! Hee-hee-hee!"

KI, thought Paul. KI and 14. What could it have been? Never know now. One of those things.

"But death begets life, there's *that*, my boy, and don't you ever forget it! Survival and murder are synonyms, son, first flaw of the universe! Hee-hee-h—— Oh! Sorry, son! No time for puns! Forget I said it!"

It's OK, said Paul. Listening to the doctor had at least made him forget the tickle on his lip and it was gone.

"New life burgeons out of rot, new mouths consume old organisms, father dies at orgasm, mother dies at birth, only old dame mass, with her twin dugs of stuff and tickle, persists, suffering her long, slow split into pure light and pure carbon! Hee-hee-hee! A tender thought! Don't you agree, lad?" The doctor gazed off into space, happily contemplating the process.

I tell you what, said Paul. Let's forget it.

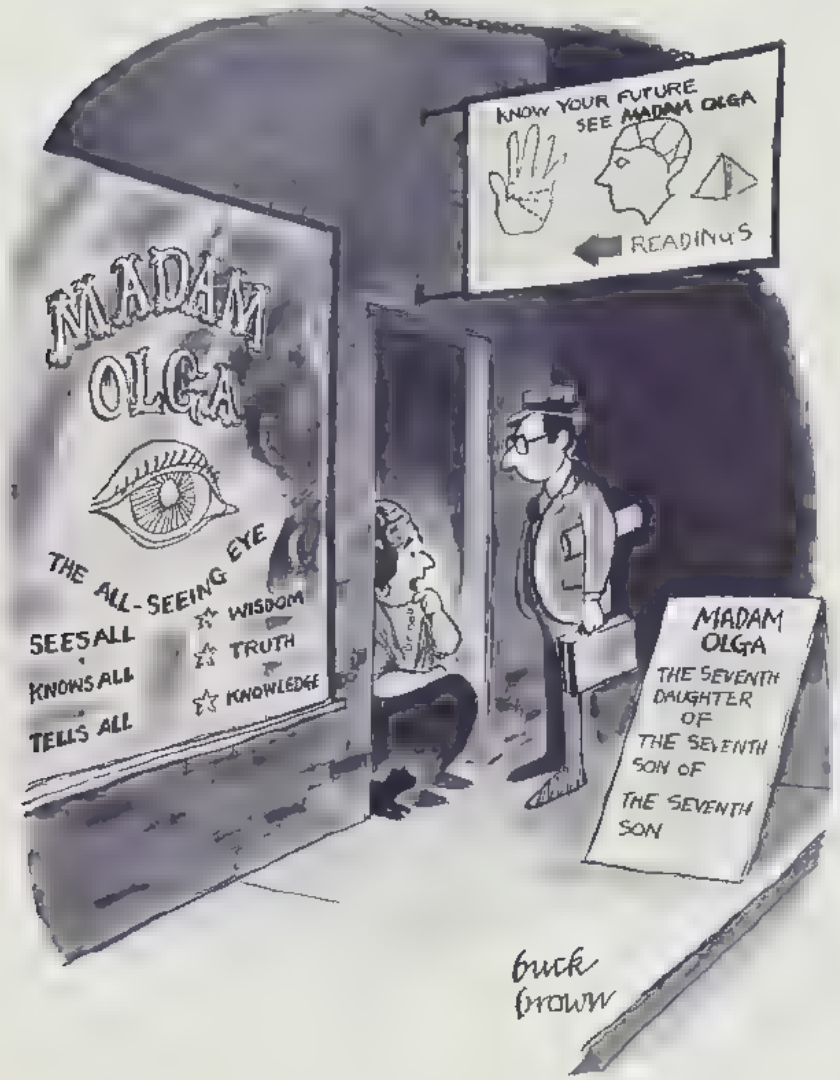
Just then, the policeman returned with a big quilted comforter and he and the doctor spread it gently over Paul's body, leaving only his face exposed. The people pressed closer to watch.

"Back! *Back!*" shouted the policeman. "Have you no respect for the dying? *Back, I say!*"

"Oh, come now," chided the doctor. "Let them watch, if they want to. It hardly matters to this poor fellow; and even if it does, it can't matter for much longer. And it will help keep the flies off him."

"Well, doctor, if you think——" His voice faded away. Paul closed his eyes.

As he lay there among the curious, several odd questions plagued Paul's mind. He knew there was no point to them, but he couldn't rid himself of them. The book, for example: Did he have a book? And if he did, what book, and what had happened to it? And what about the stop light, that lost increment of what men call history; why had no one brought up the matter of the stop light? And pure carbon he could understand, but as for light: What could its purity consist of? KI. Fourteen. That impression that it had happened before. Yes, these were mysteries, all right. His head ached from them.



"Taylor Street? Gee, I dunno. . . ."

People approached Paul from time to time to look under the blanket. Some only peeked, then turned away, while others stayed to poke around, dip their hands in the mutilations. There seemed to be more interest in them now that they were covered. There were some arguments and occasional horseplay, but the doctor and the policeman kept things from getting out of hand. If someone arrogantly ventured a Latin phrase, the doctor always put him down with some toilet-wall barbarism; on the other hand, he reserved his purest, most mellifluous toponymy for small children and young girls. He made several medical appointments with the latter. The police officer though uneasy, stayed nearby. Once, when Paul happened to open his eyes after having had them closed some while, the policeman smiled warmly down on him and said: "Don't worry, good fellow. I'm still here. Take it as easy as you can. I'll be here to the very end. You can count on me." Bullshit, thought Paul, though not ungratefully, and he thought he remembered hearing the doctor echo him as he fell off to sleep.

When he awoke, the streets were empty. They had all wearied of it, as he had known they would. It had clouded over, the sky had darkened, it was probably night and it had begun to rain lightly. He could now see the truck clearly, off to his left. Must have been people in the way before.

MAGIC KISS LIPSTICK
in
14
Different Shades

Never would have guessed. Only in true life could such things happen.

When he glanced to his right, he was surprised to find an old man sitting near him. Priest, no doubt. He had come, after all . . . black hat, long grayish beard, sitting in the puddles now forming in the street, legs crossed. Go on, said Paul, don't suffer on my account, don't wait for me. But the old man remained, silent, drawn, rain glistening on his hat, face, beard, clothes: prosopopoeia of patience. The priest. Yet, something about the clothes: Well, they were in rags. Pieced together and hanging in tatters. The hat, too, now that he noticed. At short intervals, the old man's head would nod, his eyes would cross, his body would tip, he would catch himself with a start, grunt, glance suspiciously about him, then look down at Paul, would finally relax again and recommence the cycle.

Paul's eyes wearied, especially with the rain splashing into them, so he let them fall closed once more. But he began suffering discomforting visions of the old priest, so he opened them again, squinted off to the left, toward the truck. A small dog, wiry and yellow, padded along in the puddles, hair drooping and bunching up with the rain. It sniffed at the tires of the truck, lifted its leg by one of them, sniffed again, padded on. It circled around Paul, apparently not noticing him but poking its nose at every object, narrowing the distance between them with every circle. It passed close by the old man, snarled, completed another half circle and approached Paul from the left. It stopped near Paul's head—the wet-dog odor was suffocating—and whimpered, licking Paul's face. The old man did nothing, just sat, legs crossed, and passively watched. Of course. Not a priest at all. An old beggar. Waiting for the clothes when he died. Go ahead and take them now, Paul told him. I don't care. But the beggar only sat and stared. Paul felt a tugging sensation from below, heard the dog growl. His whole body seemed to jerk upward, sending another hot flash through his neck. The dog's hind feet were planted alongside Paul's head, and now and again the right paw would lose its footing, kick nervously at Paul's face. Finally, something gave way. The dog shook water out of its yellow coat and padded away, a fresh piece of flesh between its jaws. The beggar's eyes crossed, his head dipped to his chest and he started to topple forward, but again he caught himself, took a deep breath, uncrossed his legs, crossed them again, but the opposite way, reached into his pocket and pulled out an old cigarette butt, molded it between his yellow fingers, put it in his mouth but did not light it. For an instant, the earth upended again and Paul found himself hung on the street, a target for the millions of rain darts somebody out in the night was throwing at him. There's nobody out there, he reminded himself, and that set the earth right again. The beggar spat. Paul shielded his eyes from the rain with his lids. He thought he heard other dogs. How much longer must this go on? he wondered. How much longer?

"I said, 'Question period over'!"

the talking trees

(continued from page 136)

get up and come in. He faltered after her white back and stood inside the door. The only light was from the fire.

Nobody heeded him. Dick stood by the corner of the mantelpiece, one palm flat on it, his other hand holding his trembling corncob. He was peering coldly at her. His eyelashes almost met. Georgie lay sprawled in a chintzy armchair on the other side of the fire, wearily flicking the ash from a black cigarette into the fender. Opposite him, Jimmy Sullivan sat on the edge of a chair, his elbows on his knees, his eyeballs sticking out as if he had just swallowed something hard and raw. Nobody said a word. She stood in the center of the carpet, looking guardedly from one to the other of them out of her hooded eyes, her thumbs inside the elastic of her gym knickers, ready to press them down over her hips. When Georgie suddenly whispered, "The seventh veil!" he at once wanted to batter them all over their heads with his fiddle case, to shout at her to stop, to shout at them that they had seen everything, to shout that they must look no more. Instead, he lowered his head so that he saw nothing but her bare feet. Her last ugly garment slid to the carpet. He heard three long gasps, became aware that Dick's pipe had fallen to the floor, that Georgie had started straight up, one fist lifted as if he was going to strike her. Jimmy had covered his face with his hands.

A coal tinkled from the fire to the fender. With averted eyes, he went to it, knelt before it, wet his fingers with his spittle, as he had often seen his mother do, deftly dropped the coal back on the fire and remained so for a moment, watching it light again. Then he sidled back to his violin case, walked out into the hall, flung open the door on a sky of stars and straightway started to race the whole length of the Mardyke, from pool to pool of light, in three gasping spurts.

After the first spurt, he stood panting until his heart stopped hammering. He heard a girl laughing softly behind a tree. Just before his second halt, he saw ahead of him a man and a woman approaching him arm in arm; but when he came up to where they should have been, they, too, had become invisible. Halted, breathing, listening, he heard them murmuring somewhere in the dark. At his third, panting rest, he heard an invisible girl say, "Oh no, oh no!" and a man's urgent voice say, "But yes, but yes!" He felt that behind every tree there were kissing lovers, and ran without stopping until he had emerged from the Mardyke among the bright lights of the city. Then, he was in his own street, the sweat cooling on his forehead, standing outside the shuttered plumber's shop above which they lived. Slowly he climbed the bare stairs to their floor and their door. He paused for a moment to look up through the bare window at the stars, opened the door and went in.

Four heads around the supper table turned to look inquiringly at him. At one end of the table, his mother sat wearing her blue apron. At the other end, his father sat in his rolled-up shirt sleeves, as if he had only just laid down the pressing iron. Turlough gulped his food. Jenny was smiling mockingly at him. She had the red ribbon in her hair and the mother-of-pearl brooch at her neck.

"You're bloody late!" his father said crossly. "What the hell kept you? I hope you came straight home from your lesson. What way did you come? Did you meet anybody or talk to anybody? You know I don't want any loitering at night. I hope you weren't cadeying with any blackguards? Sit down sir, and eat your supper. Or did your lordship expect us to wait for you? What did you play tonight? What did Professor Hartmann give you to practice for your next lesson?'

He sat in his place. His mother filled his plate and they all ate in silence.

Always the questions! Always talking and talking at him! They never let him alone for a minute. His hands sank. He stared at his greasy plate. She was so lovely. So white. So lovely. His mother said gently, 'You're not eating, Tommy. Are you all right?"

He said, "Yes, yes, I'm fine, Mother."

Like birds. Like stars. Like music.

His mother said "You are very silent tonight, Tommy. You usually have a lot of talk after you've been to Professor Hartmann. What are you thinking of?"

"They were so beautiful!" he blurted.

"What was so bloody beautiful?" his father rasped. "What are you blathering about?"

"The stars," he said hastily.

Jenny laughed. His father frowned. Silence returned.

He knew that he would never again go back to the sweetshop. They would only want to talk and talk about her. They would want to bring everything out into the light, boasting and smirking about her, taunting him for having run away. He would be happy forever if only he could walk every night of his life up the dark Mardyke hearing nothing but a girl's laugh from behind a tree, a branch squeaking and the far-off rattle of a lost tram; walk on and on, deeper into the darkness, until he could see nothing but one tall house whose fanlight she would never put out again. The doorbell might ring, but she would not hear it. It might be answered, but not by her. She would be gone. He had known that ever since he heard her laughing softly by his side as he ran away with her forever between those talking trees.

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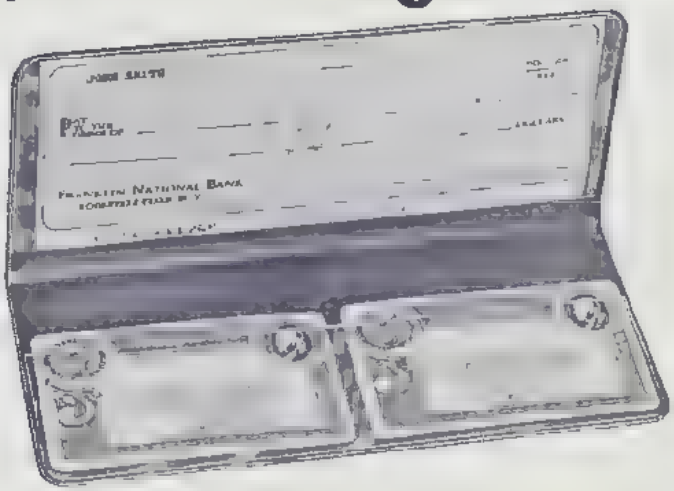

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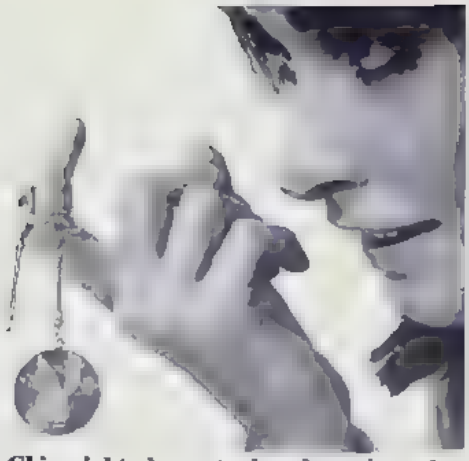

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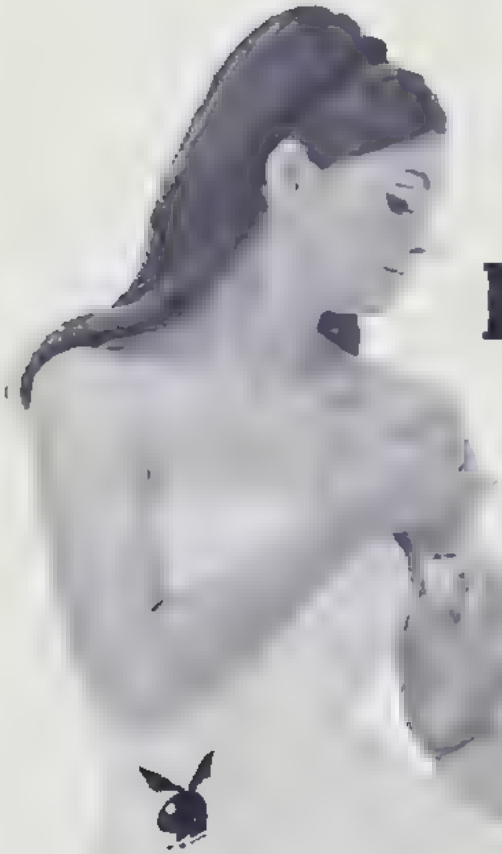

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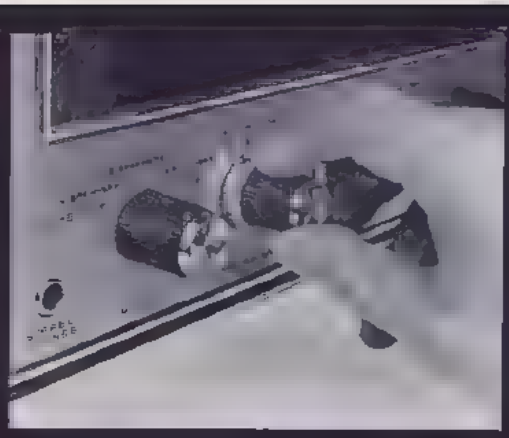

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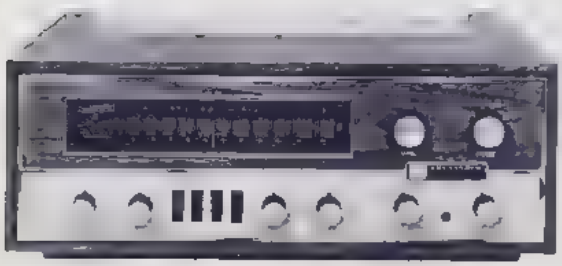

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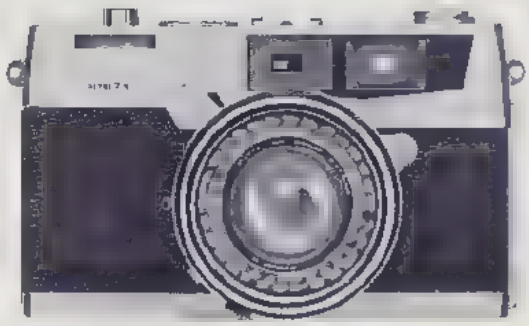

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THE STATESMAN *(continued from page 178)*

"I think he might once have been intolerant of liberals as such," his brother John said a year or two later, "because his early experience was with the high-minded, high-speaking kind who never get anything done. That all changed the moment he met a liberal like Walter Reuther."

I forget whose phrase "experiencing nature" is—T. S. Eliot's, I think—but that is what Robert Kennedy had, and it accounted for his fascinating development and peculiar power as a political leader. "I won't say I stayed awake nights worrying about civil rights before I became Attorney General," he once observed with characteristic frankness. Then, as Attorney General, he found himself in the center of the tensions generated by race and by poverty.

He set himself to fight the extra handicaps American law and order imposed on the blacks and the poor. He sent in Federal marshals and troops to put Negro students into Southern universities. He established an Office of Criminal Justice to help the poor have a fair break in the courts. As chairman of the President's Committee on Juvenile Delinquency, he helped invent a number of the programs that later went into the war against poverty—among them, the concepts of community action, of the maximum feasible participation of the poor and of a youth service corps (VISTA). He wanted, he liked to say, a Department of Justice, not a Department of Prosecution.

The particular quality of his experiencing nature was his power to perceive the world from the viewpoint of its casualties and its victims, his astonishing power of identification. When Robert Kennedy went into Harlem or Bedford-Stuyvesant, when he visited a sharecropper's cabin or an Indian reservation, these were *his* children with bloated bellies, *his* parents wasting away in dreary old age, *his* miserable hovels, *his* meager scraps for dinner. He saw it all, with personal intensity, from the inside; he was part of it. It was because those he came among felt this that they gave him so unreservedly their confidence and then love. Senator Philip A. Hart of Michigan put it this way: "Thousands in this nation looked on Robert Kennedy and did not see a young man, richly endowed personally and financially. They saw, instead, a man who chose to face degradation, fatigue, ridicule—and even death—to be a champion for those who needed a champion."

This was the driving emotion of his political maturity: this passionate identification with the victims of the 20th Century. It accounted for his attitudes in foreign as well as in domestic affairs. "Although the world's imperfections may well call forth the acts of war," he said in one of his Vietnam speeches, "righteousness cannot obscure the agony and pain those acts bring to a single child." He could not abide the thought of his nation as the dealer of indiscriminate death to innocent people. He was determined to bring the Vietnam war to an end and make sure there would be no more Vietnams in the future.

No one ever needed to explain to him the revolutionary ferocities in the developing countries. When he encountered students in Latin America or Africa or Asia indignant over oppression and injustice, he recognized that this would be his own indignation were he one of those students. He declined to see it as the American responsibility to crack down on popular aspirations for social change. "The worst thing we could do," he said, "would be to take as our mission the suppression of disorder and internal upheaval everywhere it appears." He well understood how we came through to the rest of the world—how what we saw as our desire to help other countries came through as a desire to run other countries, how our rectitude came through as arrogance. Because of this, he was always the advocate of restraint in foreign affairs. He did not want his nation to throw its weight around, nor force other nations against closed doors. America, as he saw it, would guide the world more effectively through its example than through its nuclear arsenal.

This power of identification was the raw material of his politics. But emotion by itself does not constitute a political creed. In the last four years of his life, as Senator from New York, Robert Kennedy began to convert emotion into philosophy and strategy. In doing so, he was, I believe, heading toward a basic reconstruction of American liberalism—a reconstruction that, had he become President, might have marked as emphatic a stage in the evolution of American democracy as that wrought in other times by Andrew Jackson or Franklin Roosevelt.

To transform emotion into politics, a democratic leader must have other qualities besides sympathy: He must have a sense of reality, an analytical understanding of the problems, an instinct for program and action, a capacity to rally a majority behind his policies and the will and skill to put policies into effect. He must, in short, unite ideas with power. This is what Robert Kennedy called "the politics of reality." He took from his brother the belief that "realism, high aspirations and deep convictions are not incompatible with the most practical and efficient programs."

Ideas and power required meticulous and rigorous analysis of the facts. When he talked about the dilemma of black children in the ghetto, for example, appalling statistics would pour out in an impassioned flow: that the average Harlem child loses ten points in his I.Q. between the third and the sixth grades; that only two percent of the 30,000 college-preparatory diplomas issued by New York City high schools in 1967 went to black teenagers. But defining problems, ruminating about them, was only the start. "How many people are going to suffer," he once asked, "how many children are going to die, and how many other children are going to be uneducated while somebody is trying to find a solution?"

As he thought about the defects of American society, he began to feel more and more keenly the limitations of the solutions left over from the New Deal and the Thirties. The New Deal approach—a vigorous national Government fighting depression by establishing minimum levels of economic and social security—had saved the country in a decade when general collapse had produced local demoralization. But national programs designed to give self-reliant men insurance against unemployment, sickness and old age did not, in his judgment, answer the problems of others who had inherited poverty and regarded it as a permanent condition, or of yet others debarred from opportunity because of the color of their skin.

It should be understood that he was not, in the manner of Barry Goldwater or Paul Goodman, inveighing against the national Government as such. He regarded the Federal role in supplying resources and setting standards as indispensable. Nor, when he talked of decentralization, was he arguing States' rights. He had no illusions about the superior virtue of local bureaucracies. He was talking about something different—about what he called, in a favorite word, "participation." He meant by this not at all a resort to the state and municipal units that had so long toadied to the local moguls but the creation of "new community institutions that local residents control and through which they can express their wishes." Such new institutions, he hoped, could build self-sufficiency and self-determination within the communities of poverty," help the poor shape their own destiny and bring "not just individual residents but the entire community into the mainstream of American life."

"What we must seek," said Kennedy, "is not just greater programs but greater participation." The community-development corporation was his chosen instrument. Of course, such corporations could not succeed without Federal support, including tax credits and deductions for firms moving into poverty areas. But the vital aspect was the enlistment of the concern of the ghetto, as well as the capital of the surrounding community,

in the effort at regeneration. Though the Senatorial habit is to speak rather than act, Kennedy characteristically ignored precedent and acted. In 1966, he organized two corporations—one composed of residents of Bedford-Stuyvesant, the second-largest black ghetto in the land, the other of august New York financiers—to work together for the humanization of life in this sad and wasted New York enclave.

The key, he thought, was the creation of employment in the ghettos. Kennedy resisted the presently fashionable idea of a guaranteed annual income. Such schemes, he felt, could not provide the "sense of self-sufficiency, of participation in the life of the community, that is essential for citizens of a democracy." Let Government be not the patron of last resort but "the employer of last resort"; income maintenance could come later.

The approach was novel, and Kennedy's programs were worked out in impressive technical detail. But it would be nonsense to say that his philosophy and program accounted for his popularity. Most of his followers had no clear idea what he was proposing. They only had confidence in his motives and his purpose. So, like every American leader from George Washington on, Kennedy relied in part on personality to win support for policies. Recent events, however, had given the role of personality an even greater significance in American politics; and Kennedy was the beneficiary and, ultimately, the victim of this development. To understand all this, we must endure a digression into the question of the New Politics.

This enigmatic phrase in recent months had been more uttered than understood. I do not claim to know precisely what others mean by it. But I take it that American political life has been undergoing a fundamental change as a result primarily of changes in the means of communication. Beneath his vaudeville, Marshall McLuhan has a fundamental point. The change began with radio but has assumed a new and decisive aspect with the rise of television and the public-opinion poll.

The effect of television and polling has been to hasten the dissolution of the traditional structures of American politics. For a century, a series of institutions—the political organization, the trade union, the farm organization, the ethnic group—has mediated between the politician and the voter, interpreting issues to their constituencies and rallying their constituencies for the campaign. These functions are now being taken over by the mass media. The result will soon be to liquidate the traditional brokers of American politics, leaving candidates face to face with a diffused and highly sensitive public opinion.

The Old Politics is becoming a self-perpetuating myth—a myth kept alive by the political professionals, who have a vested interest in its preservation, and by newspapermen, who spend most of their time interviewing political professionals. The people have meanwhile struck out on their own. They base their judgments each evening on Walter Cronkite and David Brinkley and register their views each week through Louis Harris and George Gallup. They regard the old political establishment with contempt and respond to any candidate who sets himself against the old faces. The antiestablishment candidates appeal above all to the students, who thus far have been the only ones to develop modes of organization that will work in the electronic age. In short, the old, slow-motion broker politics is now giving way to the politics of instantaneous mass participation.

There were, of course, charismatic politicians before television. But the electronic media have intensified the impact of personality on politics—even while they have made the fabrication of artificial personae more difficult. Eugene McCarthy, whose acolytes proudly describe him as an antihero, uses television with great subtlety and skill—far more effectively than the paladins of the Old Politics such as Nixon and Humphrey. As for Kennedy, his very directness, impatience and absence of self-consciousness made him a natural for the new media. McLuhan himself recently handed down his verdict:

> Now that Bob Kennedy has left that scene, it is easier to see how much bigger he was than the mere candidate role he undertook to perform. His many hidden dimensions appeared less on the rostrum than in his spontaneous excursions into the ghettos and in his easy rapport with the surging generosity of young hearts. He strove to do good by stealth and blushed to find it fame. It was this [reluctant hero] quality that gave integrity and power to his TV image.

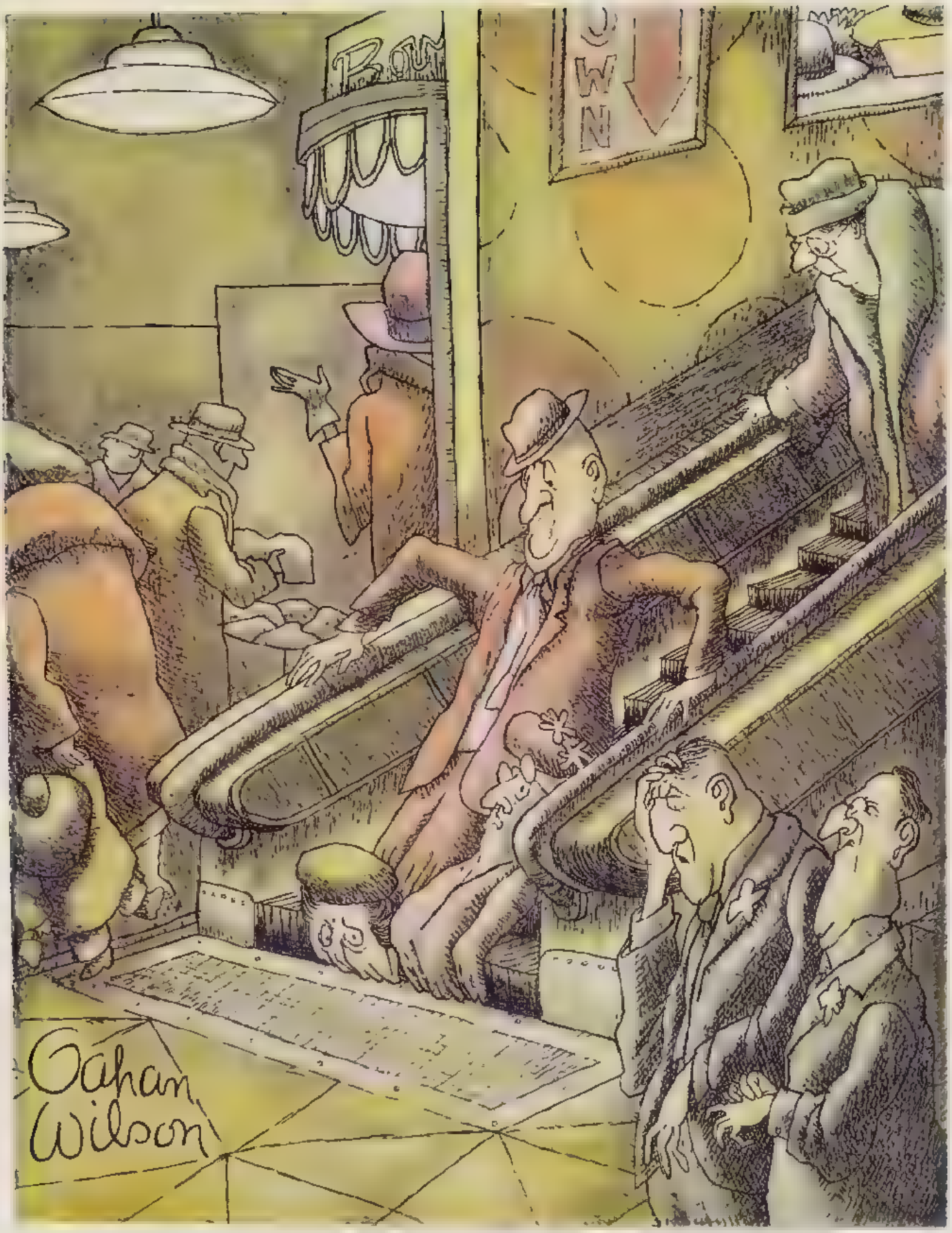
And TV did the rest. So Kennedy was mobbed, touched and caressed far more than the charismatic idols of the past—Franklin Roosevelt, William Jennings Bryan or Andrew Jackson—ever were.

Kennedy himself regarded all this without enthusiasm and with characteristic fatalism. He did not like having cuff links torn from his wrists or shoes from his feet; and he well knew that men who become symbols of issues court the attention of fanatics. But he knew also that personal leadership was an indispensable means of welding disparate groups together in a common cause.

It was this cause he carried in 1968 to prosperous suburbs and complacent country towns in Indiana, Nebraska, Oregon and California. He insisted on describing the shameful things he had seen in America to people who did not want to hear about them. He kept saying, in his flat, vibrant voice, "This is not acceptable. . . . I think we can do better." Many felt threatened by his sense of crisis and his summons to change. It became fashionable to say that he was a "divisive" figure. No doubt he was divisive in the chambers of commerce and the country clubs. But in the context of the great and terrible divisions in American society—affluent America *vs.* impoverished America, white America *vs.* black America, middle-aged America *vs.* young America—Robert Kennedy was the most unifying figure in our politics.

To understand his political thrust, we must suffer another digression. Political commentators for some time have been reading obituaries over what they call the Roosevelt coalition—that combination of the working classes, the ethnic minorities and the intellectuals that F. D. R. put together in the era when income provided the line of division in American politics. In New Deal days, the low-income groups supported not only the programs of economic redistribution from which they derived direct benefit but also F. D. R.'s policies of social reform, internationalism and civil freedom. Now, the pundits say, economic issues are less important; issues of freedom and foreign policy are more important; and, in consequence, the dividing line in our present politics is no longer income but education. The low-income groups, being also the least educated, have turned against the liberal ideals of F. D. R. On Negro rights, civil liberties and foreign policy, they take the most primitive positions: They can't wait to crack down on the blacks, imprison the agitators and bomb hell out of the North Vietnamese. The A. F. L.-C. I. O. is thus more reactionary on foreign policy than the United States Chamber of Commerce.

On the other hand, the higher the degree of education, the greater the degree of enlightenment on noneconomic issues. Therefore, according to the pundits, the new liberal coalition must organize the college-educated—suburbanites, technicians, intellectuals, socially conscious businessmen, church groups—in a new rally of the illuminati; as for the proletariat, leave that to George Wallace. So the anointed Eugene McCarthy summed it up last May before a college audience at Corvallis, Oregon. The polls, McCarthy said, showed that Robert Kennedy ran best "among the less intelligent



"Oh, God! It's really been one of those days!"

and less educated people in America. And I don't mean to fault them for voting for him, but I think that you ought to bear that in mind as you go to the polls here."

Robert Kennedy said to hell with that. He persisted in caring about the "less educated." Unlike McCarthy, he did not regard them as necessarily less intelligent; and he was not prepared to hand them over to George Wallace. He did not suppose they had changed all that much since the Thirties. He understood that they had followed Roosevelt then on issues outside their daily concern—such as civil rights, civil liberties and foreign policy—not because they had clear views on these issues but because they had a confidence in Roosevelt founded in his leadership on the issues that *were* part of their daily concern. Kennedy was sure that they could be reclaimed for political decency. He had the power to reconstitute the Roosevelt coalition—and add to it the new groups of John Kenneth Galbraith's industrial state, especially the managers and the students. (It was an intense sorrow for him that his hesitation in entering the Presidential competition of 1968 lost him the support of so many among the young and in the intellectual community; these he regarded as his natural constituency.)

The reconstruction of the New Deal coalition was well under way last spring. In Indiana, for example, Kennedy, like F. D. R. before him, carried both black and backlash precincts. Paul Cowan of *The Village Voice*, reporting in July on George Wallace in Massachusetts, wrote, "I realized for the first time how important Robert Kennedy's candidacy had been. He was the last liberal politician who could communicate with white working-class America." How far we have moved since the days of the New Deal! Kennedy was also, of course, the white politician who communicated best with nonwhite America.

The fact that personality played so vital a part in his appeal led some fastidious souls in 1968, in understandable recoil from the overweening ego of Lyndon Johnson, to condemn the whole idea of strong political personalities. For a moment, it even began to be fashionable to flinch from the very idea of a strong President. Senator McCarthy, the first liberal in this century to campaign *against* the Presidency, said in August of John Kennedy: "What I regret is the way he personalized the Presidency. I know that Johnson has done this, but I think he has done it defensively as things have got more and more out of control. Jack did it almost deliberately. He brought all the new men in and conveyed the impression that all power radiated from the Presidency."

Robert Kennedy rejected the peculiar belief in the virtues of a weak Presidency. He understood that we were heading into perilous times, that the ties that had precariously bound Americans together were under almost intolerable strain and that cutting back Presidential authority could be a disastrous error at just the time when only a strong President could deal effectively with our most difficult and urgent problem: racial justice. As never before, he felt, the President had to be the tribune of the disinherited and the dispossessed. He perceived this need more lucidly than anyone else, and he *alone* tried to fill it; no other candidate—least of all the other "liberal," McCarthy—even saw the point. No other candidate offered such a possibility—indeed, any serious possibility—of serving as a bridge between the alienated groups and middle-class America.

Kennedy thus became the champion of those who in the past had been the constituents of no one. Some champions of forgotten men—Hitler, Huey Long, Pierre Poujade, George Wallace—sought only rancor and destruction. Others—Jackson, Lloyd George, Roosevelt—sought to redress grievance and give society a new sense of community. Kennedy's resolve was to use the Presidency to lead the excluded groups into full and healthy participation in American society. He was the representative of the unrepresented in American politics—and their hope for re-entry into American life. These were the people who swarmed over his car when he was alive, who stood with weeping faces by the railroad tracks when the funeral train carried his body from New York to Washington.

This was the politics of Robert Kennedy. He understood the terrible angers boiling up within our society; he identified himself with the need for recognition and opportunity on the part of those whom "respectable" America had made outcasts and untouchables, and he saw the Presidency as the instrument through which to bring about progress and justice within the constitutional order.

He brought to this politics his own distinctive personal qualities. He perceived the future as plastic, mysterious, requiring adventure and fortitude and forever testing man's will and hope. He constantly responded to challenge, including some challenges visible to no one else; there were always more rapids he had to shoot and mountains to climb. Living with intensity, he gave everything he had to life. Some, of course, misunderstood, or refused to understand, what he was all about. They supposed him hard, ruthless, unfeeling, unyielding, a hater. In fact, he was exceptionally gentle and considerate, bluntly honest, profoundly idealistic and extremely funny, the best of husbands and fathers, the dearest of friends. He loved his fellow citizens and was prepared to trust himself to them. The quality of his love was such that it would have survived the depraved and terrifying act that destroyed him.

He was a brilliant and devoted man, superbly equipped by intelligence, judgment and passion to discharge great national tasks. He was, indeed, better prepared for the Presidency than his brother had been in 1960. His experience had been wider and he had been exposed to more of the agonizing problems of his country and the world. His freedom from conventionality and his instinctive candor of mind and heart penetrated to fundamentals and stimulated those around him to fresh insight and sympathy. He was our nation's most promising leader. I agree with Senator George McGovern, who, while Robert Kennedy was still alive, said that, if elected, he would become "one of the three or four greatest Presidents in our national history."

The destiny of nations is not likely to be settled by the destiny of individuals. Yet leadership can make a vast difference—as in our own day, one way or another, the lives of Churchill and Roosevelt, of Gandhi and Lenin, of Hitler and Mussolini, of Tito and Mao, of De Gaulle and John Kennedy have plainly shown. No one can doubt that our country has lost immeasurably in the years to come through the murders of John and Robert Kennedy. They were brought to death by the worst in America—the self-righteousness, the bigotry, the relish of hatred, the idiotic belief that violence is proof of virility—as they succeeded so greatly in life because they rallied the best in the nation they loved: the idealism, the bravery, the self-mocking humor, the faith in freedom and reason.

And what of the Kennedy legacy? "The good of man," said Aristotle, "must be the end of the science of politics." Robert Kennedy's last campaign set forth in a compelling way the agenda for American politics in the Seventies: the need to move beyond middle-class myopia and to embrace the disinherited and the dispossessed in a new circle of humanity and justice.

"Our future may lie beyond our vision," said Robert Kennedy in South Africa, "but it is not completely beyond our control. It is the shaping impulse of America that neither fate nor nature, nor the irresistible tides of history, but the work of our own hands, matched to reason and principle, will determine destiny. There is pride in that, even arrogance, but there is also experience and truth. In any event, it is the only way we can live."

DOMESTIC SERVICE

(continued from page 152)

"A whole day would pass and nothing happened in the house and in the road nothing of greater moment than the rare appearance of a four-wheeled cab. The youngest sister complained of Mord Em'ly's singing, which disturbed her elder sisters' literary labors, and at the same time pointed out to Mord Em'ly that it was not considered good form for a general servant to whistle. Mord Em'ly spoke to the girl next door, and the girl next door, on learning that her mother was a charwoman, dropped the acquaintance and told the other girls in the road, so that when by any chance Mord Em'ly saw any of them they stared very hard over her head."

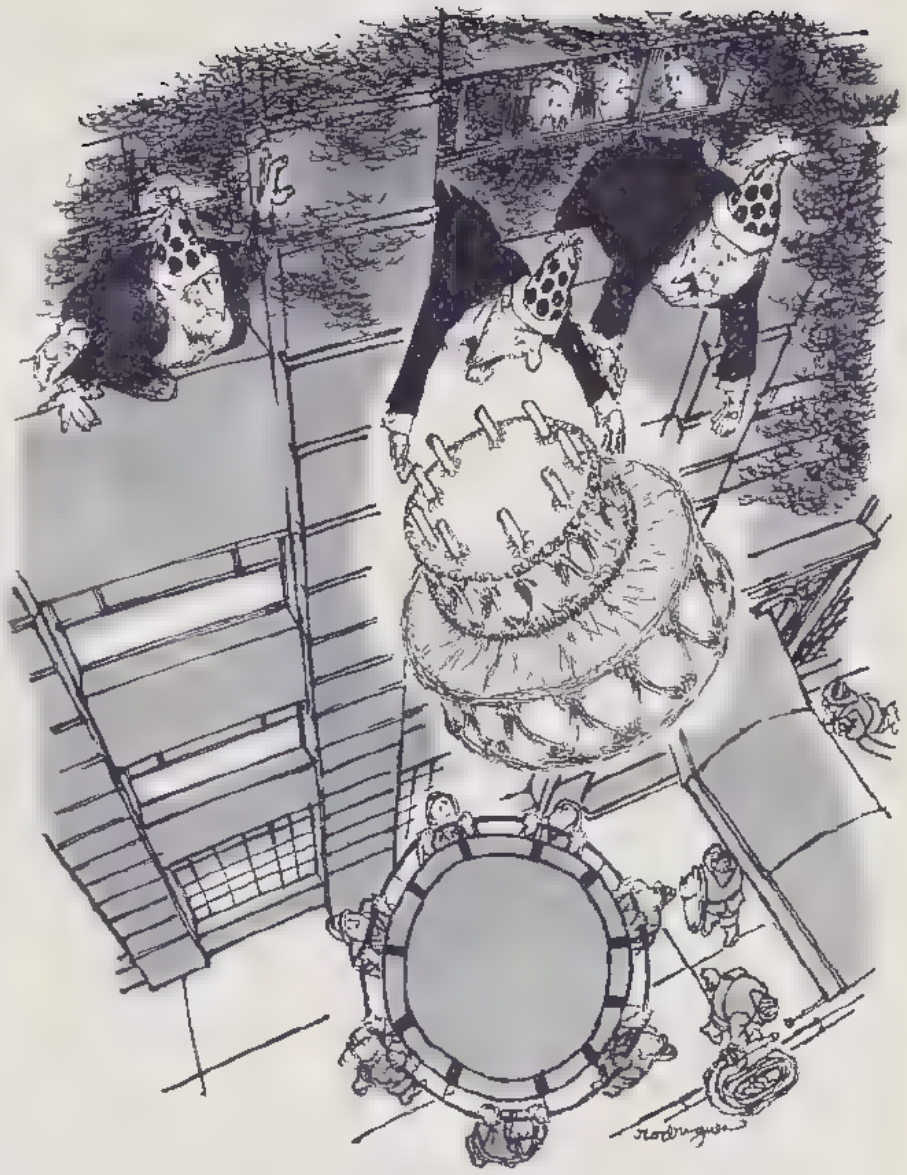
It is scarcely to be wondered at that when Mord Em'ly heard of an opening in a jam factory, she grabbed at it. And all over London, thousands of other Mord Em'lys were leaving domestic service for factory life. In the mid-Thirties, in an area covering three quarters of the County of London, there were, according to the author of *The New Survey of London Life and Labor*, only two servants to every hundred people.

To my mind—I throw it out merely as a suggestion—the root of the whole trouble was that servants were called servants.

In a sense, we are all servants, whether we work in a posh office or a dark basement, but to the sensitive mind, there is something revolting in the word. When an editor asks me to write an article, as it might be on the lost art of domestic service, I touch my hat and say "Yes, sir," but I should hate it if I were described as a servant. I prefer to look on myself as the help.

What a boon America's invention of that word has been. It does away with the stigma attached to doing the dusting and washing up and preserves the self respect. If England had adopted it 200 years ago, the sceptered isle would be in better shape today as regards securing the assistance of the cooks, housemaids and cook generals who are in such short supply. Mord Em'ly might have become quite fond of Lucella Road, Peckham, if she had been called the help.

Unquestionably, employers of household labor are having a sticky time at the moment; but what of the future? Going by the form book and taking into consideration the shrinkage there has been in the last half century or so, one would say that before long the entire race of domestics would die out, but Dr. Michael Young, in his book *The Rise of the Meritocracy*, thinks otherwise. He predicts that domestic service will be re-established.



"There's a young lady in it"

Here is how he figures it out. The time, he says, is approaching when merit will be all that matters in the world—not blue blood nor money, just solid merit—and two thirds of the population will by then be a pretty brainy bunch, up-and-coming and equal to anything. But the other one third, the complexities of modern civilization having become too much for their poor weak heads, will be unemployable in the ordinary economy, and the only thing they will be fit for will be doing the chores for the gifted two thirds, thus releasing the latter's energies for higher things. This backward one third will be enrolled in a Home Help Corps, with fixed wages, hours and conditions.

It sounds all right, but I am not sure I like the idea. Through no fault of my own, I am not very bright, and I am certain to be among the first to be flunked in the examination (which will presumably separate the brainy from the dumb) and told to become a member of the Home Help Corps. I see myself as a sort of Mr. Clean, constantly called on at a moment's notice to do the dirty work. ("Your kitchen sink not working, Professor? Clogged up, you say? We'll soon fix that. Where's Wodehouse? Send for Wodehouse. Oh, there you are, Wodehouse. Well, snap into it, don't just sit there. Get your tweezers or whatever you call them and hurry off to this gentleman's address.")

But wait. A ray of sunshine steals through the clouds. Glancing again at Dr. Young's book, I see that all this is not going to happen much before 1999. By that time, it is quite possible that, as my 88th birthday falls next October, I shall not be around. Oh, goody, goody.

THE MAN *(continued from page 178)*

to me. I wasn't ready for public discussion. I felt uneasy under the steady gaze of my host and this roomful of important strangers. So, hesitatingly, rather arrogantly, and perhaps even ruthlessly, I plunged in. "I told Jerry—it's a long flight from Mexico City. I wouldn't have come if I hadn't liked the book."

I could see Kennedy's eyes taking this in. We were still strangers. But there was something in his silence that made me wonder if he wasn't the only one in the room who did not object to the tone or content of the answer.

The next question—as I was to learn in time—was typically R. F. K.: "Well, was there anything about the book that you didn't like?"

I felt he was the kind of man who could accept nothing less than the flat-out truth. So I said, Yes, there were a few things in it that had disturbed me. I could feel a gentle pressure on my foot from the shoe of my friend Jerry Wald. "I think we'd all be interested in what you have to say," Kennedy said. With a nervous glance at Jerry and the watchful faces around the table, I went on:

"There is one chapter about how hard everybody worked. How the aides stayed in their offices until after midnight—how they caught planes at three in the morning—how they arrived in other cities and went right to work on their cases without any sleep. . . ."

"Yes?" Bob Kennedy said in a completely noncommittal tone. I couldn't tell if I was getting through or arousing his "arrogance." And I could feel Wald's continuing pressure on my foot.

"Well—what struck me was, why shouldn't you all work hard? A lot of people in this country, when they get deeply involved in what they're doing, happily work around the clock. I thought there was something slightly self-righteous about that chapter. And we taxpayers could react, 'Aside from the fact that your staff obviously is dedicated to fighting corruption and your book does make that awfully clear—we *pay* them to work hard.'"

By this time, Jerry was deftly kicking me in the shin. There was some self-defense from aides around the table and reproachful glances from members of the touch-football cabinet. But Bob Kennedy cut in: "You may have a point. The reason I wanted to write that chapter was to give credit to a lot of people who really did a lot of the tough, uphill, day-and-night investigation for which I, as chief counsel (the Senate racket committee), got most of the credit. But"—and he smiled in a way that was more wistful than ruthless—"maybe you and Jerry know more about this than we do. Maybe we should say, 'Go ahead and call on us for any questions or technical material.'"

The meal was over and we were in the den. Bob poured a cognac for me. We had a chance to talk alone for a little while. This time, we discussed what I *did* like about the book. I said I was struck by the fact that it made so clear that every labor racketeer needs a capitalist as a coconspirator and that both of them are joined in a plot to undermine honest labor unionism and to subvert union contracts. And beyond that, what really attracted me was the theme—I had tried to point it out in my own books and films—there was something at the core of our society that was beginning to rot. From big businessmen cheating on or finding loopholes in their income tax to stealing millions from union treasuries, to preaching but not practicing true democracy. . . . I felt the book was much more than a vivid account of the extended hearings of the Senate racket committee. He had struck on a big theme—we are hardly in a position to preach or dictate to other countries and other systems until, as Kennedy had written, we defeat "the enemy within."

"Good. I'm glad you agree," he said. "I wrote those last pages very carefully—I didn't want the book to seem to be aimed against a single man or a single union. It is the society that produces a Beck or a Hoffa or a Johnny Dio. I don't know how you are able to bring that out in a picture, but that seems to me the only real reason for making the picture. If it comes off as well as *Waterfront*, it could help shake people out of their apathy. I think we agree about the creeping corruption—it is something the President hopes to check, to give the people a new sense of idealism, a sense of destiny that isn't just money making and pleasure-seeking."

Since this writer has a good second-class ear but not the built-in tape recorder of an O'Hara, I cannot say that those were the exact words. But I do remember that they were said with quiet fervor and without pomposity. He cared about it. He felt it. Sometime in the future, he said, he would like to write more about the things in which he believed. He said he thought the next ten years would produce the turning point in our history—either an America infected with corruption or the rebirth of a spirit and idealism with which we had begun. He sounded very much like the conclusion of *The Enemy Within*, but he had a way of putting it simply and modestly; in fact, diffidently. He seemed almost boyishly pleased that I admired the book, both its content and its theme. For a man with a reputation for being dogmatic, he was surprisingly easy to talk to. He talked without any "side" and he listened well. But naturally, he had some of the habits of an executive and he could not resist asking, "How long do you think it will take you to write the script?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," I said. "I haven't even read the material yet."

"But you said you read and then reread the book."

"I mean all the racket-committee hearings."

"I'm not sure you realize—they fill forty volumes."

"I wish you'd send them to me," I said. Bob asked an aide to get all the material together and send it to Mexico. I promised to read it all as fast as I could and to call him when Jerry and I were ready for the next meeting.

Bob Kennedy and Ethel walked us to the door, where we had to step over a black monster of a Newfoundland by the name of Brumus. "I don't know why Brumus picks this as his favorite place to sleep," Ethel said.

"And you have to step over him carefully," Bob said. "If you kick him by mistake, he may wake up in a bad mood and bite you."

"But he's wonderful with the children." Ethel came to Brumus' defense.

"Now, Ethel, he even bites them once in a while," Bob reminded her.

"Not really *hard*," said Ethel.

Bob walked us out to the car. "If you really read those hearings from cover to cover, I may have to write a chapter in my next book about how hard *you* work."

"That will also be boring," I said.

Bob smiled. You could tease him. And as I was to discover in the years to come, he could dish it out with a quick humor that somehow failed to color his public image.

On the way back to the Carlton, Jerry said, "Whew, Budd, I almost thought you blew it when you started to criticize the book. But it worked out great. Terrific!"

Frankly, he surprised me, Jerry. I liked him. He's got a nice, keen mind, but he doesn't want to push us and he doesn't want to be fawned on. I wonder why it is that we've read nothing about him that describes or even suggests the way he seemed tonight."

I spent the next six weeks reading and underlining those 40 volumes. Long hours but fascinating reading. Testimony from big city gangsters, corrupt city officials, company executives who solved their labor problems by buying off union "leaders" banished from the A. F. L.-C. I. O., honest rank-and-filers who fought to reform their unions and stood up to obscene punishment and sometimes death to defend their rights.

A few months later, I was back in Washington with an outline. This time, we met in a small den behind the office of the Attorney General. The spaciousness, the traditional paneling, the high

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ceiling, the flag, gave it grandeur. The many crayon drawings by the Kennedy children lovingly pinned along the walls and the presence of Brutus stretched like a great shaggy rug beneath the American standard turned this otherwise impressive office into an informal home away from home. The hour was late, after the business of a long day had been concluded. Bob sat on the floor, leaning against the wall, with his knees drawn up and his arms around them, as I would see him do often, as I was to see him in his suite at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles a few minutes before midnight on the fourth of June, 1968.

I read, in my usual stammering voice, the opening sentences of my outline. The film would not feature the chief counsel of the racket committee and his staff but, instead, a prototype of a powerful labor racketeer. And we would see him first not as a villain but as a tough, likable, rank-and-file union member who is captain of the local bowling team. . . .

"I don't like it," said the crisp and rather formidable ex-Harvard football captain and Presidential aide Kenny O'Donnell.

"You haven't heard it yet," I said.

Bob nodded. "He's right, Kenny. He's worked hard on this. Let's hear him out."

When I came to the end, Bob made me a drink and took me aside. "I like it," he said. "I don't think any of us saw it like that at all. But—that's why you're here. I think I see what you're trying to do—put a character in the middle, something like you've done before, only on a much larger stage."

"Exactly," I said. "If I make the investigators the heroes, the leading characters, it will come out like a bigger *Untouchables*, a cops-and-robbers television show."

Bob nodded. "Don't get sore at Kenny. His instinct is to protect me. And yours is to protect your own ideas. I think it's going to work out all right." Then he asked me, since I was planning to stay over another day for some additional research, if I would like to come out for supper the following evening. There would be just a few friends, strictly informal, don't bother to wear a tie, no shoptalk.

The following evening, I learned what informality meant at Hickory Hill. There was a barbecue on the terrace, with Bob handling the hamburgers. Amid children, pets, guests and a few college-girl secretaries who seemed part of the family, the atmosphere was one of happy confusion. The hamburgers were ready before the salad was out of the kitchen. Bob's style at the barbecue wagon was noisily criticized by his guests, a motley of White House lieutenants, Justice Department subordinates and Harvard classmates. I don't remember Bob's answers, only that they were funny. Over the years, I was to think many times how much wittier he was, and how much deeper, than people realized. With all that publicity, negative and positive, his true personality never seemed to come through to the nation as a whole—until it was too late.

If it seems as if I am seeing Bob Kennedy through the small end of the telescope in viewing him largely through his relationship to my dramatizing *The Enemy Within*, I think it is also true that Bob's behavior throughout that experience reveals many phases of his personality that were also brought to bear on the great issues that haunt us—bigotry and injustice, the sickening poverty of undeveloped nations, the alienation of the new generation. As I came to know Bob better with each meeting, phone call or exchange of letters, I felt I could relate his personal relations with me to his understanding of the social fault lines that threaten to shake and perhaps even bring down our civilization.

To jump from the sublime to the ridiculous, on one occasion he dropped me a short note to ask how I was coming with the script and then could not resist asking if I thought I could do "as great a job as you did with the *Waterfront*." Jerry Wald had planted the nerve-racking seed that this film would be greater than *Waterfront*, *Citizen Kane*, *La Dolce Vita* and *The Grand Illusion* combined. I was strung out from receiving Jerry's almost daily essays relating those films, not to mention *Hamlet* and *Oedipus Rex*, to what I was trying to write. So I answered Bob, rather testily, that asking me how I expected to do was not so different from asking Mickey Mantle if he thought he would hit a home run the next time he went to bat, or Johnny Unitas if he thought he would throw a touchdown pass on the next play from his own 20-yard line. In fact, I felt that was about where I was, on my own 20, and all I could tell him was what Johnny would tell him, "Bobby, all I can do is try."

A few days later, he sent a nice little note, appreciating the fact that we were both sports fans and saying he wouldn't add to the pressure by asking in advance for that touchdown pass. Just the same, I felt he would make a great playing manager. He had a fine sense of when to put the pressure on and when to take it off.

In the course of my writing the screenplay, we had only one real rhubarb, and the way he handled it was also revealing of the man. Inadvertently, it seemed I had written into the script a scene dealing with the wife of a labor racketeer whom I had invented. It was neither in *The Enemy Within* nor in the official transcripts of the hearings, since Bob and the Senate committee had avoided the personal lives of the people whose corrupt practices were being examined. A friend of Bob's phoned me to say that R F K was embarrassed by the scene, because it happened to be painfully similar to an actual incident. It could look as if Bob was using the film to make a personal attack on the wife of an official he was accusing of major crimes. Despite what some people believed, Bob was anxious to avoid hurting innocent people or to involve himself in personal vendettas.

I said I sympathized with Bob and did not want to embarrass him, but I also sympathized with myself. It was a strong scene. The fact that I had "invented" something that actually had happened proved its validity. By this time, I knew Jim pretty well. I warned him that this discussion could not be settled in a matter of minutes, and so back I went to the cozy den at Hickory Hill, to argue it out on a Sunday afternoon. A few of the aides were there, men I had come to admire, though I found them, through their very loyalty and dedication to Bob, somewhat less flexible than he was. They became a little sharp with me. After all, if the Attorney General of the United States asks you to take something out, you simply take it out. I said I couldn't work that way. There was a silence. I realize it was not exactly an earth-shaking event, compared with the tests being faced by the President and his most intimate advisor. But I felt pushed and nerved up. I told Bob I hated to make waves for him when I knew he had a lot more pressing things on his mind. At the same time, I had to remind him that I had tried to make it clear in the beginning that if Bob and his colleagues and Jerry Wald wanted an acquiescent adapter for this project, I was the wrong man for the job. There were some frowns, and even a glare or two, but not from Bob. That was the first time I saw the famous touch football go into action. "Look," Bob said, "it's a Sunday afternoon, a beautiful day, why don't we just go outside and throw the football around for a few minutes?"

We walked along together, Bob tossing the football a few feet in the air and catching it, as we headed for the field. "You feel awfully strongly about this?"

"Damn right I do." By this time, I was encouraged that we were on our way to an unusual film—with luck, the "*Waterfront* on a national canvas" that Jerry Wald was urging, the kind of picture Hollywood rarely, if ever, tries to make.

"I hate to fight you," I said. "Over these months I've been talking to you, I've come to respect you and like you a lot, but——"

"But you also believe in what you're doing," he said.

"Hell, yes! I believe in the theme of the book. I think you've touched a nerve. This country could be great—if it doesn't flounder, lose its way—if we can defeat it's your title—your idea—*The Enemy Within*. But to get that theme across and not just preach at the people it's got to be done through live people. And that's why I feel we need the scene with the wife and some of the other personal things I've added."

Bob nodded. "After a while, why don't you go back to the hotel and think it over. I will, too. Then come back for supper and we'll talk about it a little more."

After the game, I had to go back to the hotel and lie down. I hadn't run out for a pass like that since my late teen years at Deerfield Academy. Bob must have thrown one that went 60 yards. If ever there was a new event added to the Olympics, like the decathlon, but including football, mountain climbing, skiing, running rapids, ice skating, being an attentive and loving family man, bucking racketeers, bigots and warmongers, Bob would have been a shoo-in for the gold medal.

Later that evening in that thoroughly lived-in house in McLean, Virginia, I stood in front of the fireplace and read —not stammering this time, because I was beginning to know Bob Kennedy, beginning to trust him as a friend— "The Kennedy-Schulberg Compromise." "In the spirit of the immortal Henry Clay . . ." I began.

Bob laughed. "We have a couple of high-powered lawyers in this room, but I have a terrible feeling we're going to lose this case."

Actually, we compromised it pretty well. I gave a little and they gave a little and, as Bob said, "Everything worked out fine."

When the screenplay was completed, he phoned me—enthusiastic. He felt that I had dramatized the theme—a challenge to the country—in terms that would both entertain and move a large audience, as Jerry had hoped. He suggested I fly up to Washington, so that certain technical aspects of a Senate investigation could be corrected. And also, he said he had one criticism involving characterization that he would like to make.

Again I returned to Hickory Hill. Bob was sitting in that favorite little den in his shirt sleeves. "Now I can tell you, even when Wald was calling and urging me to let him make a movie out of it, I could never really picture how anyone could get a *story* out of it." But then he called out to Ethel. "Ethel, dearest, I know you have had a hard day, but I wonder if you would be kind enough to bring me some ice cream. Is that too much to ask, Ethel, dearest?"

And Ethel answered sweetly, "No, of course not, Bobby, dear, after all those long hours you've been putting in at the office working so hard for the people of this country . . ."

And Bob replied in kind. And then Ethel. Until finally I said "OK, OK, I get the picture. You're right." It had been Bob's way of telling me that he thought the one false section of the script was the relationship of the young chief investigator and his wife, drawn from but not intended specifically to represent the Kennedys. I had made them too sentimental, too overtly loving and too talkative. The only thing Bob wasn't kidding about that evening was the ice cream. Ethel, now the devoted but brisk and efficient wife for real, and not the sugary version I had written and that they had just satirized so effectively —brought Bob a half-gallon carton of ice cream. If I remember correctly, he finished it all while discussing other points in the script I had noticed, over what had been nearly a year now, that he was getting better and better as a dramatic critic. He did not limit himself to those sections involving his work and that of his colleagues on the Senate racket committee. In several cases, he suggested, since the script was over length, that I would seem to make my point in a scene and then extend it another six lines or so that were anticlimactic. In everything I had an opportunity to watch Bob do over the seven years I knew him, I found him an incredibly quick study. He read and he watched and he listened and he learned.

In this case, I said, "Bob, if you're ever out of work, feel free to call on me —at the rate you're improving, I'll happily recommend you as a story editor at 20th Century Fox."

Bob grinned. "Thanks. I'll remember that. At the moment, I'm gainfully employed. But in this world, you never know."

In their thoughtful appreciation of Bob Kennedy, written in those first nightmare hours after we lost him in that cursed pantry of the Ambassador Hotel, Warren Rogers and Stanley Tretick of *Look* magazine, good and true friends of Bob's over a long period, added, "He was fun to be around. . . ." Everyone who knew him personally, with the exception of his enemies, would heartily agree. The kind of whimsical scene he had created to debunk one section of my script, rather than to come at it head on, made him a consistently entertaining companion. One morning he asked me to breakfast at the family

apartment on Central Park South. Ed Guthman, his press officer, was there. It was 8:30 and Bob had just returned from Mass. "What would you fellas like for breakfast?" he asked. Ed and I both thought bacon and eggs would be fine. "A nice Catholic boy like me has to cook bacon and eggs on Friday for a couple of backsliding Jewish boys." But while we stood around in the small kitchen, Bob started, quite efficiently, to prepare the breakfast. Gore Vidal had just published what seemed to Bob's friends an incredibly malicious profile of Bob in a national magazine, managing to edit out all of his virtues and providing a professional job of character assassination in Gore's well-known waspish style. The bacon and eggs turned out fine and as Bob served them, clowning his solicitude, he said, "If only Gore Vidal could see me now—the lovable Bobby—standing over a hot stove to see that his friends get a good, nutritious start on the day."

We all laughed and I think I mumbled something about asking that magazine to give us equal time to refute Vidal's distortion of the Kennedy we knew. But behind the laughter and the wry humor, I felt a real hurt, even a sense of bafflement in Bob that his public image was so much closer to Vidal's caricature than to the actual, intensely human being we knew. And as I look back on that day, it seems a tragic irony that "equal time" for Bob Kennedy had to come in the form of a post mortem.

If I emphasize the sense of fun in Bob Kennedy, it is only because that part of the total picture of the man seems to have been more blurred than any other. But I—and I speak for hundreds and scores of hundreds of others fortunate enough to have known him—also saw him when he was deadly serious. When something struck him as wrong or evil, it was his nature to root it out, or to try like hell—not tomorrow, but now. For instance, it may be a little-known fact that one of Bob's first acts as Attorney General was to ask how many Negroes there were among the 1500 lawyers in the Justice Department. The astonishing answer was, "About ten." Bob was shocked. Less than one percent! He said, "That number should be multiplied by ten, as soon as possible." The old bugaboo about "qualified personnel" was mentioned, the timeworn barrier to black advancement on professional and unionized technical levels. Here was Bob Kennedy at his best, which was as good as the country could get, maybe better than it will get for a long, long time. "Why can't we cut through this right away? I'll call the head of the Bar Association of every big city, get them to give me the names of the leading black lawyers in their communities. Then I'll call those lawyers and ask them if they're interested in coming to work for the Justice Department."

In a short time, there were more than 100 black lawyers in the department. I happened, quite accidentally, to walk in on a meeting in the big office of the Attorney General at which one of the new black recruits, attorney Charley Smith from Los Angeles, was giving his report to perhaps 30 other department attorneys on a complicated case of tax evasion. Some clever manipulator—not quite as clever as Smith, apparently—had moved his funds from one company to another and from one bank to another. Smith kept rattling off enormous figures, names of banks, various people through whose hands these large sums had passed—without ever referring to his notes. To a layman like me, it was a dazzling performance. And to many of the lawyers present, it was no less so. Over and over again, they would have to interrupt to say they had missed the last couple of points. "You've got to go a little slower, Charley," Bob said. "Remember, you not only know a lot more about this case but you're smarter than most of us." Smith smiled and ran his mind back a few hundred feet and then raced forward again, six- and seven-figure amounts pouring from him as from a human computer. "Now you see what's happened," Bob said to me at the end of the day, which meant fairly late into the evening. "Now we've got a lot of new lawyers and most of them are so smart we can't keep up with them."

I also happened to see Bob Kennedy on the day that James Meredith was ready for his effort to go through the color barrier at Ole Miss. The bigots in Oxford were out in full force that day and the governor himself was going to stand in the doorway of the university and refuse young Meredith his civil and human rights to an education at the state university. It has been said by his detractors that Bob didn't *care*, that he was merely going through the motions of supporting civil rights for political reasons. But I saw him that day and night, in direct contact with Big Jim McShane and the U.S. marshals trying to protect Meredith from the broken bottles, the stones and the obscenities. I remember Bob's saying to me, "I know it's only *one*"—he was much more sensitive to the debilitating concept of *tokenism* than his black critics may have realized—"but it's the first one, and then two and then four, eight, until everybody who's qualified to go to college gets his chance in that state. We have got to enforce the Constitution: and now that the Supreme Court has made that very clear, we've got to speed up the process. We've got to—it's the *law*, it's our moral obligation. . . ." Then he added, not as any kind of speech but as a human outcry, "Oh, God, I hope nothing happens to Meredith. I feel responsible for him. I promised we'd back him up all the way—and I'm worried for McShane and the others, too. It seems so simple, so simple to us, and down there it's bloody hell."

Bob stayed up all through that night, getting minute-by-minute reports and even wondering if he should go down in person to help direct that battle. No one can ever tell me that Bob Kennedy was merely going through the motions of supporting human rights. He *lived* human rights; and just as he had telephoned Martin Luther King in jail in the earlier years of the civil rights struggle, he was at the end of his short life closer to understanding the cries, threats, demands and needs of the black ghettos than anyone else in high public life.

As for *The Enemy Within*, the picture never got made. Jerry Wald died and there seemed to be no one left in Hollywood courageous enough to produce it. It attacked labor racketeering and big-business corruption, which go together like the horse and carriage, the unhappy harnessing that continues to this day. On one occasion, a big, tough, corrupt labor boss walked into the office of a film-studio head and growled that if the studio dared make that picture, the film trucks that carried it would be overturned and there would be stink bombs in the theaters. A nationally known racketeer-lawyer, mentioned prominently in Bob's book, present at the Apalachin summit conference heard that another studio was considering my screenplay and made it clear to everyone scheduled to attend the meeting (of which this important Syndicate member obviously had news in advance) that there would be *trouble*, and not merely legal trouble, if *The Enemy Within* was brought to the screen.

In the course of a long struggle to overcome that semi-invisible censorship, I would see Bob from time to time. I understood that it was not his role to ask any studio to produce his book. And he, in turn, understood my reluctance to give up a project into which I had poured so much time and passion. In time, I had to abandon the project (though never the dream of one day seeing it on film) and move on to other work—a Broadway musical, short stories, a magazine series on "The Waterfront Revisited," subtitled, "Jimmy Hoffa Is the Sewer Through Which the Mob Flows into the Labor Movement." Said Bob of that one, "You're getting tougher, meaner and more ruthless than I am!" By this time, we had moved from a healthy professional to a relaxed personal relationship. I would see him when I went East and often would spend an hour or an evening with him when he passed through Los Angeles.

After the August fires of 1965 told the world about Watts, I founded a small creative-writing class there that grew into the Watts Writers Workshop, with a resident center of its own, which the

"I suppose we're going to have to put up with that dirty snicker for the whole damn year!"

writers called Douglass House, in honor of the ex-slave who taught himself to write, who escaped to the North and became one of the towering figures of the Abolition Movement and whose book *My Bondage and My Freedom* became one of the pivotal works of the pre-Civil War period. In the beginning, Douglass House was financed by my writing all the writers I knew and asking each one to contribute $25 each month or $300 a year. In my letter to Bob, I said I was appealing to him not as a Senator (as he since had become) but as a fellow writer. His check arrived with a note asking me to keep him in touch with our progress. From time to time, he would give me his observations on the growing black urban dislocation. From my experience in Watts, it seemed to me that he was one of the rare public figures who understood the marginal life, the inner tension, the growing alienation and the search for identity and self-development in the black ghettos. When we sent him our anthology, *From the Ashes: Voices of Watts*, he acknowledged it with a warm letter, saying he would like to pay a personal visit to the Workshop the next time he was in Los Angeles.

When he was in Los Angeles in May 1967, as part of a subcommittee with Senator Joe Clark holding public hearings in Watts, Bob asked me (at the home of Pierre Salinger on the eve of his going to Watts) if I could arrange an informal meeting for him, a private meeting, without publicity, at Douglass House. "And don't stack it with Uncle Toms or middle-of-the-roaders. I'd like to hear from the militants, how they're really thinking. Formal hearings can only tell you so much . . ."

Late the next afternoon, after the public hearings and an exhausting tour of a score of facilities in Watts, Bob accompanied Harry Dolan, director of the Watts Workshop, and me to our rendezvous. For more than 90 minutes, the kids in the Malcolm X sweaters, and a few of the oldsters who were almost as angry, let Bob have it. "What street did they bring you down?" a fierce 19-year-old demanded. "I bet they brought you down Century. Those phony city-hall handkerchiefheads showed you only what they want to show you. . . . We're sick of all this bouncin' off the wall talk. . . . Why do our brothers do all the dying in Vietnam?" Bob mostly parried the questions that were more like accusations of the entire white establishment, occasionally saying something personal and pointed, in his quiet, diffident way.

"You see," said the ebullient James Thomas Jackson, "we look on you as the boss cat. So we figure you should do something extra for us."

"I'll try. I'll try."

When I asked a talented, angry young man who was at the meeting and who had been one of the most vociferous what he thought, he said, "Hell, he's not as bad as some. But I'll bet he goes back to Washington and forgets all about it."

Interestingly, when Bob addressed a campaign luncheon at the Beverly Hilton on the Thursday before that final Tuesday, he said that when he had been in Watts a year earlier, a young man had accused him of seeing only the wide, clean streets of Watts, and that in the back yard of his mother's ramshackle house, the garbage was piled up, because the city did not offer the same facilities to poor blacks as it did to middle-class whites. At the Hilton, Bob went on to say that he tried to explain to the young man that while this was basically a municipal problem rather than one he could help solve in the Senate, at the same time he recognized the depth of the anger and he felt it was symbolic of the problems we must solve from Watts to Bedford-Stuyvesant, or sacrifice our claims on greatness with liberty and justice for all. He had remembered. He had a remarkable memory. As well as a unique capacity for indignation.

On the evening of June fourth, along with scores of other well-wishers, I was in one of the Kennedy suites on the fifth floor of the Ambassador, talking with friends—Sandy Vanocur, John Frankenheimer, Pete Hamill, George Plimpton—when Warren Rogers came in to tell me that Bob would like to talk to me for a few minutes before he went down to accept his victory in the Embassy Room. I went into a small room, where he was sitting on the floor, leaning against the wall, with his arms around his knees, smoking a small cigar. In this moment of a key victory over Senator McCarthy in California, he looked less arrogant than ever. Again, the adjective "wistful" comes to mind. Wistful and concerned.

He asked me what I thought he ought to say. I do not want to make more of this than there is. Of course, he had talked to Sorensen, Schlesinger, and others, and knew from more astute advisors than I—and from his own deep instincts—exactly what he would like to say. I think he asked me because we were friends.

"Well, of course you know who won this election for you——" I began.

He smiled softly. "You are going to give me the speech about the eighty-five or ninety percent black vote and the

"I was thinking . . . uh . . . Dow Chemical."

Chicanos' practically one hundred percent."

"Bob, you're the only white man in this country they trust," I said.

He said, "Is Cesar Chavez downstairs? I was hoping he would be on the platform with me. I'd like to have you on the platform with me, too, if you'd like to." And then he brought up the Watts Writers Workshop and the Douglass House Theater. "I think you've touched a nerve," he said. "We need so many new ideas. I had one about the private sector joining with the public to encourage business enterprise in the ghettos—to build jobs for people within their own community. I have a feeling of what they need, and must have. But we need so many ideas. We're way behind in ideas. I've learned a lot since you and I first talked about civil rights. I think this workshop idea of yours is kind of a throwback to the Federal Theater and Writers Project of the New Deal. We have to encourage not just mechanical skills and find jobs in those areas but creative talent. I saw it in Watts, at the Douglass House—so much talent to be channeled, strong self expression. I'd like to see it on a national scale, with Federal help. I'll do everything I can . . ."

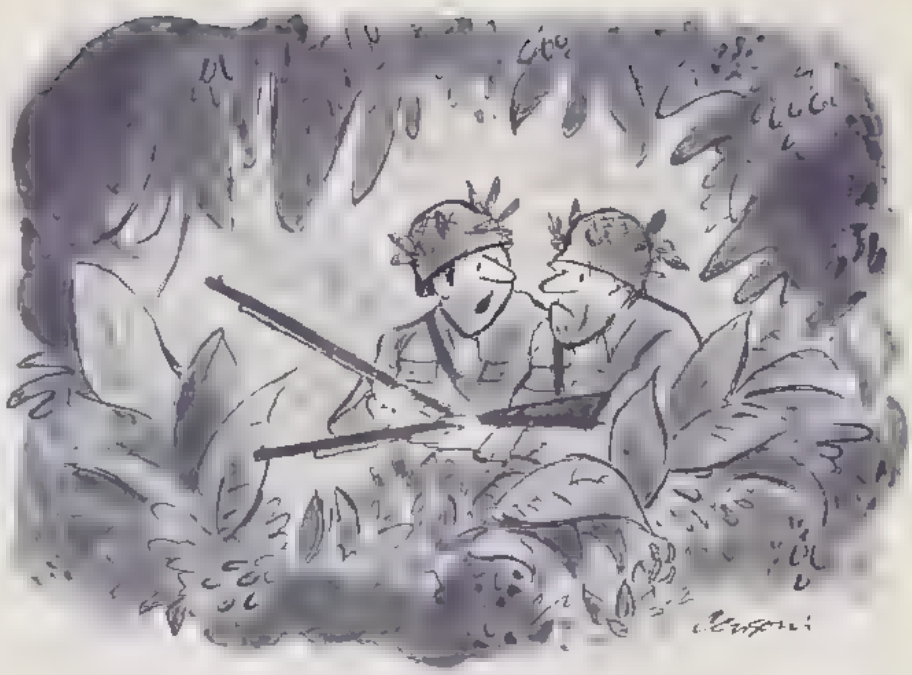
Speaker of the California House Jesse Unruh came over to remind Bob that it was getting close to midnight, time to go down and acknowledge the victory and appear on national television. The voice of the able and practical professional.

"All right," Bob said. He moved slowly. He did not seem excited or prideful. I do not think it is after the fact to say that his attitude struck me as resigned determination.

He turned to my wife, Geraldine, and to me. Warren Rogers and a few others now gathered around. "After I say a few words, I'll come through the pantry and meet you in that little pressroom."

That is how we happened to be so close to that pantry door, Warren and Geraldine and Pete Hamill and Booker Griffin and a few others, when we heard those shots that were to change the course of American life. The last words he said to me, as he started down the hall with Speaker Unruh and his entourage, were, "Budd, stick around, we'll talk later."

As I took my turns standing vigil at his bier in St. Patrick's, I looked into the faces of thousands of mourners who had come to say goodbye. Four out of five were poorly dressed and a disproportionate number were black or Puerto Rican. From the funeral train moving slowly to Washington, I looked into the thousands of faces lining the tracks and again it seemed undeniable that they were largely the common people, of whom Lincoln had said, "God must have loved them, because he made so many of them." Passing through Baltimore, it seemed as if its black citizenry had turned out en masse to swell their voices in an unforgettable *Battle Hymn of the Republic*. When the funeral procession passed Resurrection City on its way to Arlington, the desperately poor of all colors lined the edge of their tragic encampment that had lost its black leader and its white champion within eight infamous and inconsolable weeks. In the drizzling darkness, we could not see their faces, only their flickering candles, as they, too, like their brothers along the way, lifted their voices in *The Battle Hymn*.



"I know they're littler than we are, but that means they can hide better."

Feeling the presence of those people who could yet make a revolution or resign themselves to permanent poverty in a land of plenty, I was made even more painfully aware of our loss. Only Bob Kennedy was breathing a fresh new spirit into American politics, tired of the Johnsons, the Nixons and the Humphreys and unmoved by the intellectual aloofness of McCarthy. He was the human, perhaps the last remaining bridge between the best forces of the establishment and the revolutionaries—the angry students and the angry blacks, the dispossessed. With dangerous polarization, the conservatives and reactionaries behind Nixon mouthing platitudes, the speak no evil, see no evil, of H. R. H. and the menace of the backlash Wallace movement, our country may be in for years of hell, disruption—it could be torn apart in the upheavals to come. How desperately we needed Bob—I see him sitting on the floor, waiting to go down and take the applause (and the bullets waiting in the pantry corridor), talking about the Watts Workshop and Chavez and the Chicanos—and meaning it.

That was Bobbyism—an advanced New Dealism getting ready for the Seventies, a style blending the popularism of the 19th Century with a feeling for the suffering caused by the dislocations of the late 20th Century. Nobody else had it—not Rockefeller, who is not a bad man but can't decide to be good enough, not Jack Javits, who is still the white Jewish liberal not quite digging the other ghetto; not McCarthy, who will never be at home with the poor, the working stiff or the unemployed or the black. Bobby had it.

The last remaining bridge? He would not have liked that concept. He still believed in the greatness of man but not in the indispensable man.

But if—to borrow John Gardner's metaphor—"Our 20th Century institutions are caught in a savage cross fire," Bob Kennedy was uniquely prepared to walk through that cross fire in search of that newer world that still eludes us.

Alas, eschewing strong-arm police protection, he was not able to walk through one small pantry where one small man was waiting for him with one small gun.

OK, Bob, we'll stick around. It's just going to be a hell of a lot harder without you.

SEX IN CINEMA *(continued from page 172)*

one critic to remark that she reminded him of her father in drag, and others initially implied that her sole claim to fame was the accident of birth. Jane does, however, owe at least some of her success to her kinky father; her 110 pounds are neatly distributed on a willowy 5'7" frame, just right for the fashion modeling with which her career began. Soon she was successful enough to appear on five simultaneous magazine covers and to command the goodly wage of $50 per hour. Some of these earnings she used to study with acting teacher Lee Strasberg in 1958, but Jane claims she delayed entering the acting dodge for fear of disgracing the family name.

Being a Fonda, however, was no barrier to obtaining a few stage roles, after which Joshua Logan screen-tested and promptly cast her for the film version of *Tall Story*. Jane made her first appearance on screen wearing the briefest of shorts and pedaling a bicycle—and from then on, the camera focused lovingly on her well-rounded rear at every opportunity. In such frothy and farcical subsequent films as *Sunday in New York*, *Cat Ballou* and *Barefoot in the Park*, Jane's sense of comic timing was refined and she seemed well on her way to becoming a youthful replacement for Doris Day. But France beckoned, and she heeded the call. Within a year, she was a favorite of the European masses and the literati alike. Director René Clement starred her in *Joy House* and Roger Vadim, who specialized in making stars of his wives and vice versa, became her constant escort and gave her a role in *Circle of Love*, his gamy version of the already oversexed Arthur Schnitzler play *La Ronde*. Though her French left something to be desired, Vadim made her look so desirable that no one really cared.

Obviously desolate without a movie star for a wife, Vadim married Jane in Las Vegas and promptly put her—all of her—on display in *The Game Is Over*, his adaptation of Zola's *La Curée*. For the delectation of those who might have missed Mrs. Vadim's first show, Vadim costumed her (if that's the word) in provocative futuristic raiment that revealed more than it concealed for his far-out film version of the popular and sexy French comic strip *Barbarella*, which blended science fiction with sadomasochism and every other conceivable variant of the sexual experience—"a kinky *2001*," as one critic dubbed it. Whatever else it did, the role added little to her reputation as an actress.

Other pretty young things, new on the movie scene in the Sixties, took their film careers more seriously than Jane, but it still seemed a matter of chance which of them succeeded in their bids for stardom. Probably no one had a greater opportunity, nor made a more spectacular beginning, than Sue Lyon, who, at 15, was chosen for the title role of *Lolita* by protean director Stanley Kubrick. But Sue somehow never clicked in her subsequent parts and today—though she still appears in an occasional film—is little more than an erotic memory in Hollywood. Yet another teenaged flash in the Hollywood pan was petite and virgin-visaged Sandra Dee, who made her film debut at 15 in *Until They Sail* and, under the aegis of producer Ross Hunter, soon achieved star status. Hunter's theory was that America's women still hungered, in spite of vast social and moral changes, for old-time Hollywood glamor; his proof of the theory would be Sandra, whom he intended to mold into a sexy-sweet and glamorous star who would enchant women as well as captivate men. But the best-laid plans of star makers oft gang agley, and Sandra sank before she was fully launched—mainly because Hunter's blueprint was years out of date.

Equally precocious but more enduring was Tuesday Weld, who was only 13 when she debuted in 1956 in *Rock, Rock, Rock* and was soon known around Hollywood as "the baby beatnik." By the time she was 17, it was bruited about that Tuesday was swilling booze like a stevedore, that she ran around with balding bachelors three times her age and that she sometimes looked almost as old as they did by the morning after. In 1963, when she was a preternaturally mature 20, Tuesday decided to reform. She deserted Hollywood in favor of New York, haunted the public library, took an apartment in the dreary nether reaches of Greenwich Village—and observed classes at the Actors Studio. The result: When she appeared opposite Steve McQueen in *The Cincinnati Kid*, she made co-star Ann-Margret look like an amateur at both acting and sex appeal. The former was no challenge; but the latter was a considerable achievement. Her success at both gives promise of bigger and better things to come—even at the advanced age of 25.

Tuesday's torrid rival in *The Cincinnati Kid*—born Ann Margaret Olsson in Sweden and brought to America by her parents at the age of five—made her screen debut in 1961 in *Pocketful of Miracles*. But she wasn't really noticed until her appearance in 1962 on the *Academy Award Show*, where she did no more than sing one of the nominated songs—but *how* she sang it. Bouncing, jiggling and wiggling in a skintight gown, she belted out the lyrics with a growling animality that all but popped the eyes. Though that single performance earned her a succession of roles, this blatant sexuality ultimately hurt her image and her career; she comes on so strong that, in addition to lacking subtlety, she lacks believability. "Ann-Margret comes through dirty no matter what she plays," critic Pauline Kael remarked; and by making sex seem cheap at a time when healthier attitudes were beginning to emerge on screen, she began to fall behind the times.

It was a time when more and more would-be stars used every opportunity to advance themselves through the art of the still photograph. And none was a more accomplished mistress of that art than Raquel Welch, who rose to star status—with the help of a dedicated press agent and her own spectacular endowments—long before her first picture was released: a Neanderthal potboiler called *One Million Years B. C.*

No less photogenic, though hardly as persistent as Miss Welch in pursuing the lensmen, have been such "instant stars" of the Sixties as Candy Bergen, Anjanette Comer, Jill St. John, PLAYBOY Playmate Stella Stevens and Sharon Tate. Whatever their talent as actresses, they were familiar faces—and physiques—thanks to magazine and newspaper exposure; and this alone was enough to endear them to the studios or to independent producers who were trying to assemble attractive packages they could sell to the studios. Sidney Lumet, for example, faced with the formidable problem of casting eight girls as the Vassar graduates who made up *The Group*, had no hesitation about signing the totally inexperienced Candy Bergen for an important role, or giving one of the meatiest parts to a relative unknown, Joanna Pettet, whose slim, provocative frame soon graced the pages of PLAYBOY. Mia Farrow also made her way to stardom through the magazine-layout route—with a considerable assist from newspaper headlines linking her with Frank Sinatra.

Promising as most of the above young ladies were and are, they have been outshone by Katharine Ross, a luminous-eyed, vibrant-voiced and freckle-faced 5'3" mite of a girl who, although a Hollywoodite by birth, was anything but anxious for a career in its major industry. Instead, after a year of college, she went to San Francisco and joined the prestigious Actors Workshop, then run by Herbert Blau and Jules Irving; and to augment her minuscule Workshop salary she took some television roles that brought her to the attention of Universal. Her first film for that studio was *Games*, in which she played the terrorized society wife of a husband scheming to take over her fortune. Also in the film was Simone Signoret, who was sufficiently impressed with Katharine's talent to recommend her to Mike Nichols, who, at the time, was seeking a girl to play Anne Bancroft's daughter in *The Graduate*. Nichols, having emerged successfully from the rigors of bringing *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* to the screen, tested Katharine with an obscure off-Broadway actor, Dustin Hoffman, and, to everyone's surprise, gave them the roles. Both received Academy Award

nominations and were henceforth in the enviable position of being able to choose from among dozens of screenplays.

In the Sixties more often than not, it took the right role to make a star; in the case of Faye Dunaway, it was the role of Bonnie Parker in *Bonnie and Clyde*. A blonde, coolly sensuous beauty and an actress of distinction, Faye also possessed that intangible something known as style. Her attributes were recognized while she was still a drama major at Boston University. Upon graduation, she was awarded a Fulbright Fellowship to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London, but bypassed the fellowship to join the Lincoln Center Repertory Company, and to take a role in the Broadway stage version of *A Man for All Seasons*. But her big chance came when she took over the Barbara Loden role in *After the Fall*, the Arthur Miller confessional that appeared to ungraciously castigate his former wife, Marilyn Monroe. The reviews were glowing, and Faye further enhanced her reputation with an appearance in *Hogan's Goat*, a critically admired off-Broadway hit—by which time several movie producers were hot on her trail, among them Sam Spiegel and Otto Preminger. After debuting inauspiciously on screen in Spiegel's *The Happening*, she followed up with a featured role in the equally unimpressive if more expensive *Hurry Sundown* for Preminger. But then, fortuitously, came an offer from director Arthur Penn and producer-actor Warren Beatty to co-star in a movie they were planning about the short but eventful career of a pair of Texas bank robbers. The rest, as the expression goes, is box-office history.

The remarkable success of *Bonnie and Clyde* in financial terms alone (some $30,000,000 worldwide) gave resounding boosts to the careers of everyone connected with it, and the controversy over what a few considered to be its excessive violence helped make it the most talked-about film of the year. And in one of those quirks of popular taste for which film makers are ever grateful, *Bonnie and Clyde* even sparked a fashion fever: Faye's Thirties costumes were copied and modified by designers, who brought back the maxiskirt and wide lapelled mannish suits worn with shirt and tie, and long, floppy knitted sweaters. Following the new fashion in movie-star interviews as well, Faye was inclined to be candid, when a British reporter asked her to confirm the rumor that she had once been married to the late Lenny Bruce, he was answered with a firm denial—she hadn't married him, she said; she had only lived with him, adding that it had been one of the most wonderful periods of her life. Of her more recent relationship with photographer Jerry Schatzberg, she termed it an "engagement." Despite, or perhaps in part because of, such off-screen candor, Faye seems destined to become a genuine celebrity.

"Ho, ho, ho . . . you're all busted!"

Others aren't likely to be so lucky; for careers in American films have had a way of zooming and faltering during the Sixties, and this has been especially true for actresses: relatively few, even the young ones, have endured with their status undiminished. The males, on the other hand, have tended to be more durable. Many—Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Burt Lancaster, Gregory Peck, Kirk Douglas—are still going strong despite the fact that they celebrated their 50th birthdays during the decade. Even the grizzled and 60ish John Wayne and Cary Grant continue to hold their own. And those new stars who have emerged—Lee Marvin, James Coburn, Steve McQueen—are almost all well along in years. One reason for this is that maturity in years, with its implied sexual sophistication, has come to be regarded as desirable and attractive. Another reason is that the male stars are more aggressive about coping with the changing financial structure of the industry. Sinatra, for example, has become a law unto himself: he chooses his own screen properties, commissions screenplays, employs directors and functions as a subcontractor with a studio. With this power, of course, goes the privilege of choosing the plum role for himself.

Sinatra has also taken to adding strong doses of sex and violence, in order to maintain his he-man image. In *Tony Rome*, he played a hard-bitten Miami private eye who was well acquainted with the city's dip joints and hookers and took his pleasures on the fly. And in *The Detective* he played a tough New York cop who had to cope with a repellent case of homosexual murder and with a wife who had nymphomaniac tendencies, the salty dialog employed in the film would have been unthinkable only a few years before. By keeping himself *au courant* with the ever-increasing permissiveness regarding subject matter and treatment, Sinatra also kept himself on top of the Hollywood heap.

Similarly, Dean Martin, the drinking man's Cary Grant, found new favor in the Sixties with his relaxed, insouciant attitude toward booze and broads, particularly in his impersonation of Matt Helm, one of the more successful American answers to Britain's Bond. Martin, born Dino Crocetti in 1917, worked as a mill hand, a gas-station attendant and a prize fighter before becoming the vocalist partner of Jerry Lewis in a night club act that became the sensation of the Late Forties and brought the two of them first to television, then into movies. When Lewis decided to go his own way, the wiseacres predicted a rapid demise for his straight man–side kick; but the new Dino—amused, tolerant, knowledgeable, especially about sex—soared as a solo while Lewis continued to grind out ever more adolescent laff riots.

If the role of a black Sinatra is open, only one actor fits the bill, Sidney Poitier, whose film career dates back to 1950. Symptomatic of the change that has come over the American screen in that interim is the fact that in his first

picture, *No Way Out*, he was spat upon by a white psychopath; while in *In the Heat of the Night* he was able to deliver a resounding slap to the face of a Southern bigot. In the same year, *To Sir, with Love* and *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner* established him among the industry's box-office champions and made him a millionaire. But despite the discreet kiss he bestowed upon Katharine Houghton in *Dinner*, Poitier remained for many black people a kind of Uncle Tom, a figure of implacable probity who could always be counted upon to do the noble thing—by white standards. Anguished by this image, Poitier sought to change it by writing and starring in *For Love of Ivy*, perhaps the first major film to center around the love story of two Negroes. A box-office hit, it presented Poitier as an elegant, suave, amusing and emphatically sexual rogue.

Far more of a champion to the black community, however, is the fast-rising Jim Brown, former superstar of the Cleveland Browns, who—characteristically—took virile pride in his color in *The Dirty Dozen* and engaged in some steamy love scenes with Diahann Carroll in *The Split*. Significantly, the brawny ex-fullback was the only character to emerge with any virtue in that film's overwhelmingly white cast. By the late Sixties, Hollywood was beginning to act as if there had never been a Stepin Fetchit. Before long, there seems little doubt that Brown will be in a position to emulate Poitier's formula for success—and independence. Head of his own production company—like Sinatra—Poitier is able to pick and choose (and even write) the stories he wants to make; and as one of the industry's most eminently bankable personalities, he can withhold script approval on the films of others until they are altered to his taste.

No less firmly in command of his own destiny is Paul Newman, particularly since his price has skyrocketed to a $1,000,000 fee per picture. Newman's early career was traced in *Sex Stars of the Fifties*, but in the Sixties, through a combination of strong roles, acting intensity and masculine appeal, he overcame the Brandoesque image with which he had been saddled and established a firm screen personality of his own—usually that of a charming rat who was not above rape (as in *Hud*) when it came to having his way with the ladies. Unlike Brando—a more gifted actor, who allowed his career to decline through his choice of flabby roles—Newman took chances with what appeared to be experimental material. He was a lost young pool shark in *The Hustler*, one of the better American pictures of the decade; and he brought his flashy role of Chance Wayne effectively to the screen in *Sweet Bird of Youth*, a melodramatic mélange of moral and political corruption in the Deep South. He also made a few boners, as in *A New Kind of Love* and in an eminently forgettable period piece called *Lady L*, but Newman was resilient and gave his most striking performance in *Cool Hand Luke*, as a nonconformist prisoner in a Southern work camp.

So popular had he become by 1967 that his very blue-eyed presence in a project often gave the financial leaders of the industry the courage to gamble on unconventional and original material; for, good or bad, his movies usually turned a profit. Refusing to be typed either on the screen or in real life, he made his home in Connecticut with his wife (Joanne Woodward) and children, rather than in Hollywood; he preferred driving a Volkswagen to a Lincoln Continental; and he publicly declared himself against this country's involvement in Vietnam and worked energetically for the nomination of Senator Eugene McCarthy during the 1968 Presidential campaign. A thinking actor, he also insists on putting more than his two cents' worth into the directorial development of his roles, and last year took the ultimate step by directing his wife in *Rachel, Rachel*, a touching film about the belated love life of a spinster schoolteacher.

His onetime model, meanwhile, the most magnetic male figure of the previous decade, had allowed himself to take on flesh, had gotten horrendously involved in domestic difficulties and had floundered through a succession of unsuccessful films. After a financial and directorial debacle with *One-Eyed Jacks* (1961), Brando took part in another ill-starred monstrosity, the remake of *Mutiny on the Bounty*, and further fouled himself up during the filming of that picture by impregnating a sloe-eyed Tahitian by the name of Tarita. Already embattled with his first wife, Anna Kashfi, whom he was reported to have married after *she* became pregnant, Brando had to endure what he most detested: a public airing of his private life.

All that sustained him was the magic of his name, which was still sufficient for John Huston to pair him with Elizabeth Taylor in *Reflections in a Golden Eye*. As an Army major tormented by a wife contemptuous of his impotence and latent homosexuality, he displayed flashes of his old power and sensitivity; but even so, the picture was blasted by most critics. Though still undeniably gifted, Brando suffers from what some consider a basic disdain for the art of acting. Perhaps in compensation for what he felt was a fundamentally unworthy endeavor, he has begun to give himself liberally, as Newman has, to the support of the numerous causes he believes in—among them, the civil rights struggle and humane treatment for American Indians. Heading pudgily toward his mid-40s, Brando shows signs of losing his pulling power at the box office; indeed, it has been rumored that his presence in a film is like an albatross hovering over a doomed ship. Certainly, as the end of the decade approaches, the disasters are mounting.

A much firmer hold on his film career has been maintained by Steve McQueen who, though less creatively endowed than Brando, undoubtedly enjoys more popular appeal. According to one critic, McQueen is "an oddball who combines the cockiness of Cagney, the glower of Bogart and the rough-diamond glow of Garfield"—a potent combination but one to which McQueen adds a charm and a sensitivity all his own; women are attracted to, and men admire, the masculine authority he imparts to his roles. McQueen comes naturally by his toughness and cockiness. Born in Indianapolis, Indiana, in 1930, he was deserted by his father while still a baby. His mother took him to an uncle's farm in Slater, Missouri, then later to Southern California, where young Terence Stephen neglected school in favor of the streets. He was finally sent to Boys Republic, a school for problem children, but at 15, he ran off again and drifted into a series of occupations that hardly seemed to foretell a promising future: At one time or another, he was an oil worker, a seaman, a carnival huckster, a cabdriver, a poker-playing hustler and a bartender. When he eventually played a poker shark in *The Cincinnati Kid*, McQueen really knew what he was doing.

After a hitch with the Marines, he went to New York and wandered aimlessly from job to job, until an actress friend introduced him to acting coach Sanford Meisner who told the incredulous McQueen, then 21, that he had talent. Though his first role was unpromising—a one-line walk-on in a Yiddish play—other acting jobs soon turned up in summer stock and road companies of Broadway hits. Turning serious, he applied at the Actors Studio and was accepted. Eventually, he took over the Ben Gazzara role in *A Hatful of Rain*, then signed on for a TV series, *Wanted—Dead or Alive*, that ran for three years. At the time, it was thought that excessive television exposure killed an actor's chances for success in the movies, but McQueen was the first exception; capable young leading men were growing scarce. And when his brash secondary role in Frank Sinatra's undistinguished *Never So Few* caught the fancy of MGM, the television larder began to be raided, with McQueen leading the ranks of its refugees toward movie stardom.

Though anything but a publicity seeker, McQueen did not lack for attention from the press. A talented motorcyclist, close to championship caliber in racing events—and, for a time, an auto racer, too—McQueen enjoyed careening through the California streets, often with the police in hot pursuit. It was difficult for him to slow down, even to attend his wedding; he was on his way to the minister with his bride-to-be when screaming police sirens halted their car.

When Steve explained their destination the state troopers thoughtfully provided a reverend—and served as witnesses at the ceremony. His cycling talents came in handy for his first big hit *The Great Escape* (1963), in which he zoomed about the German countryside outwitting half the *Wehrmacht* with his spectacular stunts, until he was finally cornered.

A twitchy grin—belying the explosive potential of violence within—gave him a recognizable personality that he went on to display with professional authority in such films as *The Sand Pebbles* and *Nevada Smith*. Hollywood came to regard him as one of the industry's most reliable male stars and he soon moved up to the $1,000,000-per-picture bracket. To protect his holdings, he formed his own production company and farmed himself out for such projects as *The Thomas Crown Affair*. By then, he had traded his speeding proclivities for puttering around his handsome house high in the fashionable hills of Brentwood, devoting himself to his wife and children. Remembering his ill-starred youth, he has even established a scholarship for other problem children at Boys Republic.

Another television refugee is the darkly handsome James Garner, who was once convinced he would spend his declining years starring on the tube in such series as *Son of Maverick* and *Cheyenne Revisited*. In 1962, however, he risked all by appearing in a straight—and decidedly square—role in William Wyler's denatured version of *The Children's Hour*, then went the action route in *The Great Escape* and finally found his forte in the good-natured comedy of such films as *Move Over, Darling* and *The Americanization of Emily*. Looking younger than his 40 years, Garner has since established himself as one of the most popular, if unexciting, of the ranking male stars. And when Garner is not available for the kind of parts he plays, it is frequently the Australian-born Rod Taylor who gets the nod these days.

McQueen was in his early 30s before his career got off the ground; Garner and Taylor were even older. Of those few male stars of the Sixties who are still in the first flush of youth, none in Hollywood is bigger or brasher than the self-assured Warren Beatty. The brother of Shirley MacLaine and her junior by three years, he began his climb to fame as early as 1955, when he enrolled at 18 in Northwestern's School of Speech and Drama. He could have gone just about anywhere—for, while at high school in his home state of Virginia, he had been the star center of the football team and no fewer than ten offers of football scholarships had flooded in. But Warren worried about damaging his good looks and eschewed the college gridiron.

Easily bored—and sometimes boring others in turn, with his offbeat behavior—he left college after a year and repaired

Make friends with MARTELL Cognac

Photo Dreyer

to New York, where he enrolled at an acting school run by Stella Adler. Resolutely refusing any aid or assistance from either his sister or other members of his family, he lived in a furnished room in Manhattan, played cocktail-hour piano at a midtown bar and worked for a time as a sand hog on a new third tube of the Lincoln Tunnel. Eventually, his striking good looks got him into television, and he alternated TV appearances with stock-company jobs—at one of which William Inge and Joshua Logan saw him and arranged a screen test for what eventually turned out to be *Splendor in the Grass*, directed by Elia Kazan and written by Inge. Meanwhile Inge got him the lead in his play *A Loss of Roses*. The critics liked Warren, but the play failed.

Splendor, however, was a box-office winner—in spite of mixed reviews. *Life* hailed him as "a new and major movie star, combining the little-boy-lost charms of the late James Dean and the smoldering good looks of Marlon Brando." Actually, he looked like no one but his shaggily handsome self, and he was not much of an actor—yet. But he did have a sleepy charm and, with it, youth—a film commodity of which there was not then much around, beyond the confectionary Frankie Avalon and Troy Donahue. In five subsequent films, however (*The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone, All Fall Down, Lilith, Promise Her Anything* and *Mickey One*), Beatty appeared to be losing his early luster—and he began to acquire a reputation for being difficult. While making *Lilith*, he drove the late Robert Rossen to the limits of endurance with his temperament and intractability, once refusing to work for three days unless a line in the script was amended.

But Beatty scored heavily in the field of seduction: he literally mowed the girls down. Natalie Wood, Joan Collins and Leslie Caron, among many others—in much publicized rapid succession. So smitten was Miss Caron that she left home and hearth, inspiring her husband to file for divorce and name Beatty as corespondent. Undaunted, Warren was soon off, looking for other places to pitch woo and make hay. Barbara Harris, the piquant Broadway star, made his not-so-little black book, according to gossip columnist Sheila Graham, and it wasn't long before Beatty was being seen with an obviously smitten Julie Christie.

Ironically enough, it was as an impotent hick-town bank robber that Beatty at last hit his stride and became one of the biggest, richest and most sought-after stars of the late Sixties. And he had only himself to thank for it, too; he saw the possibilities in a script called *Bonnie and Clyde*, purchased it for $75,000 and decided to both produce and direct it as a starring vehicle for himself and his sister, Shirley, whom he wisely replaced with Faye Dunaway on the grounds that, as *Time* expressed it, he would be adding "incest to injury"—since the script featured gobs of gore and sexual transgressions galore. No less wisely, Beatty replaced himself as director with the gifted Arthur Penn, inveigled the requisite $2,500,000 out of Jack L. Warner and gave the performance of his life as Clyde Barrow. *Time* called the film "a watershed picture, the kind that signals a new style, a new trend" and no one agreed with this estimate more than Beatty himself, who had produced a classic, made himself a millionaire overnight and helped inaugurate a new era of boldness in American film making. If boldness consisted of new wrinkles in the presentation of sex and new dimensions in violence, then it was abundantly in evidence by the end of the decade.

One male star who benefited mightily from the trend toward violence was tall, lean, squinty-eyed Clint Eastwood, a Californian who ambled around the studios for several years playing small roles and finally landed a six-year role in *Rawhide*, a series that earned him a large fan following but no movie offers. Not until that is. Clint received an invitation from Europe to play the menacing hero of an Italian-German-Spanish Western called *A Fistful of Dollars*, which was so successful that it spawned not only a sequel (*For a Few Dollars More*) but a host of imitators.

Another new star with the capacity to handle violence and still maintain his cool is James Coburn, who came up fast in the mid-Sixties. The kinky, long-faced Coburn has also been eminently successful in adding a comic, even a farcical touch to his portrayals; his ironic acting style is ideally suited for the irreverent mood that has begun to infiltrate a good many of Hollywood's films. But he made little impression on audiences until he played a cold-blooded, knife-throwing cowpuncher in *The Magnificent Seven*. In *The Americanization of Emily*, his humorous side emerged, then producer Saul David, deciding it was high time to caricature James Bond, tapped Coburn for the role of Derek Flint, an insubordinate supersecret agent who dwells luxuriously in a remarkably well-equipped apartment designed for his special tastes: Dwelling with him are not one or two or even three but *four* exotic beauties, whose continuous presence on the premises Flint explains with the remark, "Man does not live by bread alone." On the crest of *Our Man Flint*'s success—and that of its sequel *In Like Flint*—Coburn has turned himself into a corporation that lines out its chief executive at $500,000 per picture. Coburn, like the grizzled McQueen and Eastwood, signaled a marked departure from the collar-ad good looks of former matinee idols. Indeed, in keeping with the newer trend in moviemaking, they were called upon to portray heavies as often as heroes.

But if Coburn, McQueen and Eastwood were less than handsome by conventional standards, the battle-scarred, heavy-lipped Lee Marvin (see this month's *Playboy Interview*) was downright ugly. It is significant that he had to wait until his early 40s, by which time the antihero had become firmly established as a screen type, before attaining star stature. Like Coburn, with whom he was sometimes compared, Marvin was equally at home in comic and violent roles, and it was in the former that he was finally recognized. The vehicle was *Cat Ballou*, a Western take-off in which he did a hilarious lampoon of a drunken gun fighter whose accuracy grew more uncanny the more he drank. Marvin had already made something of a name for himself as a mean brute; as far back as 1954, when he played the leader of a motorcycle gang opposing Marlon Brando in *The Wild One*, he was nasty enough, as Bosley Crowther expressed it, "to make you cringe"; and in *Bad Day at Black Rock*, he was, also according to Crowther, "hideous as a dim-witted tough." A well-seasoned veteran of both Broadway and television, Marvin was regarded as merely a good, all-around working actor until public taste elevated his kind of noncommittal toughness from bad guy to good-bad guy.

In one of the biggest and most violent hits of 1967, *The Dirty Dozen*, Marvin's portrayal of an Army major who goads, browbeats and whips a bunch of convicted criminals into a disciplined and murderous commando unit, won the respect of his men, the critics and the public alike. Hardly had the furor attending that film died down—many regarded it as a flagrant example of the increasing violence in pictures—when along came *Point Blank*, excitingly directed by newcomer John Boorman. Among its scenes of cold-blooded sadism (in one of which Marvin delivers a brutal and explicit blow to a thug's crotch) was a remarkable moment of cold-blooded sex. Dedicated to a strange vendetta, Marvin persuades his girl (Angie Dickinson) to offer herself to one of his enemies, so that he can dispose of the hapless fellow while they're in the throes of passion—the ultimate *coitus interruptus*. Marvin's star has since continued to climb, even while his temples continue to silver—his lean, weathered, indisputably male image final confirmation of the fact that sex appeal is no longer a unique possession of the young or the handsome.

Despite all the excitement generated by Marvin, McQueen, Coburn and the other recent arrivals on the Hollywood scene, the American studios—and American audiences—looked increasingly abroad during the Sixties for actors who could combine sex appeal with Thespian ability. It wasn't a matter of selling America short, merely that more and more of Hollywood's product was being filmed in Europe, where costs were lower and substantial subsidies could be

"Don't take any prisoners—I have just enough for us."

obtained from dollar-hungry governments. One caveat generally faced the would-be "runaway" producer: A substantial portion of his cast and crew had to be recruited from local talent. Thus, many an actor who was grudgingly given the lead in an American financed production suddenly found himself soaring in the rarefied heights of international stardom. And none soared higher during the Sixties than Sean Connery—at least, as long as he sustained his James Bond image.

Although the Ian Fleming thrillers had appeared in book form throughout the Fifties, Fleming had been chary about disposing of the film rights, perhaps cannily sensing that their worth would increase as time wore on. Finally, two producers—Albert Broccoli and Harry Saltzman—offered him a favorable deal for the rights to the books (*Casino Royale* excepted, the rights to which had been seized earlier by the late agent-producer Charles Feldman, who later made it into a zany spoof with Woody Allen as an improbable heir to the Bond mantle). While looking for the most suitable actor to play Bond, Broccoli and Saltzman instigated a newspaper contest in London for the most likely 007. The winner was Sean Connery whose varied background would have fitted him for almost any role.

Born in Edinburgh in 1930, he had accumulated a wealth of experience in different occupations; after his school years, he held jobs as a truck driver, cement mixer, bricklayer, steel bender, printer's assistant, lifeguard and coffin polisher. Then, while on a holiday in London, he met an acquaintance who told him the touring company of *South Pacific* was in need of a chorus boy, and Sean applied for and got the position, later joining a suburban repertory company. His first film appearance was in 1955, in the British crime movie *No Road Back*. After that, Sean kept himself busy in a series of secondary film roles.

Then Broccoli and Saltzman came along and asked him to do a test for *Dr. No*. He refused, feeling himself well enough established not to need testing for so frivolous a role, but the producers were so impressed by his "dark, cruel good looks" that he got the part anyway. Filmed largely in Jamaican locales, *Dr. No* was released in England in 1962 and in the United States in 1963—to sparse and lukewarm notices. No one took the film very seriously, and hardly noticed at all by reviewers was the star—or his comely co-star, Ursula Andress, who padded around with a knife sheathed on her bikini. *Time*'s reviewer, however, turned out to be percipient in assessing the potential of the man who was to become the decade's most important star: "Sean Connery," he wrote, "moves with a tensile grace that excitingly suggests the violence that is bottled in Bond."

Despite the other reviews, the film did well enough at the box office to justify a second Bond picture. Cannily sensing an audience drift, United Artists gave Broccoli and Saltzman more budget leeway for *From Russia with Love*; and Terence Young, previously a somewhat uncertain director, seemed to know what Bond was all about: cool offhand sex and equally offhand violence. Bond was the one man who could stand up to the sinister forces at loose in the world, the one man who, with his sexual aplomb, could divert if not convert a beauty bent on his undoing. Any element of parody involved was now intentional. The cretins could take the stuff straight and the sophisticated could appreciate the humor while lapping up the action.

In less than two years, Sean Connery became the hottest star property in a boom-or-bust industry. Good fortune is presumed to mellow its recipients, but it only angered Connery; and as each succeeding film in the series racked up larger and larger returns—*Goldfinger* and *Thunderball* were among the most profitable ever made—his disaffection grew. He felt his typecasting as the ruthless, ruthless Bond was restricting his capacities as a serious actor; and he felt he wasn't being made sufficiently rich. Connery was already a millionaire when he aired his grievances; Broccoli and Saltzman had cut him in for a percentage of the awesome profits ever since *Goldfinger*. But he remained dissatisfied.

The off-camera Connery had little in common with the suavely sybaritic 007, according to a *Life* reporter, he bore "as much semblance to champagne-sipping Bond as a bowlful of haggis to a *jambon en croûte*." In contrast to Bond, a Savile Row paradigm, Sean's favorite attire was sloppy sweaters, pullover shirts and work pants purchased at a discount store; and his Volkswagen was a far cry from Bond's custom-built and lethally accessoried Aston Martin—although the Volks was specially fitted with a washbasin and a potty chair for his child. And perhaps most deflating of all to faithful Bond fans, Connery wore a toupee. The most elegant feature of his private life was his beautiful and talented wife, actress Diane Cilento, whom he married in 1962. Finally fed up, Connery left the Bond series after *You Only Live Twice*, his outside efforts to develop as a more serious actor while continuing as Bond had proved generally unrewarding. In *A Fine Madness*, he was only adequate; in Hitchcock's *Marnie*, he was awkward and ill at ease; only in *The Hill* did he deliver an impressive performance as a compulsively overdisciplined British soldier. But none of these films cashed in at the box office, and many in the industry have begun to conclude that it was Bond who had lifted Connery from obscurity.

Harry Saltzman, the more restless of the Bond producing team, busied himself with other projects while Broccoli minded the store. And one of his outside efforts was *The Ipcress File*, based on the Len Deighton series about the insolent British secret agent Harry Palmer. For the role of Palmer, Saltzman selected a relatively unknown British actor saddled at birth with the name of Maurice Joseph Micklewhite. Born of poor Cockney parents in 1938, his mother hired herself out as a charwoman. Leaving school at 16, Mick worked at a variety of jobs—tea warehouseman, cement mixer, even for a time as office boy for a movie company. This job may have fired his ambition to become an actor, but he went back to cement mixing; it paid better than pushing paper clips. When he later learned that actors earn even more than cement mixers, however, he cannily decided to pursue the Muse. Since actors with pronounced Cockney accents were in sparse demand at the time, he practiced the fruity tones of "theater" English by sitting through movie after movie absorbing the actors' intonations and delivery and then muttering them resoundingly in a deserted culvert, where the echo provided an instant replay of his words. Like Demosthenes' mouthful of pebbles, his culvert did the job, and his accent was soon as polished as any toff's at the Old Vic. But his name was still redolent of Bow Bells, so he decided to change it to Michael Caine.

Taking odd jobs to support himself, he applied for and won an assistant stage manager's job with a provincial repertory company and soon stepped into minor acting roles, eventually graduating to regular work on British TV. His first break into the big time came when he played a loppish British officer in the film *Zulu*. Caine's was only a supporting role, but Saltzman noticed him at the world premiere; and when they happened to dine afterward at the same restaurant, Saltzman invited Caine to join his table. Within ten minutes, Saltzman offered him the role of Palmer in *The Ipcress File*. A handshake sealed the deal—and the role fitted Caine like a chamois glove. The glasses he wore gave him an aura of mildly soporific intellectuality, and a writer in *Holiday* described his smile as "sweet but faintly corrupt." An unusually literate thriller, *The Ipcress File* was more realistic in its details of the shadowy world of espionage than the Bond fantasies, and also slyly humorous. While Bond represented the quintessence of the snobbish conceits of the British establishment, Palmer was straight out of the working class. Caine had restored a touch of Cockney to his accent for the role, which required him to live in a small, cluttered flat, where he preferred making his own omelets to eating out. Cool and blasé with women, Palmer tended to choose nice girls with good manners for his sexual adventures. Black-leathered Pussy Galores were decidedly not his "cuppa." *The Ipcress File*

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orbited Caine into the stratosphere of stardom.

Adapting easily to a variety of parts, he survived Preminger's clumsy *Hurry Sundown* and triumphed in *Alfie*, a role hailed by many critics as the best performance of the year, perhaps in part because Alfie's amiably predatory attitude toward the birds was not unlike Caine's own. Alfie took his sex where he could find it—which was just about everywhere—and refused to tolerate any postcoital complications. Sex wasn't all a bed of roses, of course; at the end of the film, Alfie admitted to a certain ennui and loneliness. But he still had his freedom—and so did Caine in real life. As a master of birdsmanship, he was linked with a succession of lovelies in and out of show business—but never for long. No ascetic in nonsexual areas either, Caine thrived on the rich life; he purchased a sumptuous penthouse flat in London and took to complaining about the exorbitant taxes he was forced to pay. Why penalize a man just because he earns $500,000 a picture? Caine asked.

The success story of Peter Seamus O'Toole is an equally improbable rags-to-riches saga. Taken as a boy to Leeds, England, by his Irish bookie father, O'Toole quit school, which he hated, to take a job as a copy boy on a local newspaper, and to act in amateur theatricals in his spare time; he was then 14. After a two-year stint in the Royal Navy, he decided that acting was the life for him and launched his career with uncommon seriousness. The lanky, green-eyed Irishman's reputation as an actor grew apace with his reputation for womanizing, hard drinking and braggadocio; and after graduating from the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, where he'd won a scholarship, he seasoned his talent at the Bristol Old Vic by appearing in no fewer than 73 roles. A couple of minor movie parts elicited a raft of scripts from studios that saw a star in the making, but he scorned them all for a brilliant term at Stratford, where he juggled three Shakespearean roles to considerable critical acclaim. It was there that David Lean, searching for an actor to play Lawrence of Arabia, found O'Toole; in the middle of a screen test, Lean stopped the camera and said, "There's no use; the boy *is* Lawrence." O'Toole was 27 at the time.

Lawrence was so long in production (20 months) that those associated with it termed it "no longer a movie but a way of life"—and for O'Toole it became a mission of dedication. The film was shot on location in the Jordanian desert—where O'Toole quickly learned to ride a camel as well as any Bedouin—and he threw himself into his role with such passion and commitment that the film made him an instantaneous star. Stardom, however, was not enough for O'Toole; he kept insisting that he was also an actor. "That's my bloody *business*," he told one and all; and to prove it, he took to the London stage for an Olivier-directed *Hamlet* and selected the film version of *Becket*, in which he played Henry II to Richard Burton's martyred archbishop, for his second major screen role. His performance was incandescent; but his next effort was *Lord Jim*, an underrated film that proved a resounding box-office flop, and the one after that, a farcical role in *What's New Pussycat?*—neither of which did much to enhance the glamor his depiction of Lawrence had bestowed upon him (though he continued to live up to his reputation as an elbow-bending brawler). Since then, however, his consistently high standards in choice of roles—as a psychotic Nazi general in *The Night of the Generals* and as Henry II, once again, in *The Lion in Winter*—have both revived his film career and proved that the art of acting is by no means a secondary or superfluous ingredient of sex stardom.

The same is true of another of Britain's gifted young actors, Albert Finney. Even less inclined than O'Toole to follow the rules of the game, Finney also shot straight to the top in a single picture: *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, one of the first and finest of the British "kitchen-sink" dramas dealing with the social and romantic problems of working-class nonheroes. Finney's round, boyish face, clear blue eyes and curly hair gave him the look of a mildly dissipated cherub; but he had the rugged build of a soccer forward and by 1960 was tagged as yet another heir to James Dean and Marlon Brando—upon which the unpredictable Finney turned his back temporarily on lucrative offers of starring roles and took to the stage for the title role in *Billy Liar*, a sensitive drama of a young man's fantasy world. Even after his lusty portrait of the randy, roistering *Tom Jones* brought him to the pinnacle of success, Finney continued to pick and choose between stage and screen, obviously preferring the critical acclaim of his London and Broadway appearances in *Luther* to the greener fields of Hollywood. "I'm not keen on being tied up," he explained. "My life varies and my mood changes. I like to be free." Finney's love of freedom has been reflected in his personal as well as professional life, the film prototype of the angry young man appears to leave his choler at the bedroom door; and his offstage, offscreen hours have been occupied with a succession of lissome ladies.

If Britain in the Sixties is in its twilight as a world power, it has been the center of a social renaissance. The London theater is infinitely more vital and creative than Broadway; and although the British film industry has become commercially a virtual adjunct of Hollywood, it still appears to have a franchise

"Freud? Jung? Bah! I'm a De Sade man."

"There are certain rumors going around about you, Knut."

on star making. Every few months, some new Olivier is being heralded—Tom Courtenay, Alan Bates, Terence Stamp, David Hemmings—all of whom have dazzled audiences with their virtuosity and all of whom could almost interchangeably play the others' roles. But the best known of all British actors remains Richard Burton. An old pro who had graduated from Shakespeare to Elizabeth Taylor by using his fee as his yardstick, Burton could lay claim to being Britain's and perhaps the world's foremost film star. His torrid courtship of and marriage to Liz doubtless accelerated his career's progress; but whatever the reasons, by 1968 he was being paid the same amount she was in the habit of receiving—$1,250,000 a picture.

Yet this 13th child of a coal miner, born in the grimy South Wales town of Pontrhydfen, might have ended up in the pits with his brothers if his father had not determined that at least one of his sons would "live in the sunshine." Thus, Richard was allowed to swim, chase swans, attend secondary school, play rugby and box. His second father and devoted mentor was his high school teacher and dramatic coach, Philip Burton, whose surname Richard adopted when he decided on a professional acting career and who was instrumental in gaining him a scholarship to Oxford at the beginning of World War Two. After one term at Oxford, where he performed with the university's dramatic society, Richard joined the Royal Air Force, in which he served for three years before being discharged in 1947 with the rank of sergeant. Rather than resume his education, Burton opted for an acting career and soon found minor work on the London stage, where he was discovered by John Gielgud and selected for an important role in *The Lady's Not for Burning*, a production that took him to New York in 1950.

By then he had made his film debut in *The Last Days of Dolwyn* and had married a piquantly pretty Welsh drama student, Sybil Williams, whom he met while making the film. Two children—and Hollywood—followed. In 1952, he starred there in *My Cousin Rachel*, for which he earned considerable critical acclaim but little public attention. Twentieth Century-Fox next cast him as a Roman officer converted to Christianity in the first CinemaScope production, *The Robe*. The Academy Award nominations he won for both films fired his ambition. "By heaven," he said, "I'm going to be the greatest actor, or what's the point of acting?" Some cynics suspect that ten years later, a little demon inside him might have whispered, "Money."

During the last half of the Fifties, Burton was kept busy making films, but his star quality dimmed considerably as his frequently mediocre vehicles died at the box office. He was, however, acquiring another sort of reputation. Frank Ross, who produced *The Robe*, remarked that Burton was "a born male coquette," and there were rumors that he had practiced his seductive wiles on a host of filmland beauties. But Burton won on Broadway the kudos that had hitherto eluded him in films. Scoring a musical triumph in *Camelot*, his lyrical performance as King Arthur won him not only several hundred thousand middle-aged female fans but the admiration of Joseph L. Mankiewicz, who chose him for the role of Antony—originally earmarked for Stephen Boyd—in his forthcoming superspectacle *Cleopatra*. He was to receive a fee of $250,000, but overtime clauses written into his contract easily doubled that amount, and his affair with and subsequent marriage to his co-star provided all the heady publicity he needed to finally make him a major star. Martin Ritt, who directed Burton in *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold*, proclaimed him "the greatest phallic symbol in the world"; but unimpressed British critics were inclined to regard the onetime Shakespearean virtuoso as their greatest sellout.

In Mike Nichols' *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, however, both Burton and Taylor rose to impressive dramatic heights as the neurotic, incessantly bickering and self-destructive university couple. The epithets they flung at each other noticeably expanded the horizons on free speech on the screen; and in one soliloquy lasting seven minutes, Burton demonstrated that he still could entrance an audience with his rich, resonant voice and his expressive features. But it was Elizabeth who won the Oscar; that prize still eluded him. Their next joint venture, *Taming of the Shrew*—which elicited a mixed critical reception and tepid box-office receipts—was followed by *The Comedians*, a dismal artistic and commercial failure. But producers continued to queue up for their expensive services and the Burtons next assayed a journey into the mephitic regions with *Dr. Faustus*, which proved a tragedy even more monumental than that envisaged by Philip Marlowe. Undismayed, they went on to *Boom*, a weird and wordy rendition of Tennessee Williams' *The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore*. When even *Boom* bombed, some Hollywood Cassandras began to mutter that the Burton-Taylor magic was at last losing its potency.

But the Burtons certainly behaved as though their luster remained untarnished. Richard purchased at auction a diamond ring costing more than $300,000 and presented it to his wife, who flaunted the expensive bauble across three continents. A few months later, Burton, however, received a chastening blow in the area that hurt him most: his pride. Assigned the starring role in a film adaptation of Vladimir Nabokov's *Laughter in the Dark*, he was inclined to be tardy about reaching the set, perhaps as a result of his predilection for late-night pub crawling. After several weeks of such dilatory behavior, he showed up particularly late one morning

and the director, Tony Richardson, summarily dismissed him from the production, replacing him with a relatively obscure English actor, the brilliant Nicol Williamson. It was a dismissal that rang around the world and perhaps a sign that filmdom was at last coming to the realization that, in an increasingly mature industry, no star is indispensable.

If there is a single exception to that rule, it would have to be Italy's Marcello Mastroianni, who has starred in some of the greatest Italian films of the decade. His film career had flourished throughout the Fifties, but he was relatively unknown outside his native land. In 1956, after playing a cabdriver in a film starring Sophia Loren, he dejectedly remarked to a reporter, "I am resigned. I'll be playing taxicab drivers until the end of my days." Mastroianni's gifts, fortunately, do not include prophecy; he soon became the biggest male European star of the early Sixties. But it was understandable why he had difficulty envisioning such awesome success.

Born the son of a carpenter in 1924 in Fontana Liri, Italy, Marcello went to work in his father's shop after completing secondary school, then began studying surveying—a talent that caught the attention of German occupation authorities during World War Two. They employed him to draw military maps until he had served his purpose, then dispatched him in 1943 to a forced-labor camp. He escaped to Venice in 1944, then headed for American-liberated Rome and found a job with an English film company. In his spare time, he joined a university theatrical group, where he met Federico Fellini and his wife, Giulietta Masina—an acquaintance that was to prove highly fruitful many years later. During the late Forties and early Fifties, still in Rome, he accumulated a considerable amount of experience on the stage, on radio and in films; but his first modest international exposure did not come until 1960, when he played a bungling photographer in *The Big Deal on Madonna Street*, a comedy that played the art houses in the United States and prompted Hollywood talent scouts to cast an appraising eye at the unknown Italian actor.

By then, word had filtered to the States of a phenomenal Fellini film, *La Dolce Vita*, in which Mastroianni played what he has since termed his first meaningful role. As a jaded journalist chasing after visiting celebrities in Rome for a scoop or a handout, he squabbled with a clinging mistress, pre-empted a prostitute's bed for a liaison with the elegantly bored Anouk Aimée, joined a weird Via Veneto crowd for a decadent weekend orgy at a castle near Rome and wound up—ambitions soured—as a publicist for a stupid star, while moonlighting as impresario for a perverse saturnalia at a seaside villa. Helen Lawrenson, writing in *Look*, felt Mastroianni had introduced a radical new note in masculine sex appeal. "He may," she claimed, "go down in history as the man who made apathy irresistible." She found him the perfect embodiment of "the present-day antihero, the modern man who as lover and mate is often inadequate, confused, ridiculous, tired, or just plain bored."

La Dolce Vita established both Mastroianni's stature and his offbeat sex appeal. In Antonioni's *La Notte*, married to the seductive Jeanne Moreau, he again embodied male futility, drifting through a night of opulent aimlessness until his wife reminded him at dawn of the emotional failure of their marriage and he attempted a passionate *rapprochement* in a sand trap on a private golf course. Fellini employed him for further research into his own spiritual autobiography in *8½*, which cast Mastroianni as Fellini's *Doppelgänger*, an emotionally and spiritually exhausted director torn by memories, fears, fantasies and sexual hang-ups; only in dreams, Fellini/Mastroianni implied, could modern man achieve an ideal existence.

In real life, Mastroianni himself appeared anything but apathetic where women were concerned. "The sight of a pretty girl," Miss Lawrenson observed, "causes an instantaneous Pavlovian reaction: His eyes light up, his attention is riveted and his undeniable Latin charm suddenly spreads like ink on a blotter. . . . His taste in girls does not run to famous actresses. Instead, it is the pretty young waitress, airline stewardess, secretary or salesgirl who evokes his measuring glances. . . . At home, he is the devoted husband and father. Abroad, his eye is a roving one." An attractive young American woman who regarded the cinematic Mastroianni as the male embodiment of her dreams, happened to encounter that roving eye at a press party, but did not succumb to its appeal. "He lost me at once," she recalled. "I wanted his elegant apathy; instead, that Latin charm came on just too strong for comfort"—actually a backhanded tribute to Mastroianni's artistry, since, as an accomplished actor, his task is to portray not himself but the director's creation.

As the reigning star of the Italian cinema, Mastroianni has few rivals on the European continent. But among those who have challenged his supremacy, one stands out: Jean-Paul Belmondo, the young Frenchman with the

"Herbert, this is Mr. Bagwell, my attorney. We want our alimony."

ugly-handsome face, who has galloped from film to film with heedy abandon, generally portraying the Gallic simulacrum of Humphrey Bogart.

The son and namesake of a sculptor, Belmondo was born in 1933 in a Parisian suburb and grew up in the bohemian atmosphere of Paris' Left Bank. Jean-Paul neglected his studies and left school altogether at an early age and by 16 was a gifted amateur boxer; but with his nose already broken in a school brawl, he soon quit in order to avoid further disfigurement because he now nursed notions of an acting career. He enrolled in a private drama school, won entrance in 1953 to the *Conservatoire National d'Art Dramatique* and from there graduated into subsidiary roles in a number of French films. The picture that catapulted him to the top, of course, was the *nouvelle vague* classic of 1959 Jean-Luc Godard's *Breathless*, in which he played—with a conscious bow to Bogart—an insouciant, amoral young punk who takes not only his love where he finds it but anything else that isn't nailed down.

After the international success of *Breathless*, Belmondo ran the risk of being forever typed in the Bogart image as he raced from one tough-guy role to the next in a series of eminently forgettable films. Fortunately, few of them ever reached this country; and his reputation as an actor was materially enhanced by his sensitive performances in the Italian *Two Women*, in which he played a bespectacled Italian intellectual martyred during World War Two; and in *Léon Morin, Prêtre*, the devoutly spiritual study of a priest. It was at this point that he began to evidence a growing flair for comedy in *Cartouche*, he spoofed swashbuckling costume melodramas and in *That Man from Rio*, he satirized the cliff-hanging clichés of the traditional chase movie. As time wore on, however, critics increasingly accused him of walking through his parts; capable of perceptive performances, he seems to choose his roles whimsically, sometimes even without regard for star billing, and many of his more recent characterizations have been listless and lackluster. As befits an actor of stellar magnitude, the divorced Belmondo has consoled himself of late in the company of a sex star of almost equal status: the voluptuous Ursula Andress. But by the time he took up with her, his image as a punk with panache had dimmed; the younger generation had found new screen antiheroes and Belmondo had begun to wane as a star of international magnetism.

He might have advanced further if it had not been for his inability to master the English language—a handicap that excluded him from the burgeoning American production network in Europe. On the other hand, a late-blooming Viennese actor, Oskar Werner, distinctly benefited from his linguistic talents. His work in the moribund and insular Austrian and West German film industries relegated him to obscurity abroad for many years, even though as early as 1951, he made an impressive American film debut in *Decision Before Dawn*. But it was not until the protean François Truffaut featured him in the internationally successful *Jules and Jim* that Werner became a star. He was 40 years old by then but still remarkably boyish in appearance and emanating a soulful tragic sensibility in German, French or English.

When Stanley Kramer tapped him for *Ship of Fools*, he was widely reputed to be the most accomplished actor in western Europe; he proved it by running away with all acting honors for his portrayal of a doctor troubled by intimations of brutality (Nazi) and mortality (his own weakening heart). Since it was apparent that his strongest appeal was to female audiences, Werner did not hesitate to turn on the schmaltz in *Interlude*, an English film about a Continental conductor's tempestuous affair with a lady journalist. His romantic technique may be old-fashioned but in *Interlude* at least it appeared to work, and the heartstrings of female viewers on two continents thrummed wildly as Werner tenderly pledged his troth.

Also benefiting from the gift of tongues was black-haired, hot-eyed Omar Sharif, already a major movie star in his native Egypt when plucked for the part of an Arab sheik in *Lawrence of Arabia*, produced by Sam Spiegel and directed by David Lean. Lean was impressed by Sharif's talents and, after several subsequent roles that did little to enhance the Egyptian's prestige, he insisted on having Sharif play the title role in his upcoming *Doctor Zhivago*. Paired with Julie Christie, Omar was solemn, sensitive, poetic, self-sacrificial and impossibly romantic and women everywhere sighed and wept over his tragic fate. Despite mixed reviews, the film went on to become one of the decade's most resounding box-office successes, and Sharif was immediately offered his pick of roles. (There were rumors that he had his pick of women, too, in the wake of a separation from his Egyptian wife.) After playing opposite Barbra Streisand as the prison bound gambler Nicky Arnstein in the film version of *Funny Girl*, Sharif has gone on to play other doomed heroes, among them the Viennese archduke in *Mayerling* and the legendary Cuban revolutionary Che Guevara in a controversial filmic biography of his life and death. Among all the male heartthrobs of the Sixties, Sharif is the most eminently well equipped to sustain his romantic image: an actor of power and sex appeal, a linguist with attractive polyglot features that allow him to play any nationality from Mongolian to Israeli, he seems likely to be among the predominant stars of the Seventies.

Just as foreign male stars usurped dominance of the screen from Hollywood's leading men during the decade, so did Europe's females end the era of the Marilyn Monroe–style sex goddess. Particularly in England, talented young directors such as Tony Richardson, Karel Reisz and John Schlesinger brought new life and boldness to the international cinema not only by extending the sexual boundaries of the screen but by introducing several young female stars with interesting faces and equally interesting vital statistics. The appeal of some, such as Samantha Eggar and Sarah Miles, proved ephemeral; but others have been as durable as they are desirable, and give every sign of staying at the top. Of these, Julie Christie is the acknowledged queen.

Her face is the face of the Sixties: John Schlesinger, who directed her in three films and was largely responsible for her initial success, has said: "Her face, which isn't just a face, is a personality by itself. So terribly alive and spontaneous and irregular. Big mouth, strong jaws, dominating almost in a masculine way." Julie herself doubted that men "see any lusty sexiness in me. The appealing thing is an air of abandonment. Men don't want responsibility and neither do I." She was a symbol of the cool Mod morality of swinging Britain and a sign of her times; and her personal life style reinforced her screen image.

Born in India, where her father managed a tea plantation, she was sent to school in England at the age of eight and as a prepubescent rebel was expelled from a convent for regaling the nuns with blasphemous and sexy stories. She eventually enrolled in a London drama school, compensating for a lack of funds by lugging an air mattress about with her and sleeping wherever a friend, male or female, extended hospitality. "I fancied myself quite arty," she later said of this period, but at casting offices, no one fancied her, usually on the grounds that she lacked sex appeal.

Schlesinger eventually selected Julie for a small but vital part in *Billy Liar*, after noticing her in a two-page spread in *Town* magazine. Despite her lack of professional training, David Lean mentally cast her as Lara in the production of *Doctor Zhivago* he was preparing. First, however, came a role as a bouncy Irish streetwalker in the fictionalized Sean O'Casey biography *Young Cassidy*, followed by Schlesinger's *Darling*, the film that established her international identity—and won her an Oscar. Those who now wrote about the young star claimed she was secretly terrified of her sudden and enormous success. "Julie's afraid," a close friend said of her, "of what success will do to her, the toll of bitchiness it may exact. She doesn't want to become a bitch."

Much was made of her unabashedly unmarried relationship with a struggling

young lithographer and art student, Don Bessant, with whom she shared a flat. Joseph Janni, her producer for three films, exclaimed admiringly "When they go on holiday together, where do you think they stay? In some luxurious hotel she can pay for? No, in the small pension where he can pay." But it wasn't too long before Julie was staying in posher hostelries—and Bessant had fallen by the wayside, replaced by Warren Beatty. "Why should I marry?" Julie asked rhetorically. "To please the people? I don't care what people say." She was beginning to sound a little bitchy. She further revealed, as her roles grew more demanding, that she wasn't all that much of an actress, either: *Far from the Madding Crowd*, one of her recent ventures, might have proved a greater success if her role had been played by an actress of greater stature—such as Vanessa Redgrave.

Miss Redgrave, elder daughter of Sir Michael, possesses a talent as distinctive and distinguished as her lineage. "A smooth, cool woman of long, flowing, thoroughbred grace and odd mystery"—in *Look*'s words—she became the "in" star of 1966 at the late-blooming age of 29, thanks to her role as a lithe-limbed, golden haired rich girl married to a mad English painter in *Morgan!* The then-wife of director Tony Richardson, she had previously earned a brilliant reputation on the stage. She also won an extracurricular reputation as a lady of causes, a member of the Committee of 100, Bertrand Russell's militantly activist antiwar organization, she delivered fiery harangues against the British establishment at Hyde Park Corner and was once hauled away from a sit-in at Trafalgar Square and tossed into the pokey.

Less ideologically inclined on screen, she played the apolitical role of a hip drifter in Antonioni's brilliant puzzler *Blow-Up*; her tresses dyed red, quite possibly a murderess, she enigmatically proffered herself nude from the waist up to a photographer, played by David Hemmings, after he had snapped her in what appeared to be a lethal embrace with a lover in a deserted London park. That same year, she had a brief, wordless but enchanting bit part as Anne Boleyn in *A Man for All Seasons*. Through it all she appeared to be completely indifferent to creating a "star image" for herself and remained interested only in playing whatever role she was assigned to the best of her ability. In *Camelot*, she was the beauteous, spirited Queen Guinevere to Richard Harris' King Arthur; and in *The Sailor from Gibraltar*, she played a mousy British secretary on holiday with a churlish lover. It was during the making of this film that she broke with her husband, Tony Richardson, the cause given in the divorce proceedings was Tony's temporary transfer of affections to her co-star, Jeanne Moreau. But it was a most amicable divorce, as she assured anyone who asked: she absolutely *adored* Tony and admired his talents tremendously and was thrilled to take the role of an ardent Victorian in his *The Charge of the Light Brigade*.

Probably her greatest screen challenge to date has been the role of Isadora Duncan in *Isadora*, which required her not only to dance in the moody free style inaugurated by that redoubtable dancer but to age from a young girl to a middle-aged woman during the course of the film. But nothing fazed Vanessa; and when the script called on her to bare her breasts during one of Isadora's famous concert appearances—as the artist was reputed to have done herself—she gamely revealed her not-too-abundant charms. Between roles, she cantered about town with the handsome Italian actor Franco Nero, who, as Lancelot, had wooed and won her from King Arthur in *Camelot*.

If Julie Christie and Vanessa Redgrave remain in the forefront of the new galaxy of British female film luminaries, there are other important challengers. Among them: Susannah York, a lush lovely who has been somewhat handicapped by her physical resemblance to Julie Christie, generating the mistaken belief that she's a second-rank stand-in for Julie in swinging roles. Another promising and refreshing newcomer is Barbara Ferris, who threw herself freely into a passionate affair with Oskar Werner in *Interlude*. And, most promising of all, in the opinion of many, is Carol White, an actress of notable ability who exudes a low-keyed, seductively feminine sexuality. Her first starring role was in *Poor Cow*, in which—as a young hoodlum's pathetically and thanklessly affectionate mistress—she gave birth to a child with uncanny realism. Her next starring appearance, in *I'll Never Forget What's 'Isname* occasioned even more comment and caused the Catholic Office for Motion Pictures to single out one of her scenes as grounds for awarding the film a rare "Condemned" rating: the episode in question was a prolonged shot focusing full on Miss White's ecstatically expressive face as actor Oliver Reed brought her to her first orgasm.

Sexuality in the Scandinavian cinema of the Sixties has been even more explicit, particularly when the director involved is Ingmar Bergman. Bergman's sexual preoccupations, as well as his artistry, have resulted in international stardom for most of his Swedish actresses: among others, Ingrid Thulin, Gunnel Lindblom and Bibi Andersson. Miss Andersson, who first blossomed in Bergman's *Wild Strawberries*, matured into a gifted actress with her recent role in *Persona*, an intricately textured Bergman film about a nurse attempting to establish communication with a famous actress who has been rendered psychotically mute. The sexual high point of the picture is Bibi's relation of an experience that had occurred while she and a woman friend were sunning on a beach and a youth crept close, spied on them and eventually managed a sexual encounter with each of the sun-dazzled ladies. Critic Judith Crist wrote of this vicariously recounted *ménage à trois* that "Here Bergman proves that a fully clothed woman telling of a sexual experience can make all the nudities and perversions that his compatriots have been splattering on the screen lately seem like nursery school sensualities." Miss Crist's pejoratives were doubtless directed at

among others, director Vilgot Sjöman, who was responsible for that celebrated tale of incest, *My Sister, My Love*, in which Bibi Andersson repeatedly and explicitly demonstrated her passion for her handsome brother. Sjöman grew even bolder with his next film, *I Am Curious —Yellow*, which was little more than a visual textbook of exotic eroticism.

If another Ingmar Bergman favorite, Ingrid Thulin, has exposed herself less than the ebullient Lena Nyman in *I Am Curious*, her sexual range in films is unquestionably greater. In *The Silence*, cast as a woman neurotically attached to her sister (Gunnel Lindblom), she was given to exhausting bouts of masturbation; in a brief appearance in *Hour of the Wolf*, she was the inert object in a fantasy necrophilic act by a deranged artist (Max von Sydow), and in Alain Resnais' *La Guerre Est Finie*, she returned to normal coital relationships as the wife-mistress of Yves Montand. Miss Thulin once confessed privately that she thoroughly enjoyed her sexual moments in films and felt that such enjoyment contributed to the realism of her scenes.

But in the art of graphically portraying sexual enjoyment on the screen, no actress is superior to another Swede, the dark-blonde Essy Persson. Miss Persson, already in her mid-20s and a stage actress of note when she made her film debut, is practically a pure specimen of the genus sex star: While not eschewing nude exposure of her physical assets, her forte lies in going a step further by providing audiences with a realistic equivalent of a woman's erotic emotions and sensations—or, as one critic put it, replacing the Theater of the Absurd with the Cinema of the Orgasm. She demonstrated her erotic artistry in the Danish-Swedish *I, a Woman*, in which she played a man-devouring nymphomaniac, and was given even more scope in *Thérèse and Isabelle*, the film rendition of Violette Leduc's autobiographical novel detailing the Lesbian relationship between two girls at a French finishing school. Although somewhat overripe for the role of a teeny-bopper, Miss Persson was most convincing in her erotic scenes, which included no fewer than three Lesbian experiences, a deflowering in the bushes—the sole heterosexual touch—and one masturbatory episode.

If films such as *Thérèse and Isabelle* did not exactly qualify as deathless motion-picture art, the authenticity of their eroticism made audiences doubly aware of the unreality and superficiality of such former sex goddesses as Anita Ekberg and Brigitte Bardot, who had been almost totally eclipsed as the decade advanced. The Swedish Miss Ekberg's Junoesque proportions were so much larger than life that few could take them (or her) seriously, and the perceptive Federico Fellini turned this fact to his (and her) advantage by casting Anita as the curvaceous caricature of a sex goddess descending on Rome for a publicity visit in *La Dolce Vita*. Again, in his segment of the three-part *Boccaccio '70 —The Temptation of Dr. Antonio*—he employed Anita as an imposing billboard embodiment of the virtues of a brand of milk; the mammoth-mammaried giantess came to life and tormented a pruriently minded would-be censor for whom the billboard had become a symbol of the decadence of modern life. Reaching her apotheosis under Fellini, Miss Ekberg soon plummeted back to obscurity—and into plump middle age.

Also of the old school, but distinctly piquant, nevertheless, was the blonde-haired, blue-eyed Elke Sommer, who was born in Berlin in 1942, the only child of a German minister. At the age of 17, she went to London to perfect her English so she could qualify for a good paying job as a translator; but she quickly caught the eye of talent hawks. By 1960, she was appearing in a number of sexploiters on the Continent and was eventually discovered by Hollywood. In real life an intelligent and talented painter, Miss Sommer has invariably been portrayed as a vacuous sexpot in her English-language films, among them *The Prize* (with Paul Newman) and *A Shot in the Dark* (with Peter Sellers). Unfortunately, her acting ability never ripened and her mediocre film vehicles have done little to enhance her stature.

Of German parentage, too, although born in Switzerland, is Ursula Andress, whose penchant for exposing herself in films and stills was once questioned by a newspaperman. "Why do I do it?" she said haughtily. "Because I am beautiful." After running away from junior college in Switzerland to Italy for what she described as "an affair of the heart," she overcame her self-confessed laziness and turned to acting when the affair petered out—but only in order to support herself. Paramount discovered her in 1956 and lured her to Hollywood on the assumption that whatever acting deficiencies she possessed could be remedied by dramatic training—an overly optimistic assumption, since, in Ursula's own words, "I was very spoiled and refused to study. I thought I was a big star and wondered where my house was with the big swimming pool. They threw me out." Thus, her American debut did not occur until 1963, when she played that endearingly hoydenish beach girl in *Dr. No*, by which time she was married to actor-photographer John Derek, who provided PLAYBOY with some stunning nudes of his then-wife. Ursula has continued to be used in films for spectacularly decorative purposes and has not yet had a chance to prove herself as an actress.

The same can hardly be said for heroically proportioned Sophia Loren, who undisputedly heads the list of Europe's most talented, as well as most beautiful, film stars. Though she got her start in films as a statuesque extra in low-budget Roman epics, it was as an actress that she finally achieved international acclaim—in *Two Women*, directed by Vittorio De Sica, which won her the first Oscar ever awarded to an actress in a foreign-language picture. In 1966, the

"It isn't Shakespeare—but I like it!"

Museum of Modern Art honored her with a photographic exhibit chronicling her rise to fame (described in *The Sex Stars of the Fifties*)

It was a path plagued for many years by a messy Italian bigamy charge against her and her husband, director Carlo Ponti. The Italian authorities refused to recognize Ponti's Mexican divorce from his first wife; and in Roman Catholic Italy, the suit might well have resulted in a jail term for both parties, had not the couple become residents of France, whose courts granted Ponti a second divorce from his first wife in 1965. When he married Sophia again, an Italian appellate court dismissed all charges; but the long ordeal, plus several miscarriages, tended to cut down on Sophia's performing toward the end of the Sixties. Perhaps it was just as well, for a starring appearance with Marlon Brando in another miscarriage, *A Countess of Hong Kong*, had dimmed some of her luster.

Even so, she had no really serious Italian rivals. Closest to her in appeal was Claudia Cardinale, who was proclaimed in 1961 by no less an authority than Italian novelist Alberto Moravia as "the next love goddess"—after Bardot, presumably. *Time* chimed in, opining that CC "has the sort of soft wide sulky mouth the champagne glasses were designed to fit." Claudia somehow managed to survive such effusions and went on to make some 30 films—comedies, spectacles and serious dramas—that demonstrated both her ability as an actress and her durability as a star. Claudia's versatility has also enabled her to escape the "sexpot" designation that has proved a limiting factor in the careers of such equally endowed contemporaries as Virna Lisi and the exotic Sylva Koscina.

But it is in France that Continental sex in its most sophisticated form is still best represented, and its leading amatory ambassadress to the world is still the redoubtable Jeanne Moreau—who, though far from beautiful and even in obvious middle age, continues to exude a simmering sexuality; her full mouth and melting eyes eloquently express all the delights and pitfalls of erotic love. Born in Paris in 1928 of a French father and English mother, Jeanne was enthralled by the stage at an early age. At 19, she made her debut at the *Comédie Française*. Not long after, she took her first lover, an actor; with characteristic Gallic informality, she married him the day before her son was born. The marriage remained in force until 1964, long after Jeanne had gone her own headstrong way—from one lover to the next.

Among them was the New Wave director Louis Malle, who became the first to sense her potential as a sex star. Her first two films with him established her reputation as "the Jeanne d'Arc of the boudoir," in the words of one critic. Malle left little of *Mlle.* Moreau to the imagination, in one film, his camera even recorded her reactions at the moment of orgasm. The cameras of Vadim, Truffaut and Antonioni soon followed suit, reveling in her every movement, capturing the faintest twitch of her sulky lips and the subtlest stirrings of passion in her luminous eyes.

In 1965, Louis Malle, who had graduated by this time from lover to close friend, teamed her with Bardot in *Viva Maria*, a semiserious spoof of modern revolution made in Mexico. Her erstwhile intimate relationship with her Paris *couturier*, Pierre Cardin, failed to dampen the fires of what several gossip columnists reported was a brief fling with George Hamilton on the *Viva Maria* set, and Jeanne nurtured one torrid crush after another. "There are men one goes through like a country," she told one interviewer bluntly. She confided to another: "Men want to leave women weeping. It is frightening for them to discover a woman can pack up and go just as easily as a man can." One of her lovers, producer Raoul Lévy, presumably could not face the discovery; his own career in tatters, he shot himself to death not long after Jeanne packed up and left him. Undaunted, you'll recall, director Tony Richardson deserted his wife, Vanessa Redgrave, to pursue Moreau while directing both actresses in *The Sailor from Gibraltar*; but Jeanne had meanwhile developed a sudden, tempestuous passion for a young member of the yacht crew in the film. According to Marcello Mastroianni, Jeanne in life is much like Jeanne on screen: "She is always searching for love and rarely fails to find it. But she leaves many victims along the roadside."

Another late-blooming French cinema seductress is the sophisticated, subtly intriguing Anouk Aimée, who soared suddenly to international fame as a grief-stricken young widow involved in a tormented affair with a racing driver (Jean Louis Trintignant) in Claude Lelouch's *A Man and a Woman*. Her film career began in 1946, when she was still a schoolgirl; two years later she was playing her first starring role in yet another rendering of the Romeo and Juliet story, *The Lovers of Verona*. Known simply as Anouk, she continued to appear in innumerable French films of the Fifties, often under the tutelage of distinguished directors, but critics and popular recognition stubbornly eluded her. Federico Fellini provided the turning point in her career, casting her first as the pleasure-seeking socialite who got her jollies fornicating in a prostitute's bed with Marcello Mastroianni in *La Dolce Vita*, and again as Mastroianni's neglected and frustrated wife in *8½*. Though not a classic beauty, as Anouk ripened, she developed what critic Paul Beckley described as a haunting quality "so delicately suggestive of the Modigliani

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portraits that her presence stirs a sense of wonder." By the time general audiences discovered her in *A Man and a Woman*, she was 34 and in the midst of her third marriage—a worldly woman of intelligence, spirit, pride and melancholy.

As foreign stars such as Anouk Aimée wax fashionable, a host of aspiring stars wait in the wings for their own chance to illuminate the screen. One of the most popular of the younger French actresses is Mireille Darc, who became an idol of French youth with her role as a kookie, bed-hopping rebel with a sexual cause in *Galia*. Jean-Luc Godard, with his characteristic flair for casting sensuous young hedonists to express his mordantly ironic view of the human condition, picked Miss Darc to play a depraved young *bourgeoise* in *Weekend*. His compatriot François Truffaut enhanced the career of the kittenish Françoise Dorléac when he starred her in his *The Soft Skin*, but *Mlle.* Dorléac's bright career was cut tragically short by a fatal auto accident on the Riviera.

Her sister, Catherine—slender, blonde and ethereally beautiful—promptly took up Françoise's torch, adopted her mother's name, Deneuve, and became a star in her own right. After a few minor roles, she met Roger Vadim, who had already played husband, lover and Pygmalion to Bardot and Annette Stroyberg. But Vadim insisted that it was not his intention to use Catherine in films; instead, he installed her as his mistress, and within a year she presented him with a baby boy; the records are somewhat vague as to who did not wish to marry whom. Vadim himself was by then busy with Jane Fonda, at that time a far more important figure than Catherine, who did not become a star until her sensitive performance in *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg*.

From that point on, the wide-eyed Catherine was imbued with the urge to make it big on her own—and the opportunities were plentiful. The brilliant young Polish director Roman Polanski cast her as a deranged, sexually obsessed beautician in his macabre *Repulsion*; explaining his choice of Catherine Polanski said: "I needed an angelic girl who could kill a man with a razor." *Newsweek* later theorized that her star quality was "her ability to project a unique blend of purity and perversity"—and this peculiar mixture was apparent in *Belle de Jour*, the Luis Buñuel film in which Catherine plays a French doctor's deceptively demure young wife who works part time in a Parisian brothel, where the greater the indignity of perversity inflicted upon her, the greater her kick. *Mlle.* Deneuve's artful blend of innocence and experience carries us back full circle to that age-old cinematic type, the good-bad girl, proving the worthiness of that hoary adage "The more things change, the more they are the same."

And yet, although sex remains now, as yesterday, the central fascination and the very core of vital contemporary cinema, change there has been. Even as this series has progressed, there has been a dramatic reversal of traditional values in the film industry. When we began nearly four years ago, the American Production Code was still in full sway; censorship prevailed in four major states and innumerable communities; and church groups were busily condemning and censoring any picture that featured nudity or depicted deviations from what George Bernard Shaw once derisively described as "middle-class morality." Today, all of that has changed, and with incredible swiftness. The Production Code has been not only liberalized but virtually ignored by the signatory studios; and a great many pictures now come into the market place from independent companies that have no affiliation with the Code whatsoever. A series of landmark Supreme Court decisions has led to the virtual elimination of state and community censor boards; and the Bureau of Customs, which has on occasion marred or cut foreign imports, is currently having its prerogatives in this area tested by the courts. While occasional acts of censorship still take place on the community level, invariably when such cases are appealed the decision goes against the bluenoses.

Even the churches have swung away from their previous negative policy of condemning and boycotting those pictures they disapprove of and have, instead, adopted a positive posture of generating public support for those they deem socially and artistically worthy—which, in recent years, have included such controversial films as *Darling*, *The Pawnbroker* and *Bonnie and Clyde*.

Meanwhile, the Motion Picture Association of America, under the leadership of Jack Valenti, has adopted its own voluntary rating system, with four major categories covering everything from "general audiences" to "adults only." At the same time, the National Catholic Office for Motion Pictures has significantly broadened its own categories of classification, so that pictures that might formerly have been "Condemned" now often receive an A IV rating, meaning that they are morally unobjectionable for adults, with reservations. Even nudity, which once earned an automatic C rating from the Catholics, is now apparently admissible provided it is "in context" and not "excessive." Whereas *The Pawnbroker* was once "Condemned" for its nude scenes, within the past few years, such films as *Bedazzled*, *Poor Cow* and *The Stranger*, all of which contained some nudity, have been approved, albeit with reservations.

Despite—or, perhaps, because of—this trend toward total cinematic freedom of expression, however, strong forces are massing on the right—groups such as Operation Moral Upgrade, with its annual "halo" awards—that are only too eager to swing the pendulum in the other direction, back to the restrictions and repressions of the past. Their watchword invariably, is "Save our children" and their logic is to reduce *all* pictures to a bland level that they regard as acceptable for the kiddies. It must be admitted that, with a heady sense of their new freedom, many of the supposedly astute producers in Hollywood have in recent years been playing directly into the hands of such vigilante groups; dozens of mediocre pictures laced with gratuitous sex and unmotivated violence have been released—many of them, such as *The Wild Angels* and *The Trip*, beamed directly toward the teenage market, and the would-be censors are using such films as justification for demanding a Federal censorship law that would strait-jacket all production. So the puritanical element in American society is not dead; it is vigorously pushing for legal and even extralegal restraints on the motion-picture medium—and it has a considerable body of public and Congressional support.

To forestall such a puritanical backlash, some otherwise enlightened observers have suggested that the movie industry "take a prudent step backward" by imposing compulsory classification on all films. They point out that the intelligent and sophisticated application of classification in England, France and Italy has in no way debased their pictures; that, on the contrary, the necessity of tailoring films for specific audiences has enabled producers and directors to deal with mature themes that would not appeal to a general audience. The proponents of classification argue that such a system in the U.S. would appease, if not disarm, the forces of censorship and would certainly scotch their most potent argument about "saving our children."

But there is a fatal flaw inherent in such an argument, however well intentioned. Where, for example, does classification begin? At what age does a viewer become sufficiently mature to view "adult" films? Various countries set various age limits—12, 14, 16, 18, and France runs the gamut, with pictures rated for half a dozen different age levels. But even if it were possible to decide at exactly what age young people become sophisticated enough to "cope" with a given theme, a more serious question arises: Who is to do the classifying? Censorship in the past has been regarded as a political plum in America, turned over to the wives and widows of staunch party regulars or granted as a sinecure to generous campaign contributors. There is no evidence to indicate that this system is going to be abandoned willingly by those who run it, in favor of

classification boards headed by learned, worldly men equipped with the wisdom to determine who should and should not see a film.

But let's assume that rational age categories could be established and enlightened classifiers recruited, would not the whole concept of classification, however reasoned and restrained, still be an arbitrary infringement on the freedom of the creative artist to illuminate the human condition according to his own lights—with all its warts—and to explore any theme he desires? We think it would. Is there not equally little justification for proscribing or circumscribing the depiction of sex on the screen as there is the expression of sex in real life for "adults" *or* "youngsters"? We think there is. Are restrictions on what we may watch or read any less oppressive or irrational than legislative restrictions on our private sexual practices? We think they aren't. However idealistic and enlightened the classifiers or legislators may be, do they have any more right to tell you what you can see or read than to tell you what you can or cannot think or do at any given age? We think they don't. Even if it could be proved, as the voices of puritanism claim, that sex on screen or on the printed page has a harmful effect on the viewer or the reader—and most psychologists argue that it can't and that, in fact, the opposite may be true—does not everyone have the human right to do whatever he wants with his own mind and body, provided he does not in so doing infringe on the rights or well-being of others? We think he does.

Admittedly, there are risks in total cinematic freedom: Buck-hungry skin merchants already do and will probably continue to abuse such freedom to grind out garbage; and there is a real and undeniable danger that the proliferation of such trash will further fuel the fires of reaction and contribute to a revival of repressive censorship—a censorship from which serious and responsible artists would suffer as much as the *Schlockmeisters*. But we must nevertheless take our chances, fully cognizant of the still-potent strength of puritanism, because the answer to tyranny has never been capitulation to it, either by surrender or by compromise. Those who argue that what is needed to forestall Government intervention or Comstockian backlash is "self-restraint" by moviemakers are really just making the censors' work easier for them by volunteering to censor themselves. There must be *total* freedom in film making, as in every other creative craft—freedom to produce junk as well as works of art. Just as our system of justice is designed to protect the constitutional rights of every citizen, from the *capo mafioso* to the law-abiding citizen, the smut peddlers are as entitled to produce and market their products as such visionary creative geniuses as Bergman and Antonioni. If you deny or infringe on the rights of one, you are inevitably making a mockery of the rights of the other.

"For all I know, you're not from the gas company at all, but a cruel sex maniac intent on taking advantage of the defenseless housewife who's alone in the house and will be for several hours!"

Just as the moviemaker must have absolute freedom to produce whatever he desires—good or bad—so the public must have absolute freedom to indulge its emotions as much as its intellect, its passions as much as its idealism. The film that is repugnant to most of us because of its tasteless or twisted depiction of sex has as much right to be made and shown—and seen by those who like that sort of thing—as the film that is repugnant to others because it expresses a profound and controversial social message. There will always be a market for "socially unredeemable" erotica; and those who want it will somehow seek it out, whatever the legal prohibitions. Ultimately, that which is good will prosper in the free market place and that which is prurient and shoddy will founder. However repellent we may find the excesses of the sexploiters, serious film makers must retain their hard-won freedom to tell the truth as they see it, to continue their increasingly unfettered quest to reveal us to ourselves.

This is something that is already understood by the younger generation and by the more liberated and enlightened of their elders. It is they who recognize the nude form as a thing of beauty rather than of shame; it is they who are creating the social and intellectual climate in which everything is mentionable, everything explorable, in which the human condition can at last be limned upon the screen with full awareness of all its dimensions

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This concludes the authors' 20-part "History of Sex in Cinema," which began in April of 1965, and will be published as a book by Playboy Press.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

(continued from page 92)

dangerous arms race enormous sums better spent on internal development. A comprehensive ban on all nuclear testing —thus including underground testing— would add some meat and meaning to the recent antiproliferation treaty. New arms-control measures in central Europe could guard each nation's allies against a surprise attack while reducing the troop-maintenance burden on both the U.S. and Russia.

A true accommodation with the Soviet Union, however, must ultimately be accompanied by peace in the Middle East and a reconciliation in Europe. An Arab-Israeli cease-fire dangerously maintained by equal flows of outside arms is not a substitute for a final Middle Eastern settlement; and a truly united and secure Europe is not possible without a more-or-less final German settlement. Despite the Czech setback to hopes for east-European evolution, our policies should be directed toward more contact, collaboration and eventual confederation between the two Germanys, not toward encouraging the political slogans of some West Germans regarding their eventually getting either a finger on a nuclear trigger or a foot in the lands east of the Oder-Neisse.

(B) A new approach to China will be even more difficult to swallow, necessarily growing out of a Vietnam settlement and requiring a reversal of some two decades of public miseducation. New words, new gestures and new palliatives will not be enough. Only a bold and basic change in approach can bring our Chinese policy into line with reality. To wait until the heirs of Chiang Kai-shek fall out over his estate would be easier, but to wait until the heirs of Mao Tse-tung seek a *rapprochement* with the Soviet Union would be dangerous. However much we may disapprove of her conduct and language, and whatever disputes may divide her internally, the government of China is entitled to sit in the United Nations and to be recognized by the United States. No world organization will be truly meaningful as long as one fourth of the world's population is excluded; and no nuclear or other pact we propose will be truly effective if our only contact with the world's newest nuclear power is confined to a monthly exchange of harangues at Warsaw. Once these and other fundamental changes are undertaken, mutual trade, tourism, contacts and cultural exchanges should follow. All this will be a bitter bullet for many Americans to bite; but the alternative is increasing and unreasonable fear and hatred on both sides as the high noon of a nuclear showdown draws nearer each day.

(C) A new world community governed by law instead of despair will require many steps, large and small. We need a United Nations capable of functioning in every kind of dispute, with a permanent peace force of specially trained and earmarked forces from nonpower nations. We need nuclear-free zones in addition to Antarctica and outer space, where today not too many inhabitants are benefited. We need controls on the transfer of conventional as well as nuclear arms. We need an expansion and codification of international law to govern more than postal and telegraphic relations. Above all, we need to equalize the levels of food supply and population on a planet in which 3,500,000 children will die this year from hunger and malnutrition. Before the world population doubles again by the year 2000, we must learn to make better use of our surpluses and fertilizers, extract food from the ocean depths and increase the use of modern farm machinery, methods and pesticides. But all this will be insufficient if there are 300,000,000 more mouths to feed every few years. National and international measures to encourage the limitation of populations will continue to meet religious, educational, financial and practical obstacles; but adopting such measures by free choice now is surely preferable to facing in the future either coercion or chaos.

These are all difficult tasks, unpleasant alternatives and gloomy prospects for a new American foreign policy. Heated criticism and bitter controversy will surely surround every one of these steps. No doubt, it would be easier to resign from the world, but that avenue is not open; and not wishing to see our planet blown up, we cannot afford to give up.

RACE RELATIONS

(continued from page 90)

of a city such as New York must take a special, active interest in the poor. They have had no easy, routine access to city hall, so I have gone to them; I visit their neighborhoods and listen to them on their own ground. It's a sizable constituency; they comprise some 2,000,000 of New York's 8,000,000 population. The majority of our poor are members of racial minorities, and 1,000,000 of them receive welfare payments. This is a typical pattern for most of the great cities of America. The quality of life among the poor is also much the same from city to city. In New York, the ghetto may be packed and tall; and in Watts, it may spread out in seeming openness for miles. But the heritage of the ghetto endures from place to place: the smell of garbage, the jobless drifters on the streets, the scream of police and ambulance sirens during the night.

The issue of race, however, is not all black and white. With the national unemployment rate at less than 4 percent—experts tell us this is nearly rock bottom—the rate among the nation's 600,000 Indians is 40 percent. Their life expectancy, in a country with an average life span of 70 for both men and women, is 44. Among the 1,000,000 migratory farm workers, a good many of them Mexican-Americans, the average annual income is little more than $1600. This is reported by Cesar Chavez, director of the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee and a leading figure in the fight to improve the farm workers' lot. Moreover, because they're migrants, they don't qualify for unemployment insurance or welfare grants. They are nearly a lost tribe, whose children and aged women pick berries in the summer sun for 12 hours a day. Labor economists label them "stoop labor," farmers refer to them as "pickers," but Cesar Chavez calls them people.

In New York and other East Coast cities, another group—the Puerto Ricans —confronts the barrier of race without even the initial advantage of knowing the language. Puerto Ricans are immigrants to this largely immigrant country who, like all such groups, find themselves starting at the bottom. They begin with few skills and no way to communicate, and they remain where they are because of the handicaps of ancestry, accent and skin color. Even in this country, many continue to draw the wages of a peon. It was significant that one of the more serious disturbances in New York in the summer of 1967 occurred in East Harlem, known to outsiders as Spanish Harlem but called "*El Barrio*," or "the prison," by its residents.

When discussing the twin problems of race and poverty, we usually talk about money, because only with money can the poor make contact with the rest of society, and only with money can they stay alive. But money—or the lack of it —is only a superficial gauge of the degradation, squalor and crippled pride of the poor. What most of us know about the poor are the statistics—although we've learned something from the violent outbursts of frustration we have witnessed for four summers now. A Negro senior at Yale recently told a reporter for *The New York Times*, "This is supposed to be one of the best colleges in the country. But these guys live in an unreal world, a world that doesn't encompass the things that a man who is struggling with society has to deal with. They don't know half as much about us as we know about them—because they've thought so little about us for so long."

Occasionally, we may encounter a really sustained account of ghetto life in books like *Invisible Man* or *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*. But mostly, we must rely on the newspapers. Item: the arrest of a black teenager in a Long Island suburb for threatening passing

motorists with a rifle. His mother explained he had stormed out of the house in a rage when he found his six-year-old sister sobbing in the bathtub, vainly trying to scrub away the color of her skin.

With the benefit of that kind of insight, white America ought to be better able to understand why the polite requests for integration in the early Fifties have been transformed into outraged demands for action now. "We are tired of living in the dungeons of poverty, ignorance and want," Martin Luther King said in the midst of one of his peaceful campaigns for equality in 1963. "We have come to the day when a piece of freedom is not enough for us as human beings." Impatience was creeping into even that moderate voice. He added: "If the inexpressible cruelties of slavery could not extinguish our existence, the opposition we now face will surely fail. We feel that we are the conscience of America." The claim was not arrogant; it was the statement of a time in which there were few leaders or groups who would define "conscience" as simply and forcefully as Dr. King did—an equal opportunity for every man to find his place freely in this society. [See Martin Luther King's *A Testament of Hope* on page 174 of this issue.—*Ed.*]

I would like to believe, however, that our racial minorities are not alone in their assertions of conscience. Every American should have a decent income, a decent education and decent housing. He should enjoy a life free of the brutality of organized humiliation. These objectives are not only within our reach but attainable within relatively few years—if we have the will to reorder our national priorities. Moreover, the investment in the means to achieve these ends will produce not only returns by way of improvement in the quality of life but measurable dollar profit for the nation as a whole.

Time and time again in our history, we have invested massively in great projects designed to cure or, at least, relieve social afflictions. The Tennessee Valley Authority is a good example. It was established in 1933 to improve the vast Tennessee river valley, an area larger than New England involving parts of seven states. In the Thirties, the region contributed only 3.4 percent of the nation's Federal income-tax revenues. Its residents, on an average, were making half as much as the rest of America. Most valley people were farmers, beset by flood, displaced and threatened by machines and bypassed by industrial growth.

Organized as a Government-owned corporation, TVA was empowered to use the credit of the United States and was launched with the help of $50,000,000 derived from the sale of bonds. It was charged, in President Roosevelt's words, "with the broadest duty of planning for the proper use, conservation and development of the natural resources of the Tennessee river drainage basin and its adjoining territory." This monumental order drew sharp criticism. Nonetheless, TVA built a system of dams that controlled floods and turned 650 miles of the raging Tennessee river into a productive waterway for commercial freight. The hydroelectric power produced by the dams serves 2,000,000 homes, farms and businesses. Woodlands have been rebuilt and soil- and water-conservation projects have helped save or create farms. In the TVA area today, four times as many people work in industry as did in 1933 and the percentage of tax collections has doubled.

Why can't we duplicate the TVA in our ghettos? The TVA is an example of Government acting broadly and decisively in response to an enormous problem. It is also an example of the benefit that is distributed to many, not to a few, by the improvement of a specific area that had been excluded from full participation in American life. At few times, I think, has the need been greater than it is today for some parallel program, something very big, indeed, to return 20 percent of our nation to itself.

Whatever we do will cost money. We have only to look at the alternatives to discover whether we can afford the investment. The welfare system is in a shambles. Repression has not controlled civil disturbances and never has throughout history. In the days immediately following Dr. King's assassination in April, trouble struck 170 towns and cities: 27,000 persons were arrested, 3500 were injured and the property damaged or lost to looters amounted to about $58,000,000. Forty-three people died. This doesn't count the cost to Government for the 34,900 National Guardsmen and 23,700 Federal troops called out last April or the money spent on sanitation, emergency social services and relocation of burned-out families. No figures can compute the damage done to a society that lives in fear of itself. "Every time I hear a fire-engine bell," a Washington housewife was reported to have said, "I recall John Donne. I wonder if the bell is tolling for me."

Even without the burden of civil disorder, the welfare system doesn't ease people's lives; it degrades them. As a system, it is ill conceived, practically impossible to manage and unfair to most of the people it involves. Welfare payments of one kind or another reach 7,500,000 people each month. Of them, 2,700,000 are old, blind or otherwise handicapped; 3,600,000 are children whose parents can't support them; 1,200,000 are the parents of these children. Of the 200,000 fathers, over two thirds are incapacitated and most of the rest require assistance because they can't support their families on what they earn. Few believe that this system really helps people break out of the poverty cycle. "I think it stinks," a young Negro warehouseman in San Francisco remarked bluntly. "People are so tied to that crummy check that they're afraid to say boo."

The National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders offered a series of considered recommendations to improve the welfare system and suggested that it eventually be replaced by a system of national income supplementation. More and more economists and civic and government leaders are coming around to this point of view. The Commission, on which I served as vice-chairman, told the country what we have to do to wipe out the breeding grounds of violence: We must create 2,000,000 jobs, half of them in the private sector, and train people to fill them. Six million low- and middle-income housing units must be built. The education on which advancement depends must be extended and improved. The money needed to do all this, we said, will be an investment, the return on which will be realized not only in the number of persons who will be able to take part in our economy but in the number who will be able to contribute to our professions, provide leadership in their communities and convert the dialog between blacks and whites in America from a shouting match to a conversation.

Standing in the way of that investment is the war in Vietnam. The cost of that war has been in excess of 100 billion dollars, while at home our most urgent needs have been unmet. This is not the place to recapitulate my opposition to the war, except to point out that until our role in it is concluded, both our will and our means to act at home will remain limited. The truth is that we must wage war here, in the United States, against the aggression of poverty and prejudice. This will require a giant commitment that we have yet to make. And time is running out.

"The sufferings that are endured patiently, as being inevitable, become intolerable the moment it appears there might be an escape." Alexis de Tocqueville, the student of American democracy, wrote in the 19th Century. "Reform then only serves to reveal more clearly what still remains oppressive and now all the more unbearable. The suffering, it is true, has been reduced, but one's sensitivity has become more acute." Today we are discovering that the little we are doing may be worse than nothing.

EQUALITY & OPPORTUNITY

(continued from page 90)

economic status of whites and Negroes in America, focused attention on the need to improve the standard of living of the masses of Negroes in American cities, if legal and legislative "victories" are to prove substantive; if the pressures that dominate the lives of the deprived are ever to be removed; and if they are ever to be provided with the education, the jobs, the housing, the power and the pride to enable them to become constructive and contributing members of the larger society.

The Economic Opportunity Act was the first Federal public-welfare legislation to require community action. It marked a major break with the traditional social-service, "dole" approach to the amelioration of the conditions of the poor, an approach that has been shown to be ineffective in solving or even retarding the problems faced by the people in America's urban slums and ghettos. The basic rationale of the new community-action program was that underprivileged peoples must somehow be taught to define and solve for themselves their most oppressive problems; that they must seek out their own leadership and determine the methods necessary to bring about the desired changes in their communities and their lives. Only the naïve would have failed to understand that such changes cannot be brought about without abrasive contacts, without misunderstandings, without the possibility—or probability—of conflict with existing political, social service and other institutional interests.

But the War on Poverty has never achieved the status in deeds that it achieved in rhetoric. Probably the most ironic reason for this is that, in spite of the fact that two thirds of the poor in America are white, the War on Poverty soon became synonymous with the problems of Negroes. It appears that once an American social problem becomes associated with racial problems or is seen as related in any way to the struggle of Negroes for improvement of their status, the search for solutions to such problems tends to become confused and blocked.

Whatever the reasons, the nation never made the total commitment of material and intellectual resources, the assignment of national priorities, the dedication to the goals of victory that are commonly associated with war. Its commitment of resources was meager and quickly restricted by a callous Congress that no doubt reflected the insensitivity of its constituency. The goal of the elimination of poverty was never sought. Rather, the nation embarked on a campaign that proved more relevant to the traditional social-service approach than to the community-action approach it had defined. The poor, particularly the Negro poor, learned that their "maximum feasible participation" in community action was to be more "feasible" than "maximum."

"There goes a very sincere individual!!"

When the Federal Government found even these modest exploratory efforts checkmated by local political interests, which tended to view participation of the poor in their own affairs as a threat to established power, the Government often withdrew from the arena, leaving the local power structure and the *status quo* intact. In the same way, when school-decentralization efforts—intended to establish community control in ghetto schools equivalent to the community control traditional in the Chevy Chases, the Wilmettes and the Newtons of America—conflicted with the established power of teachers' unions, supervisors' associations and central boards of education, decentralization efforts were undermined or destroyed.

At a time when the needs of the poor were most clamorously expressed and the gap between the affluent and the deprived seemed most flagrant, Congress passed a cruel and punitive act designed to humiliate and constrict the poor even more. The poor have thus, in a real sense, been shut out of the national culture. Even in the more effective of the programs that attempted to relate the majority community to the poor, the relationship achieved has been one of negotiation between two alien groups, somewhat analogous to the relationships of diplomacy, in which separate nations set up channels through which to communicate with one another. This alienation is revealed in the psychological orientation of those professionals who work in the ghettos but fear to travel except in pairs or by special bus, unable even to cross the language barrier to the "culturally disadvantaged." It is revealed also in the approach of those teachers who require police barricades and police escorts to force their way into schools that do not want them; in the behavior of those social workers who turn up in the middle of the night to see if there is a "man in the house." These alien attitudes are reflected in the mirror image of black power militants whose anti-white stance and demands for a separate

nation make it increasingly difficult to consider a biracial relationship except in terms of mutual exploitation. The demeaning, dehumanizing public-welfare system—with its atavistic moral judgments and its cruel denial of the humanity of the poor has reinforced and rationalized the most extreme charges of the militants.

In actual operation, there seems to be little difference, except verbal, between the antipoverty community-action programs and the traditional social-services approach to the problems of the poor and, therefore, little basis for any realistic expectation of different results. The programs have seemed limited to the provision of services designed to *ameliorate* the conditions of poverty, or limited to the opening up of opportunities —some sporadic job training and employment information and the like—without attempting to cope with the central problems of the poor. "Opportunity" is meaningless as a guarantee of the ability to get and to hold a self-respecting job for persons whose experience includes insufficient or irrelevant education in addition to physical and psychological deprivation. So, too, the Headstart program, while useful in itself, does not begin to transform deprived ghetto schools and often results in the stimulation of hopes and abilities that are frustrated when children enter those schools.

Neither the services nor the opportunities approach grapples with the elimination of the root causes of poverty. Nor will plans for negative income tax, guaranteed annual income and the like prove more than superficial panaceas if they are allowed to turn into a modernized version of the old welfare programs, reinforcing dependency and lack of self-respect. Those who are poor need money, but they need more than that: the right to dignity, the right to be productive, the right to an education that fits them for skilled jobs, the right to income for those who cannot work—mothers of young children, the aged, the handicapped—without soul-crushing controls and supervision. The poor need to be treated not as wards of a society but as worthy and independent adults. The poor need power to act as citizens as much as they need money.

A serious war against poverty, like any other war, eventually has to be judged in terms of its results. Wars are not waged for their own sake but for identifiable and specific goals. Nor can the outcome of a war be determined by the excitement of isolated skirmishes, by the drama of a particular battle or by temporary advances or retreats. It is the ultimate victory that counts. By this standard, the War on Poverty must now be seen as approaching defeat. Federal and local programs have made promises they have so far not been able to fulfill. And this failure—symbolized by the humiliating debacle of the Poor People's March in the mud of Washington—has contributed significantly to the fuel of urban conflagration. It has increased the power of demagogs and it has added to the restlessness, the alienation and the sense of hopelessness of the deprived. Obviously, such ingredients make for profound social instability. Aware that they are the victims of social conditions that they have not brought about, the poor realize intuitively that the majority culture does not understand the depth of the problem or does not wish to accept the conclusion that the society at large, and not the community of the poor alone, must take the responsibility for remedial action.

Only a society that never *intended* to take the steps necessary to abolish poverty would have quailed before the moderate and nonrevolutionary political awakening of the poor. How long can they remain moderate under such circumstances? One cannot help but speculate that the white middle-class majority is attempting to provoke the ghetto into new explosions and new irrationalisms that will serve as the excuse for further suppressions. If the majority society will not let the poor and the ghetto take the leadership in community-action programs and, on the other hand, will not transform the ghetto into an open society fit for human habitation it must expect that hope will turn to hatred, and despair to recklessness. If it then confronts eruption with official violence and with military containment, it must expect the kind of society it will have created—a society in which there is no peace, a society that needs concentration camps, a society that has destroyed the American dream.

Some awkward questions arise: To what extent are the poverty and pathology of the ghetto a consequence not merely of economic imbalance but of deep-seated racism? To what extent has suppressed racial hatred in whites come

"For a brief moment, I thought we were witnessing the bright new dawn of a literary renaissance."

to the surface? To what extent has the backlash become socially acceptable? Is it now influencing Federal legislation on welfare and antipoverty programs? To what extent will it have entered the polling booths and controlled the election of the new President and the new Congress? The economic and political obstacles to victory over poverty cannot be overcome as long as racism supports them. As long as the War on Poverty is seen in racial terms, there will be no triumph. The society must come to know that its own economic, social and political well-being—its own survival—depends on the survival of American cities. Until business and industry, until political and educational institutions understand this grim fact and commit their full resources to the goal of survival, the pathology and decay of the cities will continue; restlessness and violence will increase, extremism will grow.

The paradox of antipoverty programs and school-decentralization programs is this: The programs have received half-hearted or nominal support from government; i.e., the established order; yet their very effectiveness depends on challenging that same order and transforming society itself. The central question to be answered is, Can government endure and support financially such challenges against vested interests? Or is there an inherent inconsistency between the fact of political control of public funds and the possibility of realistic social action? But perhaps even more central is the contrary question: Can a wise democratic government afford *not* to endure—even encourage and foster—such a challenge? Is not democratic protest against injustice totally consistent as the suppression of such protest is totally inconsistent—with the ends of democratic government?

American society does not lack the means or the intelligence to end poverty. It lacks only the will. If it had the will, it would commandeer the resources to end poverty that it commandeers to wage war. For a truly decent society, it would gather the best minds in America to the task of social change as it gathered and nurtured them in the task of developing the atom bomb. But those who have "made it" in America seem to have forgotten their own origins. A selfish and insensitive society blames the poor for their own poverty, boasts of its own affluence, feeds racial fears and hatreds in American life and gradually builds the tinder for a social holocaust.

America is moving closer each day to separate societies, one rich, self-indulgent, smug, cruel, callous, inhuman; the other poor, frustrated, bitter, angry, dehumanized. Can America find leadership wise enough and strong enough to subdue this emerging, socially condoned evil and generate a new compassion, a new commitment to democracy and equality, transcending race? If it does not, the nation is doomed to self-destruction, either by mounting waves of violence or, like the Roman Empire, to decay from within.

THE PHYSICAL ENVIRONMENT

(continued from page 90)

already in sight, technology should be able to more than double food production in the next several decades. But how long will double be enough? And, in any case, food is but one element; clean water and oxygen, to name two others, are already in short supply. Even if technology solves all material needs, the human swarm will still have oblique problems; we glimpse these already in the increase of psychosis and random violence. Though ample food and shelter are provided, rats (which exhibit behavioral patterns disconcertingly similar to those of man) react to crowding in strange and morbid ways—among them, neuter behavior, increased incidence of homosexuality and consumption by the mothers of their young.

The environment and poverty, the environment and peace—pick almost any category in this symposium—are not readily separable in a damaged human habitat. We know, for example, that one of the most lethal ingredients in poisonous smog derives from ethyl gasolines, which can cause chronic lead poisoning, and that a symptom of this poisoning is extreme irritability. Irritability is also a symptom of noise and overcrowding, as has been demonstrated in wild lemmings and human convicts, as well as in rats. Like all ghettos, Watts is noisy and overcrowded, and it is located in the worst smog region in America.

The black ghetto, which brings together the worst aspects of poverty and pollution, is the symbol of all that has gone awry in the American way of life. But the ghetto is ordinarily that part of our dying cities that is already dead. It is not only the ghetto but the sprawling urban mess that must be broken and reshaped in harmonious forms; it is with the whole concept of cities that any meaningful environmental renaissance must begin. Unfortunately, the rural mentality that still dominates state and Federal legislatures appropriates more money for farm subsidies than for urban development, even though the cities' disrepair is related directly to all those sordid aspects of today's America that these politicians deplore. And the inadequate sums made available to the cities soon disappear down the ratholes that abound there, not only because political expedience takes precedence over human needs but because human needs are so rarely considered, even when they are understood. Slum clearance, for example, is often more spectacular than useful,

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rarely is it worth the disruption and distress inflicted on its beneficiaries. A raffish neighborhood that functions well is razed to make way for hard-edged public housing that does not, the facelessness of the low-cost high-rise, the absence of human commerce breed despair as well as crime, and a new slum replaces the old.

As social animals, most people like high-density living; they do not forsake the countryside for economic reasons alone. But they cannot be housed in rows like chickens, with all-night lights to keep them laying; human nature makes such efficiency inefficient. A sense of identity must be preserved, a sense of belonging, as opposed to alienation, and this is not possible without the preservation of human community, of neighborhood. Even the city's "downtown"—typically, a fortress of cold rectangles in a slum jungle, dead (and therefore dangerous) by night—could be brought back to life if it incorporated cafés, shops and theaters in an attractive civic center. Theoretically, the people who work there would choose to live there; commuting—and time loss, traffic jams, nerves, expense, creeping suburbia and many other ills—would be reduced; the slum sections would disintegrate or be restored. In a time of advanced technology, residential and commercial areas need not and should not be mutually exclusive, especially now that heavy industry and warehousing are forsaking the cities in search of unchoked accesses and cheaper land.

Neighborhoods within communities, all linked to a live center—this is the basic arrangement in most of the new cities springing up across the country; these new cities will be surrounded by permanent green areas and will be of controlled size, in order that the so-called "human scale" may be preserved. Yet here, as elsewhere, urban design is left mostly to architects and city planners, who are not trained in ecology nor ethology. Among the first 70-odd new cities under construction in America, only one—Columbia, Maryland—sought the advice of social scientists before construction was begun. Even before the purchase of the tract between Washington and Baltimore that was to become Columbia, its developer, Baltimore banker James Rouse, met regularly for six months with 14 experts whose specialties ranged from health systems to traffic engineering. Rouse's vision of a "truly rational" city, providing "the most viable soil for the growth of people," was translated by his staff into a multilayered complex centering on its school system. If the cities of the future are to be a fit environment for man, it will be because the whole scientific community was consulted and its recommendations, however expensive, carried out.

It has been said that America cannot afford the huge cost of rebuilding her cities. This is not true. What we cannot afford is the death of our environment. Wars and the race to the moon, which consume many times the annual sums that could practicably be applied to a restoration of the environment, are luxuries of power and a gross imposition on the millions of people who cannot pay for comfortable private environments of their own. In a time of growing deprivation, the old ethics of free enterprise are intolerable. Cars, for example, are a chief source of our greatest plagues (congestion, air pollution, proliferating highways, noise and junk); yet, despite the huge profits of the automotive industry, despite the awesome threat of air pollution, despite an emergency law in California that new cars must be fitted with anti air-pollution devices the manufacturers have only recently provided this relatively inexpensive item as standard equipment. Their lack of responsibility toward the people who made them rich is not the exception but the rule. There *are* exceptions, however: Standard Oil of New Jersey has contributed valuable research to the problem of oil wastes dumped at sea. I suggest to the Secretary of the Interior that such firms be awarded a C for Civic Responsibility, like the E for Excellence of World War Two. But such companies as Inland Steel, Dow Chemical, Armour, Ford Motor Company and thousands of other industries make extra profits at national expense by dumping their filth into our ruined waterways. To the swelling problem of solid wastes, Rheingold and Clorox and their competitors have added the aluminum and plastic containers that will foul our beaches for a century, despite general agreement that *all* products (and their containers)—and cars, especially—should be designed for recycling or disintegration.

Faced with antipollution ordinances, industry often resorts to economic blackmail; it threatens to leave town. U. S. Steel and many others have hired lawyers to fight Government reforms. Monsanto and its allies, their pesticide profits endangered by Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring*, spent large sums not on research to protect the public but on an elaborate campaign to discredit the author and her book. But an apathetic public and its slack officials still permit the businessman to run the show in Washington, where his sometimes strange

"Hi! Mind if I join you? I'm the fighting priest who isn't afraid to talk to the young. Maybe you read about me in Look."

ethics are reflected in Government practice: when the Sierra Club attacked the controversial Colorado River Basin Bill, its tax-free status was partially lifted by the Internal Revenue Service.

Conservationists fought the proposed dams on the Colorado because they threatened to submerge part of the Grand Canyon; the dams were supported by political spokesmen for local coal, electric and other interests, even though the dams would have cost an estimated $800,000,000 as opposed to an estimated $90,000,000 for a nuclear power plant in the same region. Considering the need of our poverty program and our sick cities for that $710,000,000 difference, the fact that a choice was considered seems grotesque, but the situation gives an accurate indication of corporate power in Washington.

As long as Government indulges the commercial notion that growth of any kind means progress, as long as this blind "progress" is equated with the public good, its own agencies will compete in the cavalcade of development, led by the highway and construction engineers, that dooms a million acres of green land each year to asphalt or worse. The nation will lose much more than money in huge land-consuming boondoggles like the useless Arkansas River Navigation Project and the very unsavory Central and Southern Florida Flood Control District, which has made millions for a few speculators and big farmers at the expense of the public investment in Everglades National Park. As long as greed is glossed over—and it usually is—as an expression of "the free-enterprise system that made America great," we will witness such monumental idiocies as the proposed Rampart Dam designed to drown a Yukon wildlife area larger than Lake Erie to furnish hydroelectric power *that nobody needs*. Government agencies, especially Interior's Bureau of Reclamation and the headless monster called the Army Corps of Engineers, must play in the pork barrel with politicians and special-interest groups to find new make-work, for their bureaucracies have grown as huge and as obsolete as dinosaurs. The Corps of Engineers, for example, has recommended the nuclear blasting of a new canal across Central America, without troubling to ascertain the effects of such a series of contaminating explosions on the oceans and atmosphere of the whole world.

The Corps still claims the strong support of politicians, but from the public it is meeting resistance: conservation education—the first step toward a decent environment—is beginning to pay off. Today people look hard at the word "progress," and their skepticism must be encouraged. When told of United States concern for the world's poor, remember the fish-flour episode: this cheap, high-protein concentrate made from whole fish, a true source of hope to famine-haunted nations, was suppressed for years by the FDA on "aesthetic" grounds, due to pressure, it is said, from food interests fearing domestic competition. When informed of the chemical companies' dedication to "America's future," remember the great Mississippi-river fish kill caused by dumped poisonous wastes, and the campaign to defame *Silent Spring*. When shown the merry chipmunk at play on the pretty stumps of reseeded forests, remember the orgy of cutting staged by lumber interests before new bills to save the vanishing redwoods could be passed. When introduced to the folks down at the utility companies and their tradition of public service, remember the plentiful recent evidence that the public has been grossly overcharged for this service. Ask why these excess profits can't be spent, not on tax-deductible propaganda designed to con us but on replacing with storm-proof underground cable the utility poles that rank with the billboards and garish gas stations as the most pervasive and unnecessary eruptions on our blighted landscape.

"Poor kids! I understand everything in their new apartment was faulty and called back."

Environmental maintenance will be too little and too late as long as the public remains apathetic: what is needed is more citizens and fewer consumers. Consumers do not petition for local ordinances on billboards or for a local building code for gas stations, nor do they boycott. They do not organize conservation groups, much less Planned Parenthood chapters or pollution boards, nor do they demand that the schools provide children with honest conservation education, including the heresy that the American way of life has provided us with quantity without quality, like a body without a soul. Citizens, not consumers, won the preservation of the Great Swamp in New Jersey (more than 10,000 acres of primeval forest and flourishing wildlife 30 miles from Manhattan), the Fire Island National Seashore, the Aransas, Texas, sanctuary for the whooping crane and the restrictions on billboards in Merced County, California. Such victories are among many encouraging signs that Americans are now tired of fouling their own nest.

SCIENCE & TECHNOLOGY

(continued from page 90)

technology has contributed to the multicrises of our times, to the numerous disasters that hang overhead and give a nightmarish quality to life: destruction by nuclear war; poverty on a vast scale; a totally unsupportable and largely miserable society brought on by an uncontrolled population explosion; an irremediable polluting of the planet; the oppression of people by totalitarian governments; and a world-wide alienation of citizens, especially young people, from

a highly complex society to which they appear irrelevant.

If this is so, if science has contributed so significantly to the world's perilous state, what help, then, can we expect from science and technology now? The answer is that science and technology offer us another chance, the option for a better world, by making it possible to provide abundant material resources, good health and good education for all. More importantly, science and technology offer the only hope of achieving the understanding of increasingly complex social organizations that is so essential to the satisfactory management of our affairs.

Sigmund Freud posed the present dilemma of civilization when he predicted our failure to adjust politically and psychologically to the new world of technology. We are involved in a race between the creation of new technologies and the development of adequate social mechanisms to manage them, and the "hardware" inventors are ahead. In my view, it is still possible (though not necessarily probable) to fashion a decent world; but this can't be done simply by inventing more machines—though some will be needed. Instead, we must make our first order of business the fashioning of a new *political* and *psychological* world. The so-called advanced nations must go at this task with the same fervor and commitment that up to now has been reserved for furthering military technology.

Obviously, the first steps toward a more decent society must give a high priority to eliminating the malignant aspects of our present condition. But this is hardly enough. The fundamental obligation of a decent society is to provide a positive opportunity to achieve a rewarding, happy life for the maximum possible number of its citizens. This implies a parallel effort to model the society—politically, physically and culturally—to fit man's needs. Thus unique and fascinating instant in time is the first moment in history when the means actually exist to create a decent world for everyone. Not only do we have vast powers over nature but we can also be confident that if we continue to support a vigorous scientific research program, our technological capabilities will expand enormously, to give us even greater strengths. The real difficulty in creating a decent society, therefore, is not so much a shortage of resources or a lack of scientific inventiveness as it is our inability—or unwillingness—to use existing resources constructively.

The collective effort to improve the lot of man must, however, manifest itself quickly. If it is possible today to create the means to feed the people of the world adequately, or to control pollution, will it not be possible to do so 20 years from now? What is the hurry? First of all, environmental and social problems are much easier to prevent or arrest than to reverse. Therefore, the best way of coping with some of our current difficulties might be to perpetuate the *status quo*, as unpleasant as that might seem. How else, for example, would one handle the population problem? If current trends are allowed to continue, the world 20 years from now will be mighty unpleasant. It may be impossible to remove the DDT from the oceans or the excess carbon dioxide from the atmosphere, but it *is* possible to halt any further such pollution.

A second reason for acting promptly is that most phenomena associated with societies and people grow exponentially if they are not restrained. That is, their growth is proportional to their magnitude, so that when they are small, the magnitude of their growth is small; as they become bigger, they ultimately reach a point of explosive growth. This is why crises appear so suddenly in human affairs, why problems seem unimportant one season and out of hand the next. Finally, it takes time to develop new technologies and time to put them to work. Agricultural experts predict a world-wide food shortage within two decades, causing famine on an unimaginable scale. Studies have made it abundantly clear that the mere expansion of existing agricultural activities and the introduction of present birth-control methods as rapidly as possible will not prevent the crisis. However, by starting now to develop the new technologies that have been proposed, it would be possible within a decade to stop the present decline in the amount of food available per inhabitant of the planet and to effect an adequately increasing supply. But this developmental program is not under way.

The destructive impact of the automobile on our cities is another obvious example of out-of-control technology. Any individual, given the needed talent and appropriate circumstances, can decide to design and manufacture an automobile. Almost any person can make the decision to own one. Even though a few farsighted people—like Lewis Mumford—predicted the unmanageable consequences of such unfettered initiatives, there has been no social mechanism for planning and controlling their direction. Most of the great technological innovations that have so changed our lives emerged in just such a way. Or consider the effects of television. A typical youngster of today has watched over 20,000 hours of television by the time he is of college age. We can be certain that this deep immersion has affected his intellectual and social development in a major way; but we haven't been able to quantify the effects or figure out how to adjust either the television programs or the formal educational process to take advantage of this new medium as a truly constructive force.

Even when science and technology have been used by governments for public purposes, the results have not always been constructive. Nuclear weapons and ballistic missiles were developed to enhance national security; yet they have made this country, and all others in the world, more vulnerable to attack than at any previous time in history. At this very moment, Soviet and American leaders are trying to buy protection for their people through the creation of missile defense systems whose only certain effects will be to intensify the arms race. Nonmilitary technology has fared very little better. Public health activities in the underdeveloped countries have helped bring about pressing food shortages. Public hydroelectric projects in the United States and elsewhere are ruining vast and irreplaceable recreation areas.

It is clear that there must be a mechanism for fostering reasoned and continuous public discussion and consideration of all social problems. Long-range forecasting and resource allocation must become a part of the ongoing business of the society. Done well, such processes can bring the hitherto random method of decision making under control. A new discipline—which I shall call social engineering—should be created to establish a scientifically based capability for the design and management of the various aspects of our evolving society. Not that I expect even a highly developed social technology to eliminate the trial-and-error aspect of the process by which progress is made. A modern society is too complicated to permit detailed forecasting of its behavior. The purpose of the mechanisms here described is to provide the information for more *rational* decision making, particularly in planning activities, and to provide continuous feedback on the status of ongoing activities, so that they can be adjusted, if necessary, as they proceed. These arrangements should also provide an early-warning function, detecting unanticipated developments at an early stage. Most important and, no doubt, most difficult, they must also include procedures for taking into account moral and spiritual values and must afford adequate means of judging the human qualities of the environments under consideration.

I am presenting a large order, one for which we lack an adequate fundamental base of knowledge. But since we can't wait, I suggest that we proceed as a design engineer or a doctor does, employing whatever knowledge is available, stretching over the gaps in understanding with judgment, intuition and experiment, at the same time pressing the social, political and behavioral scientists to provide a more complete understanding of the phenomena involved. Many of the intellectual and analytical tools

"Caldwell, here, may well have the answer to 'After Pop Art, What?'!"

needed are now or are becoming available to assist the social engineer. The intellectual tools include concepts explaining the behavior of complex dynamic systems; profound understanding of the economic aspects of society and, with it, a growing ability to make informative computer models of economic systems; systems-analysis techniques, which have a limited but expanding usefulness in the study of social systems; a growing body of knowledge about human behavior; and an increasing amount of factual data about all elements of society. These new analytical tools make it possible to study social problems, to test theories in a realistic manner and eventually to provide adequate and timely information for use by the policy makers and managers of the society. Research groups in universities, in independent study centers and in governmental agencies should be encouraged to study these problems with the same intensity devoted to investigating the physical and life sciences.

Individuals throughout the world are trying desperately to get their fellow citizens and their governments to change their priorities—to spend smaller amounts of time and resources on arms and on conspicuous consumption and more on disarmament efforts, on moral considerations and on nation building. Scientists and engineers—individually and through such groups as the Federation of American Scientists and the Pugwash Conferences—have been in the vanguard of these efforts, working to create an understanding of the dangers and the hopes that science poses. Fortunately, the scientists have not been alone in these efforts. Scholars from many other disciplines, businessmen, workers, students and large numbers of nonprofessional women concerned about the world into which they are bringing children have also contributed in a major way to these efforts. The awareness of the need to alter mankind's priorities is growing in all corners of the world and in every segment of society. This is shown dramatically by the excitement caused behind the Iron Curtain by the clandestinely circulated declaration of the Russian physicist Sakharov, which calls for an end to the arms race, an open society in which problems and priorities can be debated and a commitment of the world's technical resources to the basic needs of people.

Equally hopeful is the student unrest that reverberates around the world, in democratic societies and in totalitarian states. Students everywhere share a visceral, intuitive conviction that society is sick and that they are getting little guidance on how to cure it. Many young faculty members share this feeling. Every campus has its quota of activist and dissident students and faculty members. They should be encouraged to seek out ways of understanding and counteracting the social deficiencies to which they are reacting, because they have zeroed in on very real problems that require far more serious attention than they have been given. The challenge for us in the universities—be we humanists, scientists or technologists—is to engage the creative energies of the dissidents in joint efforts on communal problems, so that they can find the socially useful careers they seek. Our generation has brought a scientifically based technology into being. With our assistance, this new generation can ensure that its fruits are beneficial.

In the final analysis, whether society will fail or succeed in the attainment of its goals will depend on the use to which its policy makers put the capabilities created by scientists. We have the resources for prosperity for all. We have the scientific know-how for increasing and improving these resources. Do we have the will to set about doing it? Can we adapt—politically and psychologically—to our changing times? We *must*, for if we don't, the prospect will not be the defeat of the decent society but the destruction of the one we have.

BUSINESS

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responsibility is incompatible with "the free-enterprise system." The business of business, they recite, is to make a profit—period. But I share with many businessmen a belief that the problems are so challenging and the time so limited that American corporations *must* assume a broadly constructive social role.

Many observers point out that thoughtless and unrestrained commercial and industrial activity have helped create and perpetuate many of the very problems that plague us. These critics are challenging the nation's corporations to mobilize their vast resources in an across-the-board attack on the inequities and iniquities for which, however unwittingly, they have been directly or indirectly responsible. These range from fouled rivers, polluted air and ravished countrysides to rat-infested slums, hungry children and exploited ghetto customers. This challenge does not come from outside critics alone. Many businessmen themselves, like Henry Ford II, are urging other executives to exercise leadership and commit their organizations in a new and wiser era of reconstruction; to attack the urban racial dilemma with vigor, because we must—in Ford's words—"decide to eliminate the disabilities of race and poverty, or fail as a free and open society."

Voices that speak for the other end of the economic spectrum—black America—are also turning to business to help them in their plight. They insist that business is the last hope of redemption for American society, because all of our other institutions—government, education, churches, labor—have so patently failed to deliver real equality of opportunity or even minimally decent schools and housing for many Americans. I do not accept the concept that our political and economic systems face extinction unless business comes to the rescue, for I have an abiding faith in the regenerative capacities of those systems. But I am convinced that business executives cannot—even in terms of their own corporate self-interest—escape the reality of modern America or their responsibility to help solve some of America's problems.

When the top 50 U. S. companies control more than half of the nation's manufacturing assets, and one of them alone has revenues that exceed the gross national product of all but 13 nations of the free world, corporate behavior inevitably has an enormous impact on society. Many business leaders are aware of this, and they also see in the ever-expanding economy new opportunities for a more positive social role. If poverty could be reduced, with their help, by one third, personal income would increase 130 billion dollars a year and personal spending by over 100 billion dollars. Too tall an order? I don't think so. By eliminating job discrimination alone, business could add more than an estimated 27 billion dollars to the gross national product. What responsible businessman would ignore an undeveloped domestic market greater than that of Canada?

But as they move into this new social arena, business leaders must commit more than rhetoric to their new tasks. My experience in industry taught me one thing about the corporate executive: He is a creative and compulsive problem solver, once he is convinced that the problem is his. When the majority of corporate leaders perceive our major social problems as part of their concern and transmit this commitment to their subordinates, the decent society we all desire will be within our grasp.

There is ample evidence that this is already taking place; not yet broadly enough, to be sure, but on a scale unprecedented in the last century. The number and variety of corporate social programs is staggering. Some are clearly public relations devices, but others are sincere and thoughtful efforts to apply corporate resources to our most fundamental social problems. Several companies, for example, have sought ways to make it possible for welfare recipients, particularly mothers receiving Aid to Families of Dependent Children, to go to work. In Cambridge, Massachusetts, KLH Research & Development Corporation has set up a day-care center for the children of mothers who want to work in its plant. The children, while at the center, receive good preschool instruction. Programs such as this, extended to

other cities, can have an enormous potential. In Chicago alone, there are some 47,500 ADC cases involving almost 200,000 persons. According to William Robinson, Cook County's welfare director, most of these mothers want to work and would do so if they were given training for jobs and adequate care for their children.

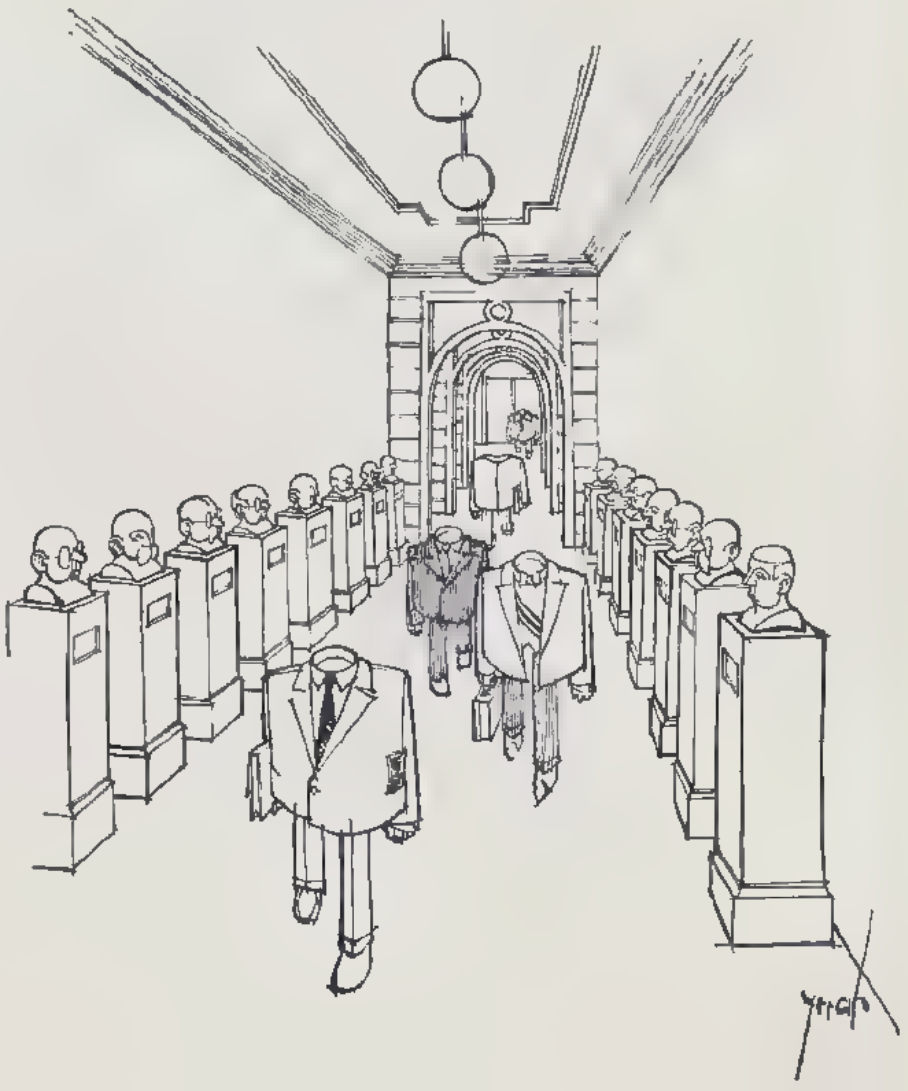
The new plant that Avco Corporation is now building in Boston's Roxbury section is an example of another burgeoning form of business activity: support for the constructive concept of black power, which seeks creation of business enterprises that blacks themselves will control. The Avco project is a printing plant that employs and trains men and women from Roxbury's minority groups to serve its own needs and those of other companies. The first and best known of these efforts, the Watts Manufacturing Company, was founded by Aerojet-General Corporation after the first riot in Watts. The Watts company employs 500 unskilled blacks making tents for the military service and, after a shaky start, is now beginning to turn a profit. It is performing so dependably that last year it won a subcontract to manufacture automobile parts. Similar ventures have been sponsored by Xerox Corporation and Eastman Kodak Company in Rochester, New York; IBM in Bedford-Stuyvesant; General Electric Company in Philadelphia; Control Data Corporation in Minneapolis; and Fairchild Hiller Corporation in Washington, D. C. But many more will be needed before blacks begin to feel that they have a real stake in their communities and in the society to which they belong.

All companies have a related opportunity to develop existing black businesses by providing technical guidance and then purchasing the goods and services that black businesses supply; the American Oil Company has been a pioneer in this activity. Other firms have elected to exploit their purchasing power in another way. Neiman-Marcus, the prestigious Dallas department store, set a precedent that others might follow when president Stanley Marcus wrote his 2000 suppliers and warned: "In the future, we would rather do business with a company that is actively and sincerely pursuing a policy of equal opportunity than to continue to do business with one that is not." Marcus' directive was certainly not inspired by the profit motive, but it promises to reap far more important rewards in terms of corporate good will, and it sets an example that other business leaders may be inspired to emulate.

Financial institutions must also become involved in the economic development of black communities. One of my constituents recently wrote, "Away with BLACK POWER. Away with SOUL POWER. What we need to make it in this atomic age is BORROWING POWER. The difference between black power and white power is that white power has more green in it." Unfortunately, too many banks and savings-and-loan associations are still conducting "business as usual." The principal exceptions are a handful of major-city institutions. The insurance companies have led the way in this area with a billion-dollar commitment to support black businesses and ghetto housing. Another answer to the banking needs of the black community may be the establishment of community-development banks that would be owned and controlled by local community-development corporations.

Among the most constructive business efforts have been those in which individual companies or business consortia have attacked the ills of entire ghetto neighborhoods. At one time, many corporations fled the troubled inner cities for the benign atmosphere of suburbia, taking jobs and payrolls with them. Thus deprived of part of their fiscal base, the cities have been hard put to cope with the problems of the unemployed who were left behind. Today, many companies are following the example of Sears, Roebuck and Company, which seriously considered moving its headquarters away from Chicago's deteriorating West Side but finally decided to stay where it was and try to make the area a decent place in which to live and work.

In Indianapolis, Eli Lilly & Company decided to try to reverse the flow of jobs from the inner city and has begun to expand its facilities there. It is putting company money and talent into the rejuvenation of the neighborhoods in which the company is located. Smith Kline & French took a look at the declining area surrounding its plant in the Spring Garden neighborhood of North Philadelphia and launched a housing rehabilitation program. The initial project converted condemned row houses into 125 comfortable family units. But S. K. & F. didn't stop there. Recognizing that ghetto dwellers need more than a roof over their heads, the pharmaceutical firm established an information



"You call that dirty?"

services center, staffed with four full-time company employees, to aid residents with their problems. Then it went to Dr. Leon Sullivan, an imaginative dynamic black minister who now runs one of the most effective basic education and job-training programs in the nation, and asked him to help them train "unemployable" ghetto dwellers for work in its plant.

Another way that business and industry can make an effective contribution to a decent society is to provide houses that low- and moderate-income families can afford to buy. As a Senator, I have sponsored legislation designed to give inner-city residents a stake in their community, legislation that provides incentives to build it up, not tear it down. Some of the companies that have become involved in rehabilitation efforts have already found that such projects not only are socially beneficial but can be profitable as well. In Boston, the president of Eastern Gas & Fuel, observing the need for better housing in the Roxbury neighborhood, invested $300,000 in the Boston Urban Rehabilitation Project to restore condemned and abandoned dwellings. Subsequently, his firm won gas-heat contracts for the rehabilitated houses that will gross some $400,000 a year. United States Gypsum Company, seeking a social role and sensing that housing rehabilitation might also provide a new market for its products, undertook an experimental project in Harlem and later expanded it to Cleveland and Chicago. The company poured more than $10,000,000 into these projects before it was sure that it would have a moderately profitable operation.

These experiences demonstrate a significant point. The dynamism of a corporation is such that effective results are most probable if social effort is related, at least indirectly, to normal operations and profit goals. Education and job training, which respond to manpower needs, provide another example of this. Literally hundreds of companies have even abandoned employee testing, lowered initial job requirements and leaped into "hard-core" job training and employment. The auto companies were the leaders, but most major corporations are now involved, either on their own or through the programs of the Urban Coalition and the National Alliance of Businessmen.

The objective of the Alliance program is to hire and train 500,000 hard-core unemployed over a three-year period. Many of these trainees must be taught to read, write, add, subtract and, in some cases, learn even basic hygiene and work habits. Without individualized help, which broken families and our educational system have too often failed to provide, most of them would become the objects of public charity—in or out of prison—for the rest of their lives. Certainly, business effort in behalf of these men and women is something every citizen can applaud. It is also an area in which business helps itself by helping others.

There are many social problems, however, that lie beyond the purview of business' responsibility or ability to solve. The very fact that the National Alliance of Businessmen's training program, for example, is even necessary raises some serious questions about our educational processes. During *each* of the three years in which the NAB is training 500,000 hard-core unemployed, another 1,000,000 youngsters will drop out of school. Should business be expected to assume the burden of training and educating them as well?

We must face up to the fact that if a corporation can raise a dropout's reading, writing and math skills by three to five grade levels during 12 weeks of concentrated instruction, something is desperately wrong with the way we are motivating and teaching many of our children, at home or in school. It is the obligation of society as a whole—not of business alone—to cope with this inadequacy. Similarly, there are many other social responsibilities that belong to other segments of society—functions that business is not equipped to handle.

If the American experiment is not to go the way of other great civilizations, every element of society must strive to improve it. Government officials must not be allowed to abdicate their responsibilities to business, but neither can corporate leadership hold itself aloof from the social problems that surround it. To me, the potential of determined and even altruistic attack by business on the inequities and evils that divide our people and diminish our environment offers exciting promise for America—and offers an opportunity to fulfill at last the promise that *is* America.

EDUCATION

(continued from page 91)

virtuous . . . or is it to be their servant and cater to their pleasure?"

From Socrates to the present, rigorous social criticism has been for many an ideal of intellect representing education at its best. Certainly what made the universities of the Middle Ages so exciting was the freedom and determination of faculty and students to criticize both church and state. In contrast, it was the absence of social criticism that made the French universities at the time of the French Revolution so dull; nobody ever reads about them. But one does read about *Les Philosophes*, that group of concerned intellectuals who formed themselves outside university walls, believing with Diderot, that "everything must be examined, everything must be shaken up." It was *Les Philosophes* who convinced Thomas Jefferson that this type of education ought to be back *inside* the walls of American academies. The purpose of the University of Virginia, he suggested, was to criticize those forces of church and state that "fear every change, as endangering the comforts they now hold." The role of the university, he said, was to "unmask their usurpation, and monopolies of honor, wealth and power."

Jefferson, I believe, had the right idea for our time as well as his. If university

students and professors are to make any contribution to a decent society, they must be Socratic gadflies, not handmaidens of the *status quo*. Because they love their country, they must be determined to quarrel with all that profanes, demeans and divides her citizens.

Professors should be a varied lot, but for a successful lovers' quarrel, we need more of a new breed. Too many for too long have dug ivory cedars in the ruins of the past. Too many have spent endless hours shedding light on what is finally not worth illuminating. Too many have doubted not out of love for the truth but out of a pathological need to doubt, out of a need to be fence sitters or balcony sitters. Their lack of moral responsiveness is the equivalent of a technician's lack of moral discrimination, and it is precisely this refusal to be ethically responsive or discriminating that accounts for America's present rapid progress down the road toward moral oblivion.

This is not to argue that we need teachers who are dogmatic and doctrinaire. But we do need men of passion as well as intellect—men like Socrates, Abelard and Galileo, who truly stood for something. Why are men like Staughton Lynd and Eldridge Cleaver shunned rather than courted? Professors *should* be controversial, for education thrives on controversy. Nor since scholarship also thrives on error, should professors be so afraid of being wrong; others will correct them. Controversial professors do not convert all their students to their way of thinking, nor should they. The point is that when students meet deeply committed professors, education becomes lively, exciting, real.

We need, furthermore, a host of curriculum revisions. How many universities offer a major in urban studies? How many seriously teach Marxism? Where do students study what most have already felt—the dehumanizing effects of bureaucratic structures? Where do they go to study theories of protest and revolution; or to study the revolting conditions that produced the revolts in Latin America, Africa and Asia; or to study in detail America's involvement in these situations? I think it irrational and unjust to berate students for showing more passion than judgment in the absence of courses that will demand the homework that will educate their judgment.

Toward this end of more exciting and relevant education student power should be encouraged and exercised. As black power means black freedom, so student power means student freedom, the freedom to pursue their proper interests in depth. I am not suggesting that students should have their way but that they should have their say, and not only in extracurricular but in curricular matters as well, in helping history, political science and sociology departments, among others, devise up-to-date, demanding courses, taught by teachers who know how to teach them. When students are not given their say, it is right that they should protest vigorously. While there is no perfect methodology of protest, I would suggest that effective action must resort to power in a way that engages both the mind and the conscience.

Students must also be given more opportunity to live with the problems they are studying. Too much education is too abstract, too dryly conceptual to be either truthful or stimulating enough to the minds and imaginations of students on whom we must depend to find new and creative solutions to social problems both profound and pressing. Yale is now helping students work and study in the underdeveloped nations between sophomore and junior years. We should be urging students to do the same in Michael Harrington's "other America." Some colleges are asking students to spend this kind of a year even before they come to the campus.

If it is true that values are experienced concretely as well as learned abstractly—"caught" as much as taught—then life on campus outside the classroom, particularly at residential universities, must also be considered an important part of the educational experience. Unfortunately much extracurricular life at many universities still remains monumentally trivial, particularly the ritualized childishness and narcissism of most fraternity life. In the words of a recent brother, a fraternity tends "to promote the ideals of an insurance salesman and an aggressive distrust of anything approaching thought." I have always felt that to put a complacent student in a fraternity and expect him to come out deeply concerned about the state of the world is about as realistic as putting a wino in a wine cellar and expecting him to lay off the bottle.

The predominantly—and, for the most part, totally—white fraternities could learn a lesson in responsibility as well as humanity from black student groups, which have done much to enhance educational goals on campus and to meet community needs off campus. So have many chapters of S.D.S., despite a certain fanaticism—in response to governmental, police and university fanaticism—and a tendency to indulge in overkill rhetoric. Increasingly, campus religious groups, too, have become communities in which students can experience a deepening of perception and of passion of learning and of love. And the rise of campus art, drama and music groups gives hope that the future cultural life of this country will, more and more, not only distract from but give meaning to life.

How to regulate extracurricular life is a tough question, but here, surely, is another area where students, faculty and administration can work profitably together. Without becoming totalitarian, they should encourage, by all means possible, those experiences that enhance rather than detract from the educational

"I've never read anything quite so moving, and I urge you to accept this offer to merge with Amalgamated Industries."

values being promoted inside the classroom. And if universities are to contribute to a more decent society, somewhere along the educational line the vocational issue must be raised. This is *the* moral issue for higher education, for the value of knowledge must depend on the use to which it's put. Criminal lawyers, for example, are desperately needed now in America, not only to represent those accused of crimes but to do something about a penal system that is far more punitive than curative. Yet few law-school students have the freedom and courage to resist the honor, glory and hard cash of corporation law. Likewise, few public-health, psychology or medical students are prepared to devote much time to the healing of the poor, either at home or abroad; and most teachers-to-be are fearful of taking on the problems of ghetto schools.

But none of these proposals will have much chance of success if we don't reform our educational system from the ground up. By the time kids enter college, they've been largely brainwashed for 12 years. Especially on the lower levels, education does more than teach fundamental skills and inculcate the conventional wisdom. It also promotes life styles, attitudes that can be expected to accompany the student into adulthood. If our grammar schools and high schools persist in telling students how long they can wear their hair, how short they can wear their skirts, where they may or may not smoke, then we can expect these students to grow up accepting such unwarranted intrusions—from big government or big business—as the natural order of things. Educators who are preoccupied with enforcing such irrelevant discipline and conformity succeed only in trivializing education and discouraging the independent thinking that, in a decent society, should be the real goal of the educational system. Students need more guts, not more rules. They can't be expected to think originally or act independently in an educational environment that stifles originality and independence whenever they appear.

It is easy to say that students lack courage. That is probably true. But it is also important to point out the vast discrepancy between those beliefs Americans revere and those that American society rewards; the most useful vocations are rarely the most attractive financially. This discrepancy points to the fundamentally spiritual nature of our crisis and indicates the reason social criticism must cut so deep. Frankly, I am not optimistic about our coping with this national crisis. Too many Americans are experiencing what one psychiatrist called "the unacceptability of unpleasant truth." We just don't want to know. Furthermore, it is fair to say that if, in the next few years, we do not solve the problems of race, poverty and war, this nation doesn't deserve to survive—and probably won't.

But with the present generation of students, there is still hope that their commitment to decency will widen and deepen, and even survive the awarding of their diplomas. If, thereafter, they refuse to stand aloof from the fury of history, refuse to sit on liberal fences with their fears on either side, and refuse to allow their lovers' quarrel to degenerate into a grudge fight, then our torn and violent country may still have a chance of becoming America the beautiful.

THE ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

(continued from page 91)

blame Madison Avenue for the banality of most TV. Ferdinand Lundberg, in *The Rich and the Super-Rich*, points out our error: "It should be noticed that Madison Avenue can produce only what is approved by its clients, the big corporations. If these latter ordered Elizabethan verse, Greek drama and great pictorial art, Madison Avenue would supply them with alacrity." But they seldom do, and we should not expect them to. Their duty is to expand the market for their product; minority art, conveying minority opinions, could only diminish it. Big corporations are not philanthropic. Nor are the mighty foundations that bear so many of their names. These are primarily devices for enabling the founders to retain their industrial voting power (since foundations have enormous stock holdings) while absolving them from paying corporation taxes. And foundation administrators are highly unlikely to subsidize the sort of art that might bring the founders name into disrepute. Even Mike Nichols would be shown the door if he tried to get backing for a pro-Socialist script on prime-time TV. At the very least, he would be urged to water it down until the capital S stood for Sellout.

To ask what's going to happen in the performing arts is the same as asking, Who's going to pay to let it happen? Clearly, the less the art costs and the more restricted its audience, the more liberty it will have to go its own way. The amount of censorship imposed will be related to what the public will buy. If 100 people go to see a sexy movie for every 500 who stay away and complain about it, moral reasons will be found for cutting it. In the same way, the box office acts as Broadway's censor. There's no need for an official body to excise forbidden phrases, sights or opinions. Tomorrow, and as far ahead as I can see, the mass media will exercise self-censorship on anything that might alienate customers.

The big current issue is whether violence, not sex, alienates more people than it attracts. For example: Should the networks ban explicitly bloody footage on the Vietnam war? My own feeling is that they shouldn't; if the sight of such horrors helps turn people against the war, I don't mind if a few kooks are staring at their sets, quietly masturbating. You don't cure diseases by banning their symptoms, and I have yet to see any concrete evidence that social violence is increased by violence in the arts. To forbid the depiction of brutal behavior is to enter a dangerous, uncharted field in which you might imagine a 16th Century censor saying to an artist like Brueghel:

> Look, Pieter, I wish you'd rethink that *Torments of Hell* project. I know you're a genuine artist, and I'd love to be able to hang the picture in its entirety, without a lot of damned stupid *holes* in it. It's like I used to say to old Matt Grünewald: "Why are you so hung up on suffering and nails and boiling lead? It only makes life more difficult for me." There's nothing I'd like more than to say: "Go right ahead!" But how can I let you offend a lot of decent, everyday people? You remind me of Fra Angelico. Old Fra's a really marvelous artist, but he had this thing about tortures and crucifixions—he said they represent *actual human behavior*. . . .

I see little likelihood that movies and TV shows will display more social realism—or social conscience—in the immediate future than they have in the past. In recent years, I think it's been realized by many that our most fundamental social problem—the overwhelming ownership of wealth and resources by an impregnable white minority—can be solved only by a radical change in the system. But this is not about to take place. Producers—even serious ones—will shy away from such topics. They will concentrate instead on the nuances of personal relationships (*The Graduate*), on safe nostalgic spectacles (*Doctor Zhivago* and Julie Andrews pictures) and on pleasantly shocking aspects of bloodshed and coercion (as in *Bonnie and Clyde* and savage movies about corrupt cops).

During the Forties and the Fifties, films used to opt for the moderate solution. If men of good will got together—if Negroes cooperated with whites, if good cops collaborated with good citizens, if junkies joined forces with psychiatrists—most things could be solved. Such easy answers aren't viable nowadays. Society has become polarized. The Yippies and the black militants are *never* going to line up with the cops. It's probable that a majority of voters would support police repression. Most moviemakers would be on the other side, but their films, unfortunately, are intended

"He was tall, dark and inexperienced."

to appeal to the majority. I think there will be much more *sexual* freedom in the popular arts; but we shan't be seeing much work that goes to the heart of America's unease. What society dictates, mass art dutifully apes, dependent on historical circumstances it cannot control and does not wish to change. There will be exceptions, of course; but most of the signposts point toward monumental triviality.

Though this is true of the large-scale performing arts, it doesn't necessarily apply to the off-off Broadway theater, to the underground cinema or to its art house outlets. But it means that we may have to visit converted lofts, cellars and barns to experience art in its pristine, unreconstructed condition. The theater of true invention—as well as the theater of casual anarchism—will retreat to small rooms. The eminent Polish director Jerzy Grotowski believes that a theater with 1000 seats is an anachronism, and totalitarian, at that. In his view, ten theaters, each seating 100, would provide more choice and, hence, more democracy. But what shall we see in American minitheaters? Improvisation, no doubt, mixed-media Happenings, light shows and the like. John Osborne, the British playwright, categorically declares that this kind of drama is "democracy gone mad. It ignores the premise of art, which is that somebody can do something better than you. The assumption of all these Happenings is that everybody can do it as well as everybody else. Some clod flashing lights on a wall is doing something as significant as putting pen to paper." Robert Brustein, the head of the Yale Drama School, offers his own discouraging prophecy: "What may be coming now is a theater of liberated, arrogant amateurs—a theater where there will be no more spectators, only performers, each tied up in his own tight bag." It is not much to look forward to.

All I would bet on in the future of the American mass arts is the predominance of what I would designate as high-definition performance. By h.d.p. I mean supreme professional polish, hard-edged technical skill: the effortless precision without which no artistic enterprise can inscribe itself on our consciousness. It is the saving grace of high and low art alike, the common denominator that unites good acting, good choreography, good baseball and good conversation. But h.d.p. is safely nonideological. It confronts one with no moral crisis; it neither provokes nor assuages any spiritual malaise.

The artistic setup reflects the social setup. In a monolithic society—such as the U.S. or the U.S.S.R.—I doubt whether the arts can be very much more than gadflies, after-dinner amusements or pious tributes to the respectable past. In smaller countries, they can be more liberated and more responsible—as in Czechoslovakia before the Soviet invasion, where a society freed from private profit had also abolished censorship. There, uniquely in Europe, good artists could express themselves unhindered in all the major performing media.

But something *can* be done to help American drama. Britain founded its National Theater five years ago on the principle that the company was supplying a service, not selling a product. That kind of service costs money. To keep a permanent ensemble of actors together in a large repertoire of classical and modern works means that you have to run at a loss. As literary manager of Britain's National Theater, I am the chooser of plays under the tutelage of Laurence Olivier. Even though we play to nearly 90 percent of capacity, we lose something like $1,000,000 a year, which is made up by governmental and civic subsidy. Why shouldn't America be prepared to do the same? One would like to see theater-building projects, financed partly by the state and partly by the Federal Government. In addition to repertory companies, there ought to be youth theaters (presenting plays for and about young people) and arts centers, where movies, concerts, ballets and plays appear on the program every week. Nor is building enough; there must be an annual subsidy to cover running costs.

As for the mechanical media, America needs a number of state-financed film schools and a chain of Federally owned art houses in which minority movies from any source could be exhibited. And a publicly subsidized TV channel would help raise standards. If absolutely necessary, it might accept ads, but only on the model of commercial TV in Britain, where advertising time is sold between programs and direct sponsorship is forbidden.

I won't pretend, however, that my hopes are high for a decent society even in the arts. High-definition performance will assuredly prosper, but I can't imagine that my suggestions for the arts could ever materialize without prohibitive censorship ("Play safe, it's public

"Well . . . it all started when I was just a kid . . . a bunch of us were playing and one of them said, 'Hey—let's play doctor.' . . ."

money") or such a general outcry ("Why subsidize long-haired junkies?") as to wreck their ambitions within a very short time. The American artist who wants to tell his audience why they are alive, to what end and in what kind of ultimate dilemma, will be more likely to express himself in print, in the art galleries or in the world of minority theater and underground movies than in the commodity market of the big media. I hope I am wrong. If enough Americans were to mobilize a campaign, it is theoretically possible that they could liberate their artists from the ignominious dictates of the market place. But it would take millions of people to do it—more, perhaps, than the total number of Americans who care about art.

COMMUNICATIONS

(continued from page 91)

of commercialism that has buried their commitment to truth under a drive for profits and the protection of privilege. This borders on criminal negligence.

Thomas Jefferson conceived of a free press as a vigilant watchman against Governmental repression. "The basis of our government being the opinion of the people, the very first object should be to keep that right," Jefferson wrote, "and were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter." Would Jefferson sleep better tonight if—in the place of government—the *Chicago Tribune* dictated American foreign policy, or if William Loeb's vitriolic, antisocial *Manchester New Hampshire Union Leader* were running the Department of Health, Education and Welfare? Would he feel secure to have either William Buckley's rakishly right-wing *National Review* or that recklessly dovish upstart, the left-wing *Ramparts* magazine, dispensing the Pentagon's 80-billion-dollar budget? Would Jefferson rejoice in the nightly enlightenment of public opinion by the vivid superficiality of TV newscasts—or, for that matter, by hourly doses of instant headlines squirted between the cracks separating rock 'n' roll from the singing sex appeal of tooth paste commercials on the radio?

In the turgid, tragic wake of last August's Democratic Convention, a distinguished former editor of a Chicago newspaper observed: "The real story was the spectacle of the local media—with mild exception—rallying defensively around Mayor Daley. As the epicenter of the establishment, he is sacrosanct. Nobody really dares lay a glove on him. So very little was produced to enable the public, in a calmer frame of mind, to allot just measures of blame between police brutality and [Yippie-student] provocation." It is easy to victimize Richard J. Daley, with his lamb-chop cheeks and his ward-heeling mentality, as a singular villain. It is easy—but irresponsible. For though he may be the last of the big city bosses, Chicago's urban crisis won't be solved when he leaves city hall. The larger fact is that the whole American population, mayors and men in the street included, has been swept up in a violent whirlwind of contention and change. In such a tempest, it is natural to grope for the old familiar moorings. But they are being torn away. We can't escape the storm, but we can brace ourselves against it and look for new routes and new anchorages while it rages.

"In the area of personality, I feel that you as the father can play a particularly key role, with man-to-man talks and an occasional shot in the head."

Journalists are not statesmen, but this interval of convulsive change should be the time when the press, in all its facets, with all its power, *inspires* statesmanship by seeking out and supporting honest leadership, and steadies a confused, frightened and dangerously irascible electorate with candid exposition of the facts as they are and with reasoned, reasonable suggestions for what should be. There is enough wrong in this republic to merit a full-scale exposé daily, if not every hour on the hour. Instead, newspapers run prize contests to lure readers or to keep the ones they have, and broadcasting drives thoughtful citizens away in droves by fertilizing the wastelands of the airwaves with the manure of utter mediocrity. The nearest that most local editors and broadcasters come to fearless journalism today is to get the Community Chest fund over the top or to deplore the traffic jam at Fifth and Main.

No tools of information have been honed to a finer, more constructive cutting edge by the technological advances in communication than have radio and television. And none have been used more clumsily, or with less responsibility. "Broadcasting," that courageous iconoclast of the Federal Communications Commission, Nicholas Johnson, reminds us, is "one of the most powerful social forces man has ever unleashed upon himself. It shapes our minds and morals, elects our candidates and motivates our selection of the commodities with which we surround ourselves. It tells us most of what we know about the world we live in. . . ." Yet, as Johnson and his fellow commissioner Kenneth Cox pointed out in devastating dissent last June, the FCC routinely renewed the licenses of a score of Oklahoma radio and television stations, despite their unanimously flagrant failures to fulfill their commitment to responsible programing. Branding the whole FCC renewal process a sham, Johnson and Cox declared that in political bias and poor quality of service, the Oklahoma stations do not differ widely from station performance in other states.

The broad issue here is not a clash between the radical right and the radical

left or white supremacy versus black power. It is fairness versus unfairness. This same criterion should be used to settle the continuing row between the press and the courts over the nettle of pretrial publicity. The media in general and radio and television in particular are suffering a curious backlash on just this issue of fairness. Numerous citizens—maybe a majority—agreed when Mayor Daley roared "Foul" at network coverage of the ghastly collisions between police and demonstrators during the Democratic Convention in Chicago. And George Wallace scored some of his most evocative brownie points with his frenzied third-party followers when he attacked the press as "those smart folks who look down their noses at you and me."

There is no infection more dangerous to the body politic than an inflammation of ignorance, whether by the arrogant self-righteousness of a boss named Daley or by the rabble-rousing evangelism of a demagog named Wallace. But the media's dilemma is not eased simply by pointing this out. Outraged crowds could not be roused so easily if the individuals comprising them did not harbor deep resentment—and fear. The "silent majority" of struggling whites resents being made to feel forgotten in the social revolution, and fears the black man, who is at last forcefully demanding equal rights. On his part, the black man wrathfully distrusts white society for giving him so little to relate to, thanks, in important measure, to the ethnocentric preoccupations of the white press.

A special phenomenon must be noted here: The fact that the very baggage of television *makes* news adds a grain of truth to Mayor Daley's indictment of the press. Open a TV camera's red eye and it conjures up a crowd. Put a newsfilm crew into an empty street and people materialize as if by magic, assuming that this is where the action is and hankering for a piece of it. It should be a criminal offense for electronic journalists to incite demonstrators in order to liven up your living room. This kind of provocation is rare, but even once is too much. There is enough going on that cries out for responsible coverage without having to produce a synthetic happening. But those who, like Mayor Daley, suggest that civil disorder wouldn't occur if TV were banned from trouble spots are not only violating freedom of the press, they are fooling themselves about the crisis dimensions of this nation's social and political inequities and about the consequences of ignoring them or of misplacing the blame for their existence.

The media's job in this occupational predicament is not to stifle controversy but to cover it responsibly and with restraint; not to mollify or to knuckle under to its mixed bag of angry critics but to recognize them and their criticism through candid communication—without condescension or innuendo. Electronic journalists must never forget the "personal" impact of news conveyed by voice and/or visage. A biting David Brinkley footnote to a headline can pack more punch than Drew Pearson. At the same time, television should not eschew informed opinion just when it's screwing up its courage to recognize that controversy is not a four-letter word.

It's axiomatic that any Administration tries to manage news. Lyndon Johnson's achievement in making a Grand Canyon out of the credibility gap has overshadowed the fact that every bureaucrat and politician from Pahrump, Nevada, to Pennsylvania Avenue wants his press releases to sound like Holy Writ. Often they are highly deceitful, if not a downright pack of lies. The Johnson Administration was simply better at it than anyone else. The President's phobia for secrecy, the poker player deviousness he cultivated in Congressional cloakrooms to decide the fate of a bill, his dogged defensiveness—faithfully echoed by Dean Rusk and the Pentagon—over the most unpopular war in the nation's history, all added up, in the bitterly contested election year of 1968, to a new high in the gobbledygook art of painting white as black—and black as red, white and blue. The predictable result: Public trust in politicians and political institutions reached, perhaps, a new low. And, ironically, some of the best journalistic efforts to put these machinations in clear perspective were greeted with cynical disbelief.

Yet with all its put-ons and cop-outs, the machinery of democratic process continues to function after a fashion. Indeed, in 1968, driven by the pressures of public opinion, it cranked out a couple of amazing happenings, a modification of war policy—albeit small—and the withdrawal of Lyndon Johnson from the Presidential race. For better or for worse, the public worked its will and the press, as it should, became the main conduit of the campaign dialog.

There is no fancy recipe for making the news media bubble up better. Many basic ingredients are already there and cooking. *Life* magazine has done an unusually bold, though unfinished, muckraking job of exposing allegedly shady links between crooked unions and a U. S. Senator from Missouri, and between a New Jersey Congressman and the Mafia. Bravely irreverent weekly newspapers and struggling little magazines of opinion continue to decry bigotry, injustice and sloth. Given time and resources by an increasingly conscientious *Los Angeles Times* to do a job in depth, reporters David Kraslow and Stuart H. Loory came up with a crackling series on Administration war policy that became a best-selling book, *The Secret Search for Peace in Vietnam*. And black power has at last besmirched the media. There are more—but still not nearly enough—

"Edgar, I sense we're drifting apart. . . ."

black faces in the ads and on the air. The CBS series *Of Black America* and NET's *Black Journal* have provoked wide and overwhelmingly favorable response. And with all its flaws, the Ford Foundation's Public Broadcast Laboratory is an exciting experiment in noncommercial network television.

But we have hardly begun to do what must be done. The potency of the broadcasting lobby, which has transformed the FCC from a watchdog into a handmaiden, is a subject overripe for investigation, along with the larger question of press monopoly, if anybody is interested in real freedom of the press. Journalism schools claim to be; if so, they should turn out fewer public relations experts and pay more attention to faulting the press and figuring out how to inform the public on where and how to become more reliably informed. And all of the media must lose some of their mania about speed, a natural enemy of perspective and dimension. I would even like to see newspaper headlines abolished in favor of news-magazine-type labels, for well-balanced stories are too often ruined by a slanted headline.

William Allen White's formula for responsible journalism was "wisely directed courage." In the final analysis, the celebrated Kansas editor's recipe is still the secret of keeping the press free and alert. Veteran Washington correspondent Richard Strout translated it into blunter counsel: "Just get mad at someone and spit in his eye." This, of course, involves danger—as the brave editors, dramatists and poets of Czechoslovakia found out when they spat too accurately in the Kremlin's tyrannical eye. But the power of the American press is a match for any tyranny—unless it loses by default to the tyranny of self satisfaction.

RELIGION & MORALITY

(continued from page 91)

always have them with us! But granted all that, does religion today have anything positive to offer to our notion of what society should be like? I think so. There is a previous question, however: For the intelligent 20th Century man, does religion make any sense? Except for antiquarian purposes, why bother with such a Paleozoic fossil? To answer this question, we must first insist that religion cannot be equated with what *churches* do. That is as mistaken as equating education with what schools do or justice with what cops and courts do. Religion is larger than any church, and one can lambaste the churches without jettisoning religion. Isaiah, Jesus and Luther all did. An intelligent man does not fling the whole business overboard because a minister once warned that premarital intercourse lands you straight in Hades.

Neither does the intelligent man equate man merely with intelligence. He knows that in addition to a brain, man has turbulent feelings, powerful fears and glorious fantasies. His hopes soar beyond any rational basis. Religion is founded of these marvelous ingredients —without which life would fade to insipidity. Of course, intelligence has a place in religion; it criticizes and reflects on experience. But reason is only a part of the total man, and the intelligent man knows it. He also knows that life is more than technical know-how. Eons before man carved out tools, he fashioned myths. Before he invented the wheel, he mined the life forces and the cosmic rhythms. Homo sapiens is the maker of symbols as well as of ideas. A fully conscious man delights in this aspect of his life instead of trying to repress it. He knows religion is a congeries of dramatic symbols and life values, and he swings with it. He has gone beyond both the pious credulity of the peasant and the fastidious disdain of the sophomore atheist.

Our Western religion is a comparatively recent one as religions go. It was preceded by thousands of years of religious development. And it will not last forever. Its central insight, however, remains crucial: that the holy is found not only in fire, thunder and sun but in the ecstasy of love, the angry cry of the poor and the longings of the poets. In recent years, saddled with moralism and empty rites, we had nearly forgotten that religion began with celebration—the dance, the feast, the orgy. Today, however, with jazz masses, agape meals and rock liturgies, people are once again discovering that faith is festivity. Man is celebrating life and hope, despite death and despair. But what does faith's celebration have to do with the decent society?

There are at least three things we must continue to celebrate today, even though there is no strictly empirical basis for any of them. All must be "taken on faith," but each is essential in any society that calls itself decent:

1. *Every single person counts.* This does not mean individualism; it means that man is not just an atom in the natural cosmos. He is a responsible agent, a history maker. Thus, to abscond to some selfless nirvana or exurban grotto, or to turn history over to luck or fate, is a betrayal. Jesus depicted man as a steward placed in charge of the vineyard and fully accountable for what happened. Every person, not just the crowned head or the oil magnate, is intended by God to take part in the decisions that affect his destiny. Our modern idea of democracy rests partially on the old Puritan precept that man has not only the right but the obligation to govern himself. To abdicate by letting someone else do it is to settle for a subhuman state.

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tional charts cramp and suffocate us, the celebration of the personal becomes increasingly necessary. As technologists design supersonic futures and urban planners cantilever new cities, somebody has to ask what happens to the individual person. This is not just the yelp of a coupon-clipping yeoman who resents the income tax. It is the justifiable insistence that a society that excludes the black and the dispossessed from the fashioning of its future is not a great society at all. It is not even a society; it is a Potemkin village in which plumbing repairs have been allowed to replace the rebuilding of civic life.

The nasty truth is that in emerging urban America, real civic participation is distressingly low. Disaffiliation roams the streets. Fidgety city officials shore up their tottering machines with Federal dollars. Schools become custodial institutions. Garbage reeks in the streets. Those with money flee to suburban enclaves, where their only interest in the city becomes how to avoid its taxes and how to get their loot out in minimum commuting time.

To celebrate the person today, religion will have to become *more*, not less political. Churches will have to expose Governmental programs that increase people's dependency and deepen their sense of powerlessness. To build personal community today, we will have to fashion new types of political structures—first in the neighborhood, but eventually at the metropolitan level. Here churches can help. They have buildings and personnel located in every slum. They could turn over their property to inner-city residents as the first step in taking over whole blocks of buildings, perhaps through rent strikes, and then rebuild them into model housing. The whole outmoded parochial school system should be abandoned. Then churches could experiment with alternative schooling systems, ones that do not lock youngsters up inside brick and glass tombs. Such church-sponsored model schools might stimulate some action in the calcified public system. Some churches have already begun to support the protest groups that make the voice of the outcasts heard in the councils of power. Admittedly, this infuriates those city fathers who want the clergy to pronounce benedictions at political conventions and then go back to their prayer wheels. But we can expect more Father Groppis and Reverend Collins in the future.

An emphasis on individual participation in corporate life will also require changes in the church itself. For centuries, we have preached that sin is rebellion against God and all duly constituted authority. Therefore, any questioning of those in charge was condemned. The good believer was obedient and quiescent. Today, most theologians reject this perverted idea of sin, which arose in the period of Christianity's "Constantinian" compromise with Greco-Roman ideologies of sacral state power. Today, we define sin not as insurrection but as indifference, not as the prideful attempt to be more than man but as the slothful refusal to be all that a man should be. This means that the religion of the future cannot be counted on to plaster over the fissures of the great society and solemnly to invoke the Deity's blessings on anything those in charge decide upon. The *protest*-ant elements in all churches will undoubtedly become more vociferous. To be *advocatus hominem*, the defense attorney for man, is an age-old task of the church. It should pursue it with vigor in the future.

2. Faith also celebrates the fact that whether we like it or not, *the human family is one*. Take the admittedly somewhat comic figure of the Pope as an example. Of course, his regal finery and Swiss guards seem anachronistic today, but the Pope as a symbol is important. He is a sovereign who sits on land owned by no nation and he reigns over a world-wide spiritual empire. The word is "reigns," not "rules," which the present occupant of Peter's throne seems to have forgotten. But the symbol is still invaluable. It reminds us that despite the artificial and archaic national boundaries we have erected around the world, we all belong together. As out of touch as he often appears, the Pope is closer to the reality of human interdependence than are the waistcoated diplomats who perpetuate the idea of national sovereignty. If you're looking for a really dangerous and outmoded myth, national sovereignty wins over the papacy hands down.

The truth is that no American society can call itself great or decent as long as a single Bengali child gets no breakfast. Admittedly, this pulls the plug on patriotism and national pride. Thinking of V.C.s as brothers rather than as gooks makes it a little harder to fry them in napalm. But that is the price we pay for a faith that claims to be universal rather than merely tribal. This persistent dream of a single world community may explain why Protestant churches got themselves in trouble a few years back for advocating the recognition of Communist China, when the idea was equated with treason. It suggests why the Pope, when he came to America, visited the UN, not the White House. In a century of runaway national jingoism, Christianity is one of the few forces that insist there is no real difference between "Greeks and barbarians." This message must be increasingly emphasized as nervous fingers twitch near nuclear triggers.

But the church has not lived up to its own universal claims. Believers in the same God don helmets and bludgeon one another in the name of this or that great society, classless society or whatever. While some Christians follow a Buddhist example and immolate themselves for peace, others piously pour poisons on rice crops. Even on the home front, the oneness of the human family is denied by hysterical mobs in Alabama and Chicago. But when a bigot's brick hits a nun or a racist's bullet fells Martin Luther King, even the most venomous segregationist is reminded, if only for a moment, that we belong together. To testify to the uncompromising universalism of humankind may cost even more blood in the future. Believers will have to set aside ethnic and racial loyalties and fashion a live model of world citizenship. Our slow-paced ecumenical fumbling must move beyond churchly mergers to the reconciliation of the world, and ultimately to the universe itself. Nothing less will be enough.

3. Finally, faith today celebrates *vision and fantasy*. Our work-obsessed culture has little time for either. We venerate facts, statistics, probability curves. We dispatch our dreamers to the happy farm and turn the controls of society over to the "realists." It's our sanitary way of stoning the prophets. But realists always have a shrunken sense of what is possible. They are a timid breed. Every society needs seers whose imaginations are not fettered to the presently possible. Prophets peer beyond a guaranteed annual income and color TV in every home to a time of human fulfillment that makes us restive with every present accomplishment. The Bible pulsates with images of men reconciled to nature, lions living with lambs, ones cities in which there is no more crying, a world of blooming fig trees and discarded spears.

What if we do eventually solve the sheer physical problems of human existence? Does that produce the decent society? Hardly. Then the essential question may press in on us even harder. It is the question prophetic religion always asks: What is really worth doing in life? To generate new answers to that question, and to rethink the old ones, we will need institutions that will enable men to symbolize, play, dream, dance out their fantasies and stretch their aspirations beyond the current constricted horizons. We will need something like religion.

The function of faith is to make a civilization discontent, to rouse it from its complacency and fire it with richer fantasies. This gift of prophecy comes not only to saints. It speaks through artists, dancers, poets. But its nurture and renewal is the very *raison d'être* of religion; for as a prophet of long ago once said, "Where there is no vision, the people perish."

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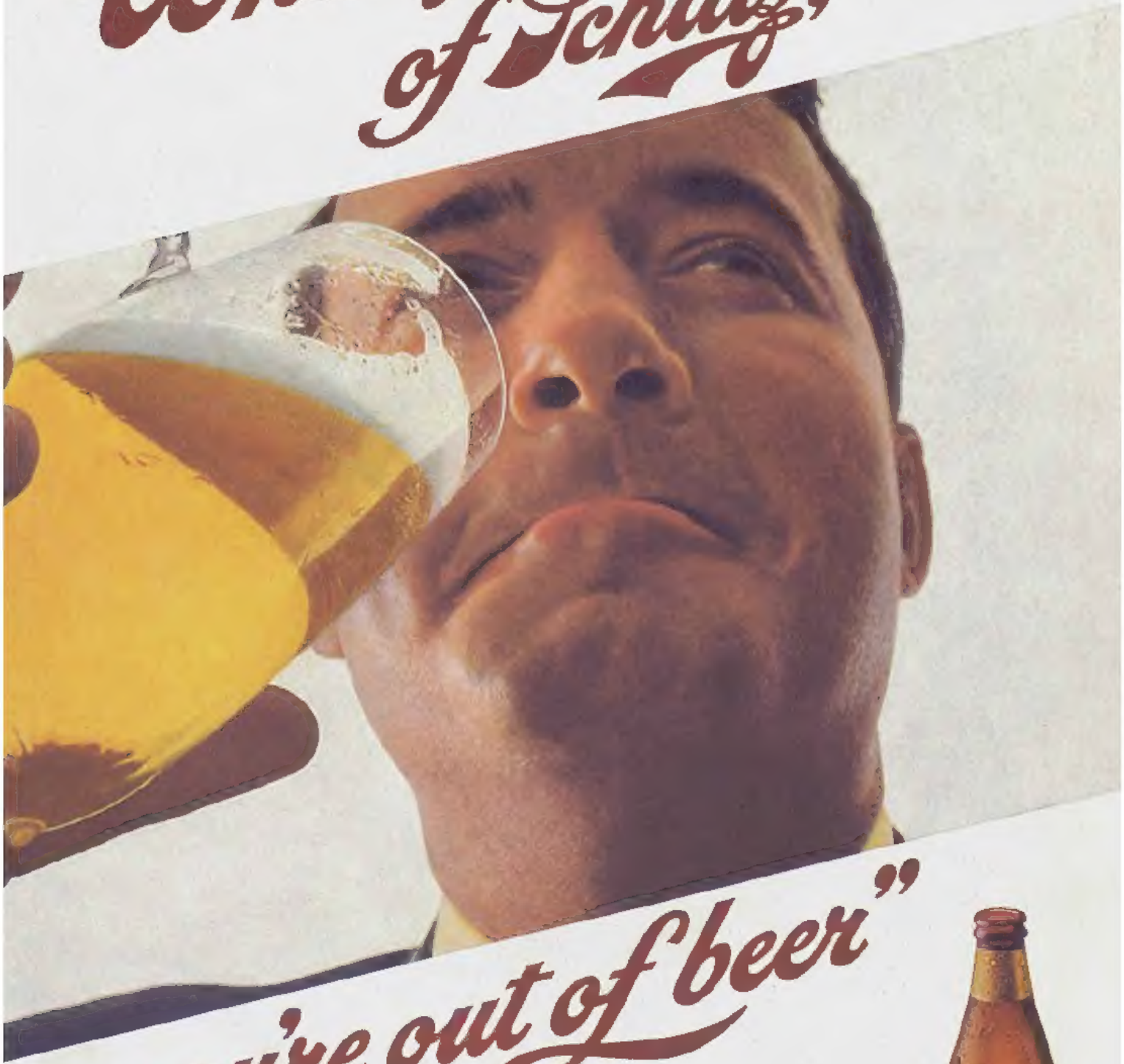
The swizzle stick is an authentic replica of the Armorial Bearings of The Honourable John H. P. Gilbey, who invites you to share the family gin.

"When you're out of Schlitz, you're out of beer"



Quality never comes easy. Schlitz is most carefully brewed for smoothness, gusto, and aroma. This is pure beer. This is Schlitz. The beer that made Milwaukee famous.

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